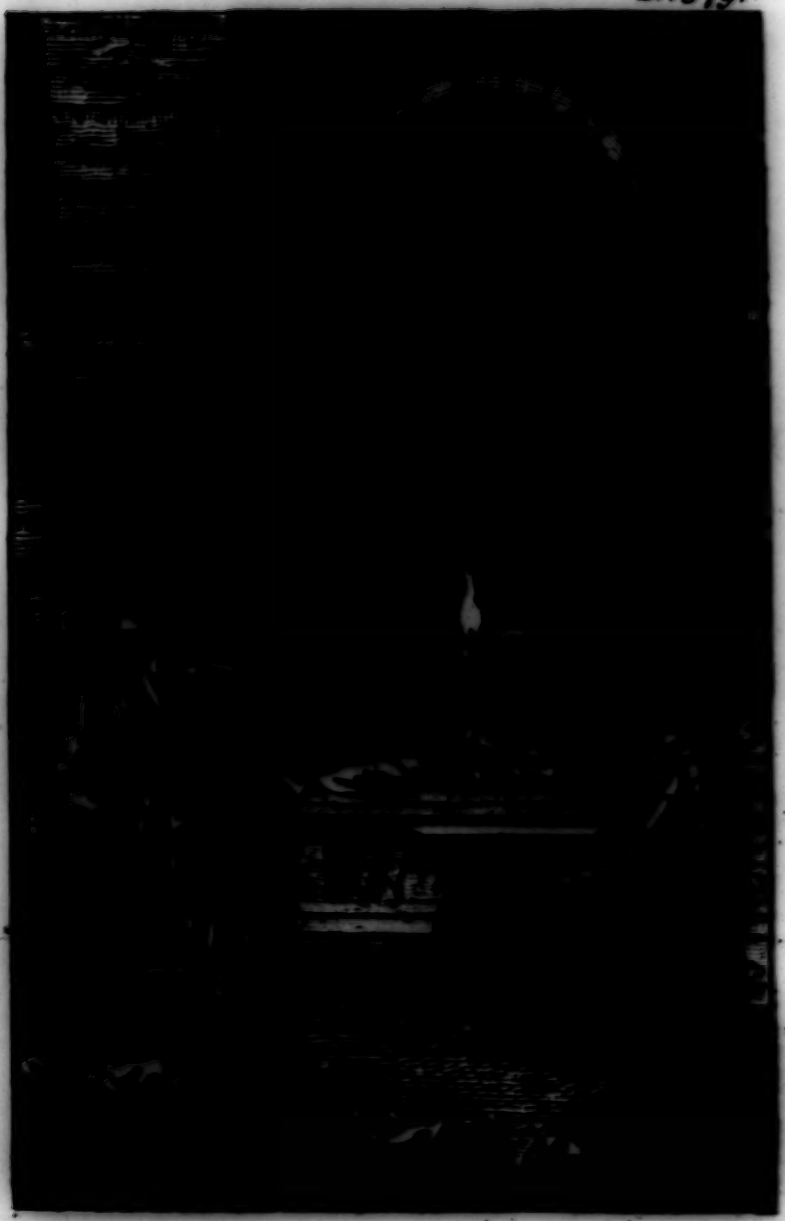
N.379.



THE SPECTATOR.

VOLUME the FIFTH.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

EDINBURGH:
Printed in the Year 1776.

To the Right Honourable

THOMAS

Earl of Wharton.

My Lord,

THE author of the *Spectator* having prefixed before each of his volumes the name of ſome great perſon to whom he has particular obligations, lays his claim to your Lordſhip's patronage upon the ſame account. I muſt confeſs, my Lord, had not I already received great inſtances of your favour, I ſhould have been afraid of ſubmitting a work of this nature to your peruſal. You are ſo thoroughly acquainted with the characters of men, and all the parts of human life, that it is impoſſible for the leaſt miſrepreſentation of them to eſcape

your notice. It is your Lordſhip's particular diſtinction, that you are maſter of the whole compaſs of buſineſs, and have ſignalized yourſelf in all the different ſcenes of it. We admire ſome for the dignity, others for the popularity of their behaviour; ſome for their clearneſs of judgment, others for their happineſs of expreſſion; ſome for the laying of ſchemes, and others for the putting of them in execution: It is your Lordſhip only who enjoys theſe ſeveral talents united, and that too in as great perfection as others poſſeſs them ſingly. Your enemies acknowledge this great extent in your Lordſhip's character, at the ſame time that they uſe their utmoſt induſtry and invention to derogate from it. But it is for your honour that thoſe who are now your enemies were always ſo. You have acted in ſo much conſiſtency with yourſelf, and promoted the intereſts of your country in ſo uniform a manner, that even thoſe who would miſrepreſent your generous deſigns for the public good, cannot but approve the ſteadineſs and intrepidity with which you purſue them. It

is

is a moſt ſenſible pleaſure to me, that I have this opportunity of profeſſing myſelf one of your great admirers, and, in a very particular manner,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obliged,

Moſt obedient, and

Moſt humble ſervant,

THE SPECTATOR.

THE SPECTATOR.

No. 322. MONDAY, MARCH 10. 1712.

——Ad humum mœrore gravi deducit et angit.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 110.

——Grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd ſoul.
ROSCOMMON.

IT is often ſaid, after a man has heard a ſtory with extraordinary circumſtances, It is a very good one if it be true: But as for the following relation, I ſhould be glad were I ſure it were falſe. It is told with ſuch ſimplicity, and there are ſo many artleſs touches of diſtreſs in it, that I fear it comes too much from the heart.

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'SOME years ago it happened that I lived in 'the ſame houſe with a young gentleman of merit; 'with whoſe good qualities I was ſo much taken, 'as to make it my endeavour to ſhew as many as I 'was able in myſelf. Familiar converſe improved 'general civilities into an unfeigned paſſion on both 'ſides. He watched an opportunity to declare 'himſelf to me; and I, who could not expect a 'man of ſo great an eſtate as his, received his ad-

'dreſſes in ſuch terms, as gave him no reaſon to 'believe I was diſpleaſed with them, though I did 'nothing to make him think me more eaſy than was 'decent. His father was a very hard worldly man, 'and proud; ſo that there was no reaſon to believe 'he would eaſily be brought to think there was any 'thing in any woman's perſon or character that 'could balance the diſadvantage of an unequal for-'tune. In the mean time the ſon continued his 'application to me, and omitted no occaſion of 'demonſtrating the moſt diſintereſted paſſion ima-'ginable to me; and, in plain direct terms, offered 'to marry me privately, and keep it ſo till he 'ſhould be ſo happy as to gain his father's appro-'bation, or become poſſeſſed of his eſtate. I paſ-'ſionately loved him, and you will believe I did 'not deny ſuch a one what was my intereſt alſo to 'grant. However, I was not ſo young as not to 'take the precaution of carrying with me a faith-'ful ſervant, who had been alſo my mother's maid, 'to be preſent at the ceremony; when that was 'over, I demanded a certificate, ſigned by the mi-'niſter, my huſband, and the ſervant I juſt now 'ſpoke of. After our nuptials, we converſed toge-'ther very familiarly in the ſame houſe; but the 'reſtraints we were generally under, and the inter-'views we had being ſtolen and interrupted, made 'our behaviour to each other have rather the im-'patient fondneſs which is viſible in lovers, than 'the regular and gratified affection which is to be 'obſerved in man and wife. This obſervation 'made the father very anxious for his ſon, and 'preſs him to a match he had in his eye for him. 'To relieve my huſband from this importunity, and 'conceal the ſecret of our marriage, which I had 'reaſon to know would not be long in my power 'in town, it was reſolved that I ſhould retire into 'a remote place in the country, and converſe un-'der feigned names by letter. We long continued

'this

'this way of commerce; and I, with my needle, 'a few books, and reading over and over my huſ-'band's letters, paſſed my time in a reſigned ex-'pectation of better days. Be pleaſed to take no-'tice, that within four months after I left my huſ-'band I was delivered of a daughter, who died 'within few hours after her birth. This accident, 'and the retired manner of life I led, gave crimi-'nal hopes to a neighbouring brute of a country 'gentleman, whoſe folly was the ſource of all my 'affliction. This ruſtick is one of thoſe rich 'clowns who ſupply the want of all manner of 'breading by the neglect of it, and with noiſy 'mirth, half underſtanding, and ample fortune, 'force themſelves upon perſons and things without 'any ſenſe of time and place. The poor ignorant 'people where I lay concealed and now paſſed for 'a widow, wondered I could be ſo ſhy and ſtrange, 'as they called it, to the ſquire; and were bribed 'by him to admit him whenever he thought fit. 'I happened to be ſitting in a little parlour which 'belonged to my own part of the houſe, and mu-'ſing over one of the fondeſt of my huſband's let-'ters, in which I always kept the certificate of my 'marriage, when this rude fellow came in, and, 'with the nauſeous familiarity of ſuch unbred 'brutes, ſnatched the papers out of my hand. I 'was immediately under ſo great a concern that I 'threw myſelf at his feet, and begged of him to 'return them. He, with the ſame odious pretence 'to freedom and gaiety, ſwore he would read them. 'I grew more importunate, he more curious, till 'at laſt, with an indignation ariſing from a paſſion, 'I then firſt diſcovered in him, he threw the pa-'pers into the fire, ſwearing that ſince he was not 'to read them, the man who writ them ſhould ne-'ver be ſo happy as to have me read them over a-'gain. It is inſignificant to tell you my tears and 'reproaches made the boiſterous calf leave the

'room

'room aſhamed and out of countenance, when I 'had leiſure to ruminate on this accident with more 'than ordinary ſorrow: However, ſuch was then 'my confidence in my huſband, that I writ to him 'the misfortune, and deſired another paper of the 'ſame kind. He deferred writing two or three 'poſts, and at laſt anſwered me in general, That 'he could not then ſend me what I aſked for, but 'when he could find a proper conveyance, I ſhould 'be ſure to have it. From this time his letters 'were more cold every day than an other, and as he 'grew indifferent I grew jealous. This has at laſt 'brought me to town, where I find both the wit-'neſſes of my marriage dead, and that my huſband, 'after three months cohabitation, has buried a young 'lady whom he married in obedience to his father. 'In a word, he ſhuns and diſowns me. Should I 'come to the houſe and confront him, the father 'would join in ſupporting him againſt me, though 'he believed my ſtory; ſhould I talk it to the 'world, what reparation can I expect for an injury 'I cannot make out? I believe he means to bring 'me, through neceſſity, to reſign my pretenſions to 'him for ſome proviſion for my life; but I will 'die firſt. Pray bid him remember what he ſaid, 'and how he was charmed when he laughed at the 'heedleſs diſcovery I often made of myſelf; let him 'remember how aukward I was in my diſſembled 'indifference towards him before company; aſk 'him how I, who could never conceal my love for 'him, at his own requeſt can part with him for 'ever? Oh Mr SPECTATOR, ſenſible ſpirits know 'no indifference in marriage; what then do you 'think is my piercing affliction!——I leave you to 'repreſent my diſtreſs your own way, in which I 'deſire you to be ſpeedy, if you have compaſſion 'for innocence expoſed to infamy.

T 'OCTAVIA.'

TUES-

No. 323. Tuesday, March 11.

———*Mod'o vir, mod'o femina*——— Virg.

Sometimes a man, ſometimes a woman.

THE journal with which I preſented my readers on *Tueſday* laſt, has brought me in ſeveral letters, with accounts of many private lives caſt into that form. I have the *Rake's Journal*, the *Sot's Journal*, the *Whoremaſter's Journal*, and, among ſeveral others, a very curious piece, intitled, *The Journal of a Mohock*. By theſe inſtances I find that the intention of my laſt *Tueſday*'s paper has been miſtaken by many of my readers. I did not deſign ſo much to expoſe vice as idleneſs, and aimed at thoſe perſons who paſs away their time rather in trifle and impertinence, than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in ſo ludicrous a manner. In ſhort, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and ſhews the diſagreeableneſs of ſuch actions as are indifferent in themſelves, and blameable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reaſon.

My following correſpondent, who calls herſelf *Clarinda*, is ſuch a journaliſt as I require: She ſeems by her letter to be placed in a modiſh ſtate of indifference, between vice and virtue, and to be ſuſceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or ſuch occurences as had ſhewn her wholly diveſted of her natural innocence, notwithſtanding it might have been more pleaſing to the generality of readers, I ſhould not have publiſhed it: But as it is only the picture of a life filled with a faſhionable kind of gaiety and lazineſs, I ſhall ſet down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correſpondent.

'Dear

'Dear Mr SPECTATOR,

'YOU having ſet your readers an exerciſe in 'one of your laſt week's papers, I have performed 'mine according to your orders, and herewith 'ſend it to you incloſed. You muſt know, Mr 'SPECTATOR, that I am a maiden-lady of a good 'fortune, who have had ſeveral matches offered 'me for theſe ten years laſt paſt, and have at pre-'ſent warm applications made to me by a very 'pretty fellow. As I am at my own diſpoſal, I 'come up to town every winter, and paſs my time 'in it after the manner you will find in the follow-'ing journal, which I began to write upon the 'very day after your *Spectator* upon that ſubject.

TUESDAY *night*. Could not go to ſleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

WEDNESDAY, *From eight till ten*. Drank two diſhes of chocolate in bed, and fell aſleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a ſlice of bread and butter, drank a diſh of bohea, read the *Spectator*.

From eleven to one. At my toilette, tried a new head. Gave orders for *Veny* to be combed and waſhed. *Mem*. I look beſt in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the *Change*. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. *Mem*. Mr *Froth* paſſed by in his new liveries.

From four to ſix. Dreſſed, paid a viſit to old Lady *Blithe* and her ſiſter, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From ſix to eleven. At baſſet. *Mem*. Never ſet again upon the ace of diamonds.

THURSDAY. *From eleven at night to eight in the morning*. Dream'd that I punted to Mr *Froth*.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in *Aurengzebe*, a-bed.

From

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Sent to borrow Lady *Faddle's Cupid* for *Veny*. Read the play-bills. Received a letter from Mr *Froth*. Locked it up in my ſtrong box.

Reſt of the morning. *Fontange*, the tire-woman, her account of my Lady *Blithe's* waſh. Broke a tooth in my little tortoiſe-ſhell comb. Sent *Frank* to know how my Lady *Hectick* reſted after her monkey's leaping out at the window. Looked pale. *Fontange* tells me my glaſs is not true. Dreſſed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I ſat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr *Froth's* opinion of *Milton*. His account of the *Mohocks*. His fancy for a pin-cuſhion. Picture in the lid of his ſnuff-box. Old Lady *Faddle* promiſes me her woman to cut my hair. Loſt five guineas at crimp.

Twelve o'clock at night. Went to bed.

FRIDAY, *Eight in the morning.* A-bed. Read over all Mr *Froth's* letters. *Cupid* and *Veny*.

Ten o'clock. Stay'd within all day; not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a ſuit of ribbons. Broke my blue china-cup.

From twelve to one. Shut myſelf up in my chamber, practiſed Lady *Betty Modely's* ſkuttle.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet leaf in it. Eyes ached and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of *Aureng-zebe*.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dreſſed, went abroad, and play'd at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs *Spitely* at home. Converſation: Mrs *Brilliant's* necklace falſe ſtones. Old Lady *Loveday* going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth

worth a groat. Miſs *Prue* gone into the country. *Tom Townley* has red hair. *Mem.* Mrs *Spitely* whiſpered in my ear that ſhe had ſomething to tell me about Mr *Froth*, I am ſure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr *Froth* lay at my feet, and called me *Indamora*.

SATURDAY. Roſe at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eye-brow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea and dreſſed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. *Mem.* The third air in the new opera. Lady *Blithe* dreſſed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miſs *Kitty* called upon me to go to the opera before I was riſen from table.

From dinner to ſix. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to *Veny*.

Six o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not ſee Mr *Froth* till the beginning of the ſecond act. Mr *Froth* talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a Lady in the front-box. Mr *Froth* and his friend clapped *Nicolini* in the third act. Mr *Froth* cried out *Ancora*. Mr *Froth* led me to my chair. I think he ſqueezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought *Nicolini* ſaid he was Mr *Froth*.

SUNDAY. Indiſpoſed.

MONDAY. *Eight o'clock.* Waked by Miſs *Kitty*. *Aurengzebe* lay upon the chair by me. *Kitty* repeated without book the eight beſt lines in the play. Went in our mobbs to the dumb man, according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. *Mem.* The conjurer was within a letter of Mr *Froth*'s name, &c.

'Upon

'Upon looking back into this my journal, I find 'that I am at a loſs to know whether I paſs my 'time well or ill; and indeed never thought of con-'ſidering how I did it before I peruſed your ſpe-'culation upon that ſubject. I ſcarce find a ſingle 'action in theſe five days that I can thoroughly ap-'prove of, except the working upon the violet-'leaf, which I am reſolved to finiſh the firſt day I 'am at leiſure. As for Mr *Froth* and *Veny*, I did 'not think they took up ſo much of my time and 'thoughts as I find they do upon my journal. The 'latter of them I will turn off, if you inſiſt upon 'it; and if Mr *Froth* does not bring matters to a 'concluſion very ſuddenly, I will not let my life 'run a way in a dream.

'Your humble ſervant,

'CLARINDA.'

To reſume one of the morals of my firſt paper, and to confirm *Clarinda* in her good inclinations, I would have her conſider what a pretty figure ſhe would make among poſterity, were the hiſtory of her whole life publiſhed like theſe five days of it. I ſhall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir *Philip Sidney*'s ſiſter, a Lady who ſeems to have been of a temper very much different from that of *Clarinda*. The laſt thought of it is ſo very noble, that I dare ſay my readers will pardon me the quotation.

On the Counteſs Dowager of Pembroke.

Underneath this marble hearſe
Lies the ſubject of all verſe,
Sidney's *ſiſter*, Pembroke's *mother:*
Death, ere thou haſt kill'd another,
Fair, and learn'd, as good as ſhe,
Time ſhall throw a dart at thee. L.

No. 324. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12.

O curvæ in terris animæ, et cœlestium inanes!
PERS. Sat. ii. ver. 61.

O souls, in whom no heav'nly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever grov'ling on the ground!
DRYDEN.

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'THE materials you have collected together towards a general History of Clubs, make so 'bright a part of your speculations, that I think it 'is but a justice we all owe the learned world to 'furnish you with such assistances as may promote 'that useful work. For this reason I could not 'forbear communicating to you some imperfect informations of a set of men (if you will allow them 'a place in that species of Being) who have lately 'erected themselves into a nocturnal fraternity, under the title of *The Mohock-Club*, a name borrowed it seems from a sort of *Canibals* in *India*, who 'subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. The president is stiled *Emperor of the Mohocks*; and his arms are a *Turkish* 'crescent, which his Imperial Majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his forehead. Agreeable to their name, the avowed design of their institution is mischief; and 'upon this foundation all their rules and orders are 'framed. An outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures, is the great 'cement of their assembly, and the only qualification 'required in the members. In order to exert this 'principle in its full strength and perfection, they 'take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of 'reason or humanity; then make a general sally,

'and

'and attack all that are ſo unfortunate as to walk 'the ſtreets through which they patrol. Some are 'knocked down, others ſtabbed, others cut and 'carbonado'd. To put the watch to a total rout, 'and mortify ſome of thoſe inoffenſive militia, is 'reckoned a *Coup d'eclat*. The particular talents 'by which theſe *Miſanthropes* are diſtinguiſhed from 'one another, conſiſt in the various kinds of barba-'rities which they execute upon their priſoners. 'Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in tip-'ping the Lion upon them; which is performed 'by ſqueezing the noſe flat to the face, and bor-'ing out the eyes with their fingers: Others are 'called the dancing-maſters, and teach their ſcholars 'to cut capers by running ſwords through their 'legs; a new invention, whether originally *French* 'I cannot tell: A third ſort are the tumblers, 'whoſe office it is to ſet women on their heads and 'commit certain indecencies or rather barbarities, 'on the limbs which they expoſe. But theſe I 'forbear to mention, becauſe they cannot but be 'very ſhocking to the reader as well as to the 'SPECTATOR. In this manner they carry on a 'war againſt mankind; and by the ſtanding maxims 'of their policy, are to enter into no alliances 'but one, and that is offenſive and defenſive with 'all bawdy-houſes in general, of which they have 'declared themſelves protectors and guarantees.

'I muſt own, Sir, theſe are only broken incohe-'rent memoirs of this wonderful ſociety, but they 'are the beſt I have been yet able to procure; for 'being but of late eſtabliſhment, it is not ripe for 'a juſt hiſtory. And, to be ſerious, the chief de-'ſign of this trouble is to hinder it from ever being 'ſo. You have been pleaſed, out of a concern 'for the good of your countrymen, to act under 'the character of SPECTATOR, not only the part 'of a looker-on, but an overſeer of their actions;

'and whenever ſuch enormities as this infeſt the 'town, we immediately fly to you for redreſs. I 'have reaſon to believe, that ſome thoughtleſs 'youngſters, out of a falſe notion of bravery, and 'an immoderate fondneſs to be diſtinguiſhed for 'fellows of fire, are inſenſibly hurried into this 'ſenſeleſs ſcandalous project: Such will probably 'ſtand corrected by your reproofs, eſpecially if you 'inform them that it is not courage for half a ſcore 'fellows, mad with wine and luſt, to ſet upon two 'or three ſoberer than themſelves; and that the 'manners of *Indian* ſavages are no becoming ac-'compliſhments to an *Engliſh* fine gentleman. Such 'of them as have been bullies and ſcourers of a 'long ſtanding, and are grown veterans in this kind 'of ſervice, are, I fear, too hardened to receive 'any impreſſions from your admonitions. But I 'beg you will recommend to their peruſal your 'ninth ſpeculation: They may there be taught to 'take warning from the club of Duelиſts; and be 'put in mind, that the common fate of thoſe men 'of honour was to be hanged.

'I am, SIR,

March the 10th, 1711-12. 'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'PHILANTHROPOS.'

The following letter is of a quite contrary nature; but I add it here that the reader my obſerve, at the ſame view, how amiable ignorance may be when it is ſhewn in its ſimplicities, and how deteſtable in barbarities. It is written by an honeſt countryman to his miſtreſs, and came to the hands of a lady ofgood ſenſe, wrapped about a thread-paper, who has long kept it by her as an image of artleſs love.

To her I very much reſpect, Mrs Margaret Clark.

'LOVEY, and oh that I could write loving Mrs 'Margaret Clark, I pray you let affection ex-'cuſe

'cuſe preſumption. Having been ſo happy as to 'enjoy the ſight of your ſweet countenance and 'comely body, ſometimes when I had occaſion to 'buy treacle or liquoriſh powder at the apotheca-'ry's ſhop, I am ſo enamoured with you, that I can 'no more keep cloſe my flaming deſire to become 'your ſervant. And I am the more bold now to 'write to your ſweet ſelf, becauſe I am now my 'own man, and may match where I pleaſe; for my 'father is taken away, and now I am come to my 'living which is ten yard land, and a houſe; and 'there is never a yard of land in our field, but is as 'well worth ten pound a-year, as a thief is worth 'a halter, and all my brothers and ſiſters are pro-'vided for: Beſides, I have good houſehold ſtuff, 'though I ſay it, both braſs and pewter, linens and 'woollens; and, though my houſe be thatched, yet, 'if you and I match, it ſhall go hard but I will 'have one half of it ſlated. If you think well of 'this motion, I will wait upon you as ſoon as my 'new clothes is made and hay-harveſt is in. I 'could, though I ſay it, have good———' The reſt is torn of; and poſterity muſt be contented to know that Mrs *Margaret Clark* was very pretty, but are left in the dark as to the name of her lover.

T

No. 325. Thursday, March 13.

——Quid fruſtra ſimulachra fugacia captas?
Quod petis, eſt nuſquam; quod amas avertere, perdes.
Iſta repercuſſæ quam cernis imaginis umbra eſt,
Nil habet iſta ſui; tecum venetque manetque,
Tecum diſcedit ſi tu diſcedere poſſis.

Ovid. Met. l. iii. ver. 432.

[From the Fable of Narcissus.]

What could, fond youth, this helpleſs paſſion move?
What kindled in thee this unpitied love?
Thy own warm bluſh within the water glows;
With thee the colour'd ſhadow comes and goes.
Its empty being on thyſelf relies;
Step thou aſide, and the frail charmer dies.

Addison.

Will Honeycomb diverted us laſt night with an account of a young fellow's firſt diſcovering his paſſion to his miſtreſs. The young lady was one, it ſeems, who had long before conceived a favourable opinion of him, and was ſtill in hopes that he would ſome time or other make his advances. As he was one day talking with her in company of her two ſiſters, the converſation happening to turn upon love, each of the young ladies was, by way of raillery, recommending a wife to him; when, to the no ſmall ſurpriſe of her who languiſhed for him in ſecret, he told them with a more than ordinary ſerioufneſs, that his heart had been long engaged to one whoſe name he thought himſelf obliged in honour to conceal: but that he could ſhew her picture in the lid of his ſnuff-box. The young lady, who found herſelf moſt ſenſibly touched by this confeſſion, took the firſt opportunity that

that offered of ſnatching his box out of his hand. He ſeemed deſirous of recovering it, but finding her reſolved to look into the lid, begged her, that if ſhe ſhould happen to know the perſon, ſhe would not reveal her name. Upon carrying it to the window, ſhe was very agreeably ſurpriſed to find there was nothing within the lid but a little looking-glaſs, in which, after ſhe had viewed her own face with more pleaſure than ſhe had ever done before, ſhe returned the box with a ſmile, telling him, ſhe could not but admire at his choice.

WILL fancying that his ſtory took, immediately fell into a diſſertation on the uſefulneſs of looking-glaſſes; and applying himſelf to me, aſked if there were any looking-glaſſes in the times of the *Greeks* and *Romans*; for that he had often obſerved in the tranſlations of poems out of thoſe languages, that people generally talked of ſeeing themſelves in wells, fountains, lakes, and rivers: Nay, ſays he, I remember Mr *Dryden*, in his *Ovid*, tells us of a ſwinging fellow called *Polypheme*, that made uſe of the ſea for his looking-glaſs, and could never dreſs himſelf to advantage but in a calm.

My friend WILL, to ſhew us the whole compaſs of his learning upon this ſubject, further informed us, that there were ſtill ſeveral nations in the world ſo very barbarous as not to have any looking-glaſſes among them; and that he had lately read a voyage to the *South-Sea*, in which it is ſaid, that the ladies of *Chili* always dreſſed their heads over a baſon of water.

I am the more particular in my account of WILL's laſt night's lecture on theſe natural mirrors, as it ſeems to bear ſome relation to the following letter, which I received the day before.

'SIR,

'I HAVE read your laſt *Saturday*'s obſervations 'on the fourth book of *Milton* with great ſatisfac-

'tion,

'tion, and am particularly pleaſed with the hidden 'moral, which you have taken notice of in ſeveral 'parts of the poem. The deſign of this letter is 'to deſire your thoughts, whether there may not 'alſo be ſome moral couched under that place in 'the ſame book, where the poet lets us know, 'that the firſt woman, immediately after her crea-'tion, ran to a looking-glaſs, and became ſo ena-'moured of her own face, that ſhe had never re-'moved to view any of the other works of nature, 'had not ſhe been led off to a man. If you think 'fit to ſet down the whole paſſage from *Milton*, 'your readers will be able to judge for themſelves, 'and the quotation will not a little contribute to 'the filling up of your paper.

'Your humble ſervant,

'R. T.'

The laſt conſideration urged by my queriſt is ſo ſtrong, that I cannot forbear cloſing with it. The paſſage he alludes to, is part of *Eve*'s ſpeech to *Adam*, and one of the moſt beautiful paſſages in the whole poem.

That day I oft remember, when from ſleep
I firſt awak'd, and found myſelf repos'd
Under a ſhade, on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not diſtant far from thence a murmuring ſound
Of waters iſſu'd from a cave, and ſpread
Into a liquid plain, then ſtood unmov'd,
Pure as th' expanſe of heav'n: I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me ſeem'd another ſky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite
A ſhape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon with anſwering looks

Of

Of ſympathy and love; there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſeeſt, fair creature, is thyſelf;
With thee it comes and goes: But follow me,
And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtays
Thy coming, and thy ſoft embraces; he
Whoſe image thou art, him thou ſhalt enjoy
Inſeparably thine, to him ſhalt bear
Multitudes like thyſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow ſtraight, inviſibly thus led?
Till I eſpy'd thee, fair indeed, and tall,
Under a plantan; yet methought leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth wat'ry image: Back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dſt aloud, Return fair *Eve*,
Whom fly'ſt thou? whom thou fly'ſt, of him thou art,
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neareſt my heart,
Subſtantial life, to have thee by my ſide,
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear:
Part of my ſoul I ſeek thee, and thee claim
My other half!——with that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time ſee
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.
So ſpake our general mother—— X

FRIDAY,

No. 326. FRIDAY, MARCH 14.

Incluſam Danaen turris ahenea,
Robuſtæque fores, et vigilum canum
Triſtes excubiæ, munierant ſatis
Nocturnis ab adulteris;
Si non——— Hor. Od. xvi. lib. 3. ver. 1.

A tower of braſs, one would have ſaid,
And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,
Might have preſerv'd one innocent maidenhead;
But *Venus* laugh'd, *&c.*

COWLEY.

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'YOUR correſpondent's letter relating to For-
'tune-hunters, and your ſubſequent diſcourſe
'upon it, have given me encouragement to ſend
'you a ſtate of my caſe, by which you will ſee, that
'the matter complained of is a common grievance
'both to city and country.

'I am a country gentleman of between five and
'ſix hundred a-year. It is my misfortune to have
'a very fine park and an only daughter; upon
'which account I have been ſo plagued with deer-
'ſtealers and fops, that for theſe four years paſt I
'have ſcarce enjoyed a moment's reſt. I look up-
'on myſelf to be in a ſtate of war, and am forced
'to keep as conſtant watch in my ſeat, as a gover-
'nor would do that commanded a town on the
'frontier of an enemy's country. I have indeed
'pretty well ſecured my park, having for this pur-
'poſe provided myſelf of four keepers who are
'left-handed, and handle a quarter-ſtaff beyond any
'other fellows in the country. And for the guard
'of my houſe, beſides a band of penſioner-ma-
'trons and an old maiden-relation, whom I keep

'on

'on conſtant duty, I have blunderbuſſes always 'charged, and fox-gins planted in private places 'about my garden, of which I have given frequent 'notice in the neighbourhood; yet ſo it is, that in 'ſpite of all my care, I ſhall every now and then 'have a ſaucy raſcal ride by *reconnoitring* (as I 'think you call it) under my windows, as ſprucely 'dreſſed as if he were going to a ball. I am aware 'of this way of attacking a miſtreſs on horſeback, 'having heard that it is a common practice in '*Spain*; and have therefore taken care to remove 'my daughter from the road ſide of the houſe, 'and to lodge her next the garden. But to cut 'ſhort my ſtory; what can a man do after all? I 'durſt not ſtand for member of parliament laſt 'election, for fear of ſome ill-conſequence from 'my being off my poſt. What I would therefore 'deſire of you, is, to promote a project I have ſet 'on foot; and upon which I have wrote to ſome of 'my friends; and that is, that care may be taken 'to ſecure our daughters by law, as well as our 'deer; and that ſome honeſt gentleman of a pub-'lic ſpirit, would move for leave to bring in a bill '*for the better preſerving of the female-game*.

'I am,

'SIR,

'Your humble ſervant.'

'Mr SPECTATOR, *Mile-End-Green, March* 6.

'HERE is a young man walks by our door every 'day about the duſk of the evening. He looks up 'at my window, as if to ſee me; and if I ſteal 'towards it to peep at him, he turns another way, 'and looks frightened at finding what he was look-'ing for. The air is very cold; and pray let him 'know that if he knocks at the door, he will be 'carried to the parlour fire, and I will come down

'ſoon

'ſoon after, and give him an opportunity to break 'his mind.

'I am, SIR,
'Your humble ſervant,
'MARY COMFIT.'

'If I obſerve he cannot ſpeak, I will give him 'time to recover himſelf, and aſk him how he 'does.'

'Dear SIR,

'I beg you to print this without delay, and by 'the firſt opportunity give us the natural cauſes of 'longing in women; or put me out of fear that 'my wife will one time or other be delivered of 'ſomething as monſtrous as any thing that has yet 'appeared to the world; for they ſay the child is 'to bear a reſemblance of what was deſired by the 'mother. I have been married upwards of ſix 'years, have had four children, and my wife is 'now big with the fifth. The expences ſhe has 'put me to in procuring what ſhe has longed for 'during her pregnancy with them, would not only 'have handſomely defrayed the charges of the 'mouth, but of their education too; her fancy be-'ing ſo exorbitant for the firſt year or two, as not 'to confine itſelf to the uſual objects of eatables 'and drinkables, but running out after equipage 'and furniture, and the like extravagancies. To 'trouble you only with a few of them; when ſhe 'was with child of *Tom*, my eldeſt ſon, ſhe came 'home one day juſt fainting, and told me ſhe had 'been viſiting a relation, whoſe huſband had made 'her a preſent of a chariot and a ſtately pair of 'horſes; and that ſhe was poſitive ſhe could not 'breathe a week longer, unleſs ſhe took the air in 'the fellow to it of her own within that time: 'This, rather than loſe an heir, I readily complied 'with. Then the furniture of her beſt room muſt 'be inſtantly changed, or ſhe ſhould mark the

'child

'child with ſome of the frightful figures in the old-
'faſhioned tapeſtry. Well, the upholſterer was
'called, and her longing ſaved that bout. When
'ſhe went with *Molly*, ſhe had fixed her mind up-
'on a new ſet of plate, and as much china as would
'have furniſhed an *India* ſhop: Theſe alſo I chear-
'fully granted, for fear of being father to an *In-*
'*dian Pagod*. Hitherto I found her demands roſe
'upon every conceſſion; and had ſhe gone on, I
'had been ruined: But, by good fortune, with her
'third, which was *Peggy*, the height of her ima-
'gination came down to the corner of a veniſon
'paſty, and brought her once even upon her knees
'to gnaw off the ears of a pig from the ſpit. The
'gratifications of her palate were eaſily preferred
'to thoſe of her vanity; and ſometimes a patridge
'or a quail, a wheat-ear or the peſtle of a lark,
'were chearfully purchaſed; nay I could be con-
'tented, though I were to feed her with green
'peaſe in *April*, or cherries in *May*. But with the
'babe ſhe now goes, ſhe is turned girl again, and
'fallen to eating of chalk, pretending it will make
'the child's ſkin white; and nothing will ſerve her
'but I muſt bear her company, to prevent its ha-
'ving a ſhade of my brown; in this however I
'have ventured to deny her. No longer ago than
'yeſterday, as we were coming to town, ſhe ſaw a
'parcel of crows ſo heartily at breakfaſt upon a
'piece of horſe-fleſh, that ſhe had an invincible
'deſire to partake with them, and (to my infinite
'ſurpriſe) begged the coachman to cut her off a
'ſlice, as if it were for himſelf, which the fellow
'did; and as ſoon as ſhe came home ſhe fell to it
'with ſuch an appetite that ſhe ſeemed rather to
'devour than eat it. What her next ſally will be,
'I cannot gueſs: but in the mean time my requeſt
'to you is, that if there be any way to come at
'theſe wild unaccountable rovings of imagina-
'tion by reaſon and argument, you would ſpeedi-

'ly afford us your aſſiſtance. This exceeds the 'grievance of pin-money, and I think in every ſet-'tlement there ought to be a clauſe inſerted, that 'the father ſhould be anſwerable for the longings 'of his daughter. But I ſhall impatiently expect 'your thoughts in this matter; and am,

'SIR,

'Your moſt obliged, and

'Moſt faithful humble ſervant,

'T. B.

'Let me know whether you think the next child 'will love horſes as much as *Molly* does China-'Ware.' T

No. 327. SATURDAY, MARCH 15.

——*Major rerum mihi naſcitur ordo.*

VIRG. Æn. vii. ver. 45.

A larger ſcene of action is diſplay'd.

DRYDEN.

WE were told in the foregoing book how the evil ſpirit practiſed upon *Eve* as ſhe lay aſleep, in order to inſpire her with thoughts of vanity, pride, and ambition. The author, who ſhews a wonderful art throughout his whole poem, in preparing the reader for the ſeveral occurrences that ariſe in it, founds upon the above-mentioned circumſtance, the firſt part of the fifth book. *Adam*, upon his awaking, finds *Eve* ſtill aſleep, with an unuſual diſcompoſure in her looks. The poſture, in which he regards her, is deſcribed with a wonderful tenderneſs, as the whiſper, with which he awakens her, is the ſofteſt that ever was conveyed to a lover's ear.

His wonder was, to find unwaken'd *Eve*
With treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing cheeks,

As

As through unquiet reſt: He on his ſide
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamour'd and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces: Then, with voice
Mild, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,
Her hand oft touching, whiſper'd thus: Awake,
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heaven's laſt beſt gift, my ever-new delight!
Awake: The morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us; we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid ſweet.
Such whiſpering wak'd her, but with ſtartled eye
On *Adam*, whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake:
O ſole, in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My glory, my perfection! glad I ſee
Thy face, and morn return'd———

I cannot but take notice, that *Milton*, in the conferences between *Adam* and *Eve*, had his eye very frequently upon the book of *Canticles*, in which there is a noble ſpirit of eaſtern poetry, and very often not unlike what we meet with in *Homer*, who is generally placed near the age of *Solomon*. I think there is no queſtion but the poet in the preceding ſpeech remembered thoſe two paſſages, which are ſpoken on the like occaſion, and filled with the ſame pleaſing images of nature.

"My beloved ſpake, and ſaid unto me, Riſe up,
"my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo the
"winter is paſt, the rain is over and gone, the
"flowers appear on the earth, the time of the
"ſinging of birds is come, and the voice of the
"turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth
"forth her green figs, and the vines with the ten-
"der grape give a good ſmell. Ariſe, my love,
"my fair one, and come away."

" Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the " field, let us get up early to the vineyards, let us " ſee if the vine flouriſh, whether the tender grapes " appear, and the pomgranates bud forth."

His preferring the garden of *Eden* to that,

——Where the *Sapient* king
Held dalliance with his fair *Egyptian* ſpouſe,

ſhews that the poet had this delightful ſcene in his mind.

Eve's dream is full of thoſe *high conceits engendering pride*, which, we are told, the devil endeavoured to inſtill into her. Of this kind is that part of it where ſhe fancies herſelf awakened by *Adam* in the following beautiful lines.

Why ſleep'ſt thou *Eve?* now is the pleaſant time
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake,
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labour'd ſong; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſing light
Shadowy ſets off the face of things: In vain,
If none regard. Heaven wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, nature's deſire,
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze!

An injudicious poet would have made *Adam* talk through the whole work in ſuch ſentiments as theſe: But flattery and falſehood are not the courtſhip of *Milton's Adam*, and could not be heard by *Eve* in the ſtate of innocence, excepting only in a dream produced on purpoſe to taint her imagination. Other vain ſentiments of the ſame kind, in this relation of her dream, will be obvious to every reader. Though the cataſtrophe of the poem is finely preſaged on this occaſion, the particulars of it are ſo artfully ſhadowed, that they do not anticipate the ſtory which follows in the ninth book.

I ſhall only add, that though the viſion itſelf is founded upon truth, the circumſtances of it are full of that wildneſs and inconſiſtency which are natural to a dream. *Adam*, conformable to his ſuperior character for wiſdom, inſtructs and comforts *Eve* upon this occaſion.

So chear'd he his fair ſpouſe, and ſhe was chear'd,
But ſilently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair;
Two other precious drops, that ready ſtood
Each in their cryſtal ſluice, he ere they fell
Kiſs'd, as the gracious ſigns of ſweet remorſe
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

The morning hymn is written in imitation of one of thoſe pſalms, where, in the overflowings of gratitude and praiſe, the Pſalmiſt calls not only upon the angels, but upon the moſt conſpicuous parts of the inanimate creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthuſiaſm, which is ſo natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of nature, is at all times a proper kind of worſhip, it was in a particular manner ſuitable to our firſt parents, who had the creation freſh upon their minds, and had not ſeen the various diſpenſations of Providence, nor conſequently could be acquainted with thoſe many topics of praiſe which might afford matter to the devotions of their poſterity. I need not remark the beautiful ſpirit of poetry, which runs through this whole hymn, nor the holineſs of that reſolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned thoſe ſpeeches which are aſſigned to the perſons in this poem, I proceed to the deſcription which the poet gives of *Raphael*. His departure from before the throne, and his flight through the choirs of angels, is finely imaged. As

Milton every where fills his poem with circumſtances that are marvellous and aſtoniſhing, he deſcribes the gate of heaven as framed after ſuch a manner that it opened of itſelf upon the approach of the angel who was to paſs through it.

——'Till at the gate
Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate ſelf-open'd wide,
On golden hinges turning, as, by work
Divine, the ſovereign Architect had fram'd.

The poet here ſeems to have regarded two or three paſſages in the 18th *Iliad*, as that in particular where, ſpeaking of *Vulcan*, *Homer* ſays, that he had made twenty *Tripodes* running on golden wheels; which, upon occaſion, might go of themſelves to the aſſembly of the gods, and, when there was no more uſe for them, return again after the ſame manner. *Scaliger* has rallied *Homer* very ſeverely and upon this point, as M. *Dacier* has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether, in this particular of *Homer*, the marvellous does not loſe ſight of the probable. As the miraculous workmanſhip of *Milton*'s gates is not ſo extraordinary as this of the *Tripodes*, ſo I am perſuaded he would not have mentioned it, had he not been ſupported in it by a paſſage in the Scripture, which ſpeaks of wheels in heaven that had life in them, and moved themſelves, or ſtood ſtill, in conformity with the Cherubims, whom they accompanied.

There is no queſtion but *Milton* had this circumſtance in his thoughts, becauſe in the following book he deſcribes the chariot of the *Meſſiah* with *living* wheels, according to the plan in *Ezekiel*'s viſion.

——Forth ruſh'd with whirlwind ſound
The chariot of paternal Deity,

Flaſhing

Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itſelf inſtinct with ſpirit.——

I queſtion not but *Boſſu*, and the two *Daciers*, who are for vindicating every thing, that is cenſured in *Homer*, by ſomething parallel in Holy Writ, would have been very well pleaſed had they thought of confronting *Vulcan's Tripodes* with *Ezekiel's* wheels.

Raphael's deſcent to the earth, with the figure of his perſon, is repreſented in very livery colours. Several of the *French*, *Italian*, and *Engliſh* poets, have given a looſe to their imaginations in the deſcription of angels: But I do not remember to have met with any ſo finely drawn, and ſo conformable to the notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in *Milton*. After having ſet him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and repreſented him as alighting upon the earth, the poet concludes his deſcription with a circumſtance, which is altogether new, and imagined with the greateſt ſtrength of fancy.

——Like *Maia's* ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide.——

Raphael's reception by the guardian angels; his paſſage through the wilderneſs of ſweets; his diſtant appearance to *Adam*; have all the graces that poetry is capable of beſtowing. The author afterwards gives us a particular deſcription of *Eve* in her domeſtic employments.

So ſaying, with diſpatchful looks in haſte
She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent,
What choice to chuſe for delicacy beſt,
What order, ſo contriv'd, as not to mix
Taſtes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taſte after taſte, upheld with kindlieſt change;
Beſtirs her then, &c.——

Though

Though in this, and other parts of the ſame book, the ſubject is only the houſewifery of our firſt parent, it is ſet off with ſo many pleaſing images and ſtrong expreſſions, as make it none of the leaſt agreeable parts in this divine work.

The natural majeſty of *Adam*, and at the ſame time his ſubmiſſive behaviour to the ſuperior Being, who had vouchſafed to be his gueſt; the ſolemn Hail which the angel beſtows upon the mother of mankind, with the figure of *Eve* miniſtering at the table; are circumſtances which deſerve to be admired.

Raphael's behaviour is every way ſuitable to the dignity of his nature, and to that character of a ſociable ſpirit, with which the author has ſo judiciouſly introduced him. He had received inſtructions to converſe with *Adam*, as one friend converſes with another, and to warn him of the enemy, who was contriving his deſtruction: Accordingly he is repreſented as ſitting down at table with *Adam*, and eating of the fruits of *Paradiſe*. The occaſion naturally leads him to his diſcourſe on the food of angels. After having thus entered into converſation with man upon more indifferent ſubjects, he warns him of his obedience, and makes a natural tranſition to the hiſtory of that fallen angel, who was employed in the circumvention of our firſt parents.

Had I followed Monſieur *Boſſu*'s method in my firſt paper on *Milton*, I ſhould have dated the action of *Paradiſe Loſt* from the beginning of *Raphael*'s ſpeech in this book, as he ſuppoſes the action of the *Æneid* to begin in the ſecond book of that poem. I could alledge many reaſons for my drawing the action of the *Æneid* rather from its immediate beginning in the firſt book, than from its remote beginning in the ſecond; and ſhew why I have conſidered the ſacking of *Troy* as an *Epiſode*, according to the common acceptation of that word.

But

But as this would be a dry unentertaining piece of criticiſm, and perhaps unneceſſary to thoſe who have read my firſt paper, I ſhall not enlarge upon it. Which ever of the notions be true, the unity of *Milton*'s action is preſerved according to either of them; whether we conſider the fall of man in its immediate beginning, as proceeding from the reſolutions taken in the infernal council, or in its more remote beginning, as proceeding from the firſt revolt of the angels in heaven. The occaſion which *Milton* aſſigns for this revolt, as it is founded on hints in Holy Writ, and on the opinion of ſome great writers, ſo it was the moſt proper that the poet could have made uſe of.

The revolt in heaven is deſcribed with great force of imagination and a fine variety of circumſtances. The learned reader cannot but be pleaſed with the poet's imitation of *Homer* in the laſt of the following lines.

At length into the limits of the north
They came, and *Satan* took his royal ſeat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
The palace of great *Lucifer* (ſo call
That ſtructure in the dialect of men
Interpreted)———

Homer mentions perſons and things, which he tells us, in the language of the gods, are called by different names from thoſe they go by in the language of men. *Milton* has imitated him with his uſual judgment in this particular place, wherein he has likewiſe the authority of Scripture to juſtify him. The part of *Abdiel*, who was the only ſpirit that in this infinite hoſt of angels preſerved his allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of religious ſingularity. The zeal of the ſeraphim breaks forth in a becoming warmth of ſentiments and

and expreſſions, as the character which is given us of him denotes that generous ſcorn and intrepidity which attends heroic virtue. The author doubtleſs deſigned it as a pattern to thoſe who live among mankind in their preſent ſtate of degeneracy and corruption.

So ſpake the ſeraph *Abdiel*, faithful found
Among the faithleſs, faithful only he;
Among innumberable falſe, unmov'd,
Unſhaken, unſeduc'd, unterrify'd;
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To ſwerve from truth, or change his conſtant mind,
Tho' ſingle. From amidſt them forth he paſs'd,
Long way thro' hoſtile ſcorn, which he ſuſtain'd
Superior, nor of violence feared ought;
And, with retorted ſcorn, his back he turn'd
On thoſe proud tow'rs, to ſwift deſtruction doom'd.

L

No. 328. MONDAY, MARCH 17.

Nullum me a labore reclinat otium.

HOR. Epod. xvii. ver. 24.

No eaſe doth lay me down from pain.

CREECH.

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'AS I believe this is the firſt complaint that ever 'was made to you of this nature, ſo you are 'the firſt perſon I ever could prevail upon myſelf 'to lay it before. When I tell you I have a heal-'thy vigorous conſtitution, a plentiful eſtate, no 'inordinate deſires, and am married to a virtuous 'lovely woman, who neither wants wit nor good-'nature, and by whom I have a numerous off-

'ſpring

'ſpring to perpetuate my family, you will naturally 'conclude me a happy man. But, notwithſtand-'ing theſe promiſing appearances, I am ſo far from 'it, that the proſpect of being ruined and undone, 'by a ſort of extravagance which of late years is in 'a greater or leſſer degree crept into every faſhion-'able family, deprives me of all the comforts of my 'life, and renders me the moſt anxious miſerable man 'on earth. My wife, who was the only child and 'darling care of an indulgent mother, employed 'her early years in learning all thoſe accompliſh-'ments we generally underſtand by good-breeding 'and polite education. She ſings, dances, plays, 'on the lute and harpſicord, paints prettily, is a 'perfect miſtreſs of the *French* tongue, and has 'made a conſiderable progreſs in *Italian*. She is 'beſides excellently ſkilled in all domeſtic ſciences, 'as preſerving, pickling, paſtry, making wines of 'fruits of our own growth, embroidering and 'needleworks of every kind. Hitherto you will 'be apt to think there is very little cauſe of com-'plaint; but ſuſpend your opinion till I have fur-'ther explained myſelf, and then I make no queſ-'tion you will come over to mine. You are not 'to imagine I find fault that ſhe either poſſeſſes or 'takes delight in the exerciſe of thoſe qualificati-'ons I juſt now mentioned; it is the immoderate 'fondneſs ſhe has to them that I lament, and that 'what is only deſigned for the innocent amuſement 'and recreation of life, is become the whole buſi-'neſs and ſtudy of hers. The ſix months we are 'in town (for the year is equally divided between 'that and the country) from almoſt break of day 'till noon, the whole morning is laid out in prac-'tiſing with her ſeveral maſters; and to make up 'the ſeveral loſſes occaſioned by her abſence in 'ſummer, every day in the week their attendance 'is required; and as they are all people eminent in 'their profeſſions, their ſkill and time muſt be re-

'compenſed

'compenſed accordingly: So how far theſe articles extend, I leave you to judge. Limning, one would think, is no expenſive diverſion; but as ſhe manages the matter, it is a very conſiderable addition to her diſburſements; which you will eaſily believe, when you know ſhe paints fans for all her female acquaintance, and draws all her relations pictures in miniature; the firſt muſt be mounted by no body but *Colmar*, and the other ſet by no body but *Charles Mather*. What follows, is ſtill much worſe than the former; for, as I told you, ſhe is a great artiſt at her needle, it is incredible what ſums ſhe expends in embroidery; for, beſides what is appropriated to her perſonal uſe, as mantuas, petticoats, ſtomachers, handkerchiefs, purſes, pin-cuſhions, and working-aprons, ſhe keeps four *French* proteſtants continually employed in making divers pieces of ſuperfluous furniture, as quilts, toilets, hangings for cloſets, beds, window-curtains, eaſy-chairs, and tabourets: Nor have I any hopes of ever reclaiming her from this extravagance, while ſhe obſtinately perſiſts in thinking it a notable piece of good houſewifery, becauſe they are made at home, and ſhe has had ſome ſhare in the performance. There would be no end of relating to you the particulars of the annual charge, in furniſhing her ſtore-room with a profuſion of pickles and preſerves; for ſhe is not contented with having every thing, unleſs it be done every way, in which ſhe conſults an hereditary book of receipts; for her female anceſtors have been always famed for good houſewifery, one of whom is made immortal, by giving her name to an eye-water and two ſorts of puddings. I cannot undertake to recite all her medicinal preparations, as ſalves, cerecloths, powders, confects, cordials, ratafia, perſico, orange-flower, and cherry-brandy, together with innumerable ſorts of ſimple waters.

'But

'But there is nothing I lay ſo much to heart, as 'that deteſtable catalogue of counterfeit wines, 'which derive their names from the fruits, herbs, 'or trees of whoſe juices they are chiefly com-'pounded: They are loathſome to the taſte, and 'pernicious to the health; and as they ſeldom ſur-'vive the year, and then are thrown away, under 'a falſe pretence of frugality, I may affirm they 'ſtand me in more than if I entertained all our vi-'ſitors with the beſt burgundy and champaign. 'Coffee, chocolate, green, imperial, peco, and 'bohea-tea, ſeem to be trifles; but when the pro-'per appurtenances of the tea-table are added, they 'ſwell the account higher than one would ima-'gine. I cannot conclude without doing her juſ-'tice in one article; where her frugality is ſo re-'markable, I muſt not deny her the merit of it, 'and that is in relation to her children, who are 'all confined, both boys and girls, to one large 'room in the remoteſt part of the houſe, with 'bolts on the doors and bars on the windows, un-'der the care and tuition of an old woman, who 'had been dry-nurſe to her grandmother. This is 'their reſidence all the year round; and as they 'are never allowed to appear, ſhe prudently thinks 'it needleſs to be at any expence in apparel or 'learning. Her eldeſt daughter to this day would 'have neither read nor writ, if it had not been for 'the butler, who, being the ſon of a country at-'torney, has taught her ſuch a hand, as is gene-'rally uſed for ingroſſing bills in *Chancery*. By this 'time I have ſufficiently tired your patience with 'my domeſtic grievances; which I hope you will 'agree could not well be contained in a narrower 'compaſs, when you conſider what a paradox I 'undertook to maintain in the beginning of my 'epiſtle, and which manifeſtly appears to be but too 'melancholy a truth. And now I heartily wiſh 'the relation I have given of my misfortunes may

'be of uſe and benefit to the public. By the example I have ſet before them, the truly virtuous 'wives may learn to avoid thoſe errors which have 'ſo unhappily miſled mine, and which are viſibly 'theſe three. Firſt, In miſtaking the proper objects of her eſteem, and fixing her affections upon 'ſuch things as are only the trappings and decorations of her ſex. Secondly, In not diſtinguiſhing 'what becomes the different ſtages of life. And, 'laſtly, the abuſe and corruption of ſome excellent qualities, which, if circumſcribed within juſt 'bounds, would have been the bleſſing and proſperity of her family, but, by a vicious extreme, 'are like to be the bane and deſtruction of it.' T

No. 329. Tuesday, March 18.

Ire tamen reſtat, Numa quo devenit, et Ancus.
Hor. Ep. vi. l. 1. ver. 27.

With *Ancus*, and with *Numa*, kings of *Rome*,
We muſt deſcend into the ſilent tomb.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me the other night, that he had been reading my paper upon *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, in which, ſays he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the ſame time, that he obſerved I had promiſed another paper upon *the Tombs*, and that he ſhould be glad to go and ſee them with me, not having viſited them ſince he had read hiſtory. I could not at firſt imagine how this came into the Knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very buſy all laſt ſummer upon *Baker*'s Chronicle, which he has quoted ſeveral times in his diſputes with Sir Andrew Freeport ſince his laſt coming to town. Accordingly I promiſed to call upon him the

the next morning, that we might go together to the *Abbey*.

I found the Knight under his butler's hands, who always ſhaves him. He was no ſooner dreſſed than he called for a glaſs of the widow *Trueby*'s water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the ſame time, with ſo much heartineſs, that I could not forbear drinking it. As ſoon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable, upon which the Knight obſerving that I had made ſeveral wry faces, told me that he knew I ſhould not like it at firſt, but that it was the beſt thing in the world againſt the ſtone or gravel.

I could have wiſhed indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it ſooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir ROGER told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilſt he ſtaid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the firſt news of the ſickneſs being at *Dantzick*: When, of a ſudden, turning ſhort to one of his ſervants who ſtood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then reſumed his diſcourſe upon Mrs *Trueby*'s water, telling me that the widow *Trueby* was one who did more good than all the doctors or apothecaries in the country: That ſhe diſtilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that ſhe diſtributed her water *gratis* among all ſorts of people; to which the Knight added, that ſhe had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; and truly, ſays Sir ROGER, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

His diſcourſe was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it,

after having caſt his eye upon the wheels, he aſked the coachman if his axletree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honeſt man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir ROGER, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon preſenting himſelf at the window, aſked him if he ſmoked; as I was conſidering what this would end in, he bid him ſtop by the way at any good tobacconiſt's and take in a roll of their beſt *Virginia*. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were ſet down at the weſt-end of the *Abbey*.

As we went up the body of the church, the Knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cryed out, A brave man I warrant him! Paſſing afterwards by Sir *Cloudſly Shovel*, he flung his hand that way, and cried, Sir *Cloudſly Shovel!* a very gallant man! As we ſtood before *Buſby*'s tomb, the Knight uttered himſelf again after the ſame manner, Dr *Buſby*, a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I ſhould have gone to him myſelf, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!

We were immediately conducted to the little chapel on the right hand. Sir ROGER, planting himſelf at our hiſtorian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he ſaid, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of *Morocco*'s head. Among ſeveral other figures, he was very well pleaſed to ſee the ſtateſman *Cecil* upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which repreſents that martyr to good houſewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that ſhe was a maid of honour to queen *Elizabeth*, the Knight was very inquiſitive into her name and family;

family; and, after having regarded her finger for ſome time, I wonder, ſays he, that Sir *Richard Baker* has ſaid nothing of her in his Chronicle.

We were then conveyed to the two coronation-chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the ſtone underneath the moſt ancient of them, which was brought from *Scotland*, was called *Jacob's pillar*, ſat himſelf down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old *Gothic* king, aſked our interpreter, what authority they had to ſay, that *Jacob* had ever been in *Scotland?* The fellow, inſtead of returning him an anſwer, told him, that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could obſerve Sir ROGER a little ruffled upon being thus trapanned; but our guide not inſiſting upon his demand, the Knight ſoon recovered his good-humour, and whiſpered in my ear, that if WILL WIMBLE were with us, and ſaw theſe two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-ſtopper out of one or other of them.

Sir ROGER, in the next place, laid his hand upon *Edward* the third's ſword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole hiſtory of the *Black Prince;* concluding, that, in Sir *Richard Baker*'s opinion, *Edward* the third was one of the greateſt princes that ever ſat upon the *Engliſh* throne.

We were then ſhewn *Edward* the Confeſſor's tomb; upon which Sir ROGER acquainted us, that he was the firſt who touched for the evil; and afterwards *Henry* the Fourth's, upon which he ſhook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the caſualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our *Engliſh* kings without an head; and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten ſilver, had been ſtolen away ſeveral years ſince: Some

whig, I'll warrant you, ſays Sir ROGER; you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you do not take care.

The glorious names of *Henry* the Fifth and Queen *Elizabeth* gave the Knight great opportunities of ſhining, and of doing juſtice to Sir *Richard Baker*; who, as our Knight obſerved with ſome ſurpriſe, had a great many kings in him, whoſe monuments he had not ſeen in the abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleaſed to ſee the Knight ſhew ſuch an honeſt paſſion for the glory of his country, and ſuch a reſpectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I muſt not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converſes with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reaſon he ſhook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he ſhould be very glad to ſee him at his lodgings in *Norfolk Buildings*, and talk over the matters with him more at leiſure. L

No. 330. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19.

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia——

Juv. Sat. xiv. ver. 47.

To youth the tendereſt regard is due.

THE following letters, written by two very conſiderate correſpondents, both under twenty years of age, are very good arguments of the neceſſity of taking into conſideration the many incidents which affect the education of youth.

'SIR,

'I have long expected, that in the courſe of your 'obſervations upon the ſeveral parts of human 'life,

'life, you would one time or other fall upon a 'ſubject, which, ſince you have not, I take the li- 'berty to recommend to you. What I mean, is 'the patronage of young modeſt men to ſuch as 'are able to countenance and introduce them into 'the world. For want of ſuch aſſiſtances, a youth 'of merit languiſhes in obſcurity or poverty, when 'his circumſtances are low, and runs into riot and 'exceſs when his fortunes are plentiful. I cannot 'make myſelf better underſtood, than by ſending 'you an hiſtory of myſelf, which I ſhall deſire you 'to inſert in your Paper, it being the only way I 'have of expreſſing my gratitude for the higheſt 'obligations imaginable.

'I am the ſon of a merchant of the city of *Lon-* 'don, who, by many loſſes, was reduced from a 'very luxuriant trade and credit, to very narrow 'circumſtances, in compariſon to that of his for- 'mer abundance. This took away the vigour of 'his mind, and all manner of attention to a for- 'tune which he now thought deſperate; inſomuch 'that he died without a will, having before buried 'my mother in the midſt of his other misfortunes. I 'was ſixteen years of age when I loſt my father; and 'an eſtate of 200 *l.* a-year came into my poſſeſſion, 'without friend or guardian to inſtruct me in the 'management or enjoyment of it. The natural 'conſequence of this was, (though I wanted no 'director, and ſoon had fellows who found me out 'for a ſmart young gentleman, and led me into all 'the debaucheries of which I was capable) that my 'companions and I could not well be ſupplied 'without running in debt, which I did very frank- 'ly, till I was arreſted, and conveyed, with a guard 'ſtrong enough for the moſt deſperate aſſaſſin, to 'a bailiff's houſe, where I lay four days ſurrounded 'with very merry but not very agreeable company. 'As ſoon as I had extricated myſelf from that 'ſhameful confinement, I reflected upon it with ſo much

'much horror that I deſerted all my old acquaint-
'ance, and took chambers in an inn of court, with
'a reſolution to ſtudy the law with all poſſible ap-
'plication. But I trifled away a whole year in look-
'ing over a thouſand intricacies, without a friend
'to apply to in any caſe of doubt; ſo that I only
'lived there among men, as little children are ſent
'to ſchool before they are capable of improvement,
'only to be out of harm's way. In the midſt of
'this ſtate of ſuſpenſe, not knowing how to diſpoſe
'of myſelf, I was ſought for by a relation of mine,
'who, obſerving a good inclination in me, uſed me
'with great familiarity, and carried me to his ſeat
'in the country. When I came there, he intro-
'duced me to all the good company in the county;
'and the great obligation I have to him for this
'kind notice, and reſidence with him ever ſince,
'has made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon me, that
'he has an authority of a father over me, founded
'upon the love of a brother. I have a good ſtudy
'of books, a good ſtable of horſes always at my
'command; and though I am not now quite eigh-
'teen years of age, familiar converſe on his part,
'and a ſtrong inclination to exert myſelf on mine,
'have had an effect upon me that makes me accep-
'table where-ever I go. Thus, Mr SPECTATOR,
'by this gentleman's favour and patronage, it is my
'own fault if I am not wiſer and richer every day I
'live. I ſpeak this, as well by ſubſcribing the ini-
'tial letters of my name, to thank him, as to incite
'others to an imitation of his virtue. It would
'be a worthy work to ſhew what great charities
'are to be done without expence, and how many
'noble actions are loſt, out of inadvertency in per-
'ſons capable of performing them, if they were
'put in mind of it. If a gentleman of figure in a
'country would make his family a pattern of ſo-
'briety, good ſenſe, and breeding, and would
'kindly endeavour to influence the education, and

'growing

'growing prospects of the younger gentry about 'him, I am apt to believe it would save him a great 'dale of stale beer, on a public occasion, and ren- 'der him the leader of his country from their gra- 'titude to him, instead of being a slave to their riots 'and tumults in order to be made their representa- 'tive. The same thing might be recommended 'to all who have made any progress in any parts 'of knowledge, or arrived at any degree in a pro- 'fession; others may gain preferments and fortunes 'from their patrons, but I have, I hope, received 'from mine good habits and virtues. I repeat to 'you, Sir, my request to print this, in return for 'all the evil an helpless orphan shall ever escape, 'and all the good he shall receive in this life; 'both which are wholly owing to this gentleman's 'favour to,

'SIR,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'S. P.'

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'I am a lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty 'pleasure in learning. I have been at the *Latin* 'school four years. I do not know I ever played the 'truant, or neglected any task my master set me in 'my life. I think on what I read in school as I go 'home at noon and night, and so intently, that I 'have often gone half a mile out of my way, not 'minding whither I went. Our maid tells me, 'she often hears me talk *Latin* in my sleep. And I 'dream two or three nights in the week I am reading '*Juvenal* and *Homer*. My master seems as well 'pleased with my performances as any boy's in the 'same class. I think, if I know my own mind, I 'would chuse rather to be a scholar than a prince 'without learning. I have a very good affectio- 'nate father; but though very rich, yet so migh- 'ty near, than he thinks much of the charges of

'my

'my education. He often tells me he believes my 'ſchooling will ruin him; that I coſt him God 'knows how much in books. I tremble to tell him 'I want one. I am forced to keep my pocket-mo- 'ney and lay it out for a book, now and then, that 'he does not know of. He has ordered my maſ- 'ter to buy no more books for me, but ſays he 'will buy them himſelf. I aſked him for *Horace* 'the other day, and he told me in a paſſion, he 'did not believe I was fit for it, but only my maſ- 'ter had a mind to make him think I had got a 'great way in my learning. I am ſometimes a month 'behind other boys in getting the books my maſ- 'ter gives orders for. All the boys in the ſchool, 'but I, have the claſſic authors *in uſum Delphini*, 'gilt and lettered on the back. My father is often 'reckoning up how long I have been at ſchool, 'and tells me he fears I do little good. My father's 'carriage ſo diſcourages me, that he makes me 'grow dull and melancholy. My maſter wonders 'what is the matter with me; I am afraid to tell 'him, for he is a man that loves to encourage learn- 'ing and be apt to chide my father, and not know- 'ing my father's temper, may make him worſe. 'Sir, if you have any love for learning, I beg you 'will give me ſome inſtructions in this caſe, and 'perſuade parents to encourage their children when 'they find them diligent and deſirous of learning. 'I have heard ſome parents ſay, they would do 'any thing for their children, if they would but 'mind their learning: I would be glad to be in 'their place. Dear Sir, pardon my boldneſs. If 'you will but conſider and pity my caſe, I will pray 'for your proſperity as long as I live.

London,
March 2. 1712. 'Your humble ſervant,
T 'JAMES DISCIPULUS.'

'THURSDAY,

No. 331. Thursday, March 20.

——Solidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.
Pers. Sat. ii. l. 28.

Holds out his fooliſh beard for thee to pluck.

When I was laſt with my friend Sir Roger in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, I obſerved that he ſtood longer than ordinary before the buſt of a venerable old man. I was at a loſs to gueſs the reaſon of it, when after ſome time he pointed to the figure and aſked me, if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiſer in their beards than we do without them? For my part, ſays he, when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and ſee my anceſtors, who, many of them, died before they were of my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as ſo many old patriarchs, and at the ſame time looking upon myſelf as an idle ſmock-faced young fellow. I love to ſee your *Abrahams*, your *Iſaacs*, and your *Jacobs*, as we have them in old pieces of tapeſtry, with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings. The Knight added, if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavour to reſtore human faces to their ancient dignity, that, upon a month's warning, he would undertake to lead up the faſhion himſelf in a pair of whiſkers.

I ſmiled at my friend's fancy; but after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphoſes our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir Roger, was for many ages looked upon as the type of Wiſdom. *Lucian* more than once rallies the philoſophers of his time who endeavoured

voured to rival one another in beards; and repreſents a learned man, who ſtood for a profeſſorſhip in philoſophy, as unqualified for it by the ſhortneſs of his beard.

Ælian, in his account of *Zoilus*, the pretended critic, who wrote againſt *Homer* and *Plato*, and thought himſelf wiſer than all who had gone before him, tells us, that this *Zoilus* had a very long beard that hung down upon his breaſt, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept cloſe ſhaved, regarding, it ſeems, the hairs of his head as ſo many ſuckers, which, if they had been ſuffered to grow, might have drawn away the nouriſhment from his chin, and by that means have ſtarved his beard.

I have read ſomewhere that one of the popes refuſed to accept an edition of a ſaint's works, which were preſented to him, becauſe the ſaint, in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a beard.

We ſee by theſe inſtances what homage the world has formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not then allowed to make thoſe depredations on the faces of the learned, which have been permitted him of later years.

Accordingly ſeveral wiſe nations have been ſo extremely jealous of the leaſt ruffle offered to their beards, that they ſeem to have fixed the point of honour principally in that part. The *Spaniards* were wonderfully tender in this particular. Don *Quevedo*, in his third viſion on the laſt judgment, has carried the humour very far, when he tells us that one of his vain-glorious countrymen, after having received ſentence, was taken into cuſtody by a couple of evil ſpirits; but that his guides happening to diſorder his muſtachoes, they were forced to recompoſe them with a pair of curling-irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the hiſtory of our own nation, we

we ſhall find that the beard flouriſhed in the *Saxon* heptarchy, but was very much diſcouraged under the *Norman* line. It ſhot out, however, from time to time, in ſeveral reigns under different ſhapes. The laſt effort it made ſeems to have been in Queen *Mary*'s days, as the curious reader may find, if he pleaſes to peruſe the figures of Cardinal *Poole*, and Biſhop *Gardiner*; though at the ſame time, I think it may be queſtioned, if zeal againſt popery has not induced our proteſtant painters to extend the beards of thoſe two perſecutors beyond their natural dimenſions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few beards worth taking notice of in the reign of King *James* the firſt.

During the civil wars there appeared one, which makes too great a figure in ſtory to be paſſed over in ſilence; I mean that of the redoubted *Hudibras*, an account of which *Butler* has tranſmitted to poſterity in the following lines:

> His tawny beard was th' equal grace
> Both of his wiſdom, and his face:
> In cut and dye ſo like a tyle,
> A ſudden view it would beguile?
> The upper part thereof was whey,
> The nether orange mixt with grey.

The whiſker continued for ſome time among us after the expiration of beards; but this is a ſubject which I ſhall not here enter upon, having diſcuſſed it at large in a diſtinct treatiſe, which I keep by me in manuſcript, upon the *Muſtachoe*.

If my friend Sir ROGER's project of introducing beards ſhould take effect, I fear the luxury of the preſent age would make it a very expenſive faſhion. There is no queſtion but the beaus would ſoon provide themſelves with falſe ones of the lighteſt colours, and the moſt immoderate lengths. A fair beard, of the tapeſtry-ſize, Sir ROGER ſeems to

approve, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden beard of *Æſculapius* would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the faſhion.

Beſides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horſeback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and periwigs; and I ſee no reaſon why we may not ſuppoſe that they would have their *Riding-Beards* on the ſame occaſion.

I may give the moral of this diſcourſe in another paper. X

No. 332. FRIDAY, MARCH 21.

——Minùs aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum——

HOR. Sat. iii. lib. 1. ver. 29.

He cannot bear the raillery of the age. CREECH.

'Dear Short Face,

'IN your ſpeculation of *Wedneſday* laſt, you have 'given us ſome account of that worthy ſociety 'of brutes the *Mohocks*; wherein you have parti-'cularly ſpecified the ingenious performance of the 'Lion-tippers, the Dancing-maſters, and the Tum-'blers: But as you acknowledge you had not then 'a perfect hiſtory of the whole club, you might 'very eaſily omit one of the moſt notable ſpecies 'of it, the Sweaters, which may be reckoned a 'ſort of Dancing-maſters too. It is, it ſeems, the 'cuſtom for half a dozen, or more, of theſe well-'diſpoſed ſavages, as ſoon as they have incloſed 'the perſon upon whom they deſign the favour of 'a ſweat, to whip out their ſwords, and holding 'them parallel to the horizon, they deſcribe a ſort

'of

'of magic circle round about him with their points. 'As ſoon as this piece of conjuration is performed, 'and the patient, without doubt, already begin-'ning to wax warm, to forward the operation, 'that member of the circle, towards whom he is 'ſo rude at to turn his back firſt, runs his ſword 'directly into that part of the patient wherein 'ſchool-boys are puniſhed; and as it is very natu-'ral to imagine this will ſoon make him tack about 'to ſome other point, every gentleman does him-'ſelf the ſame juſtice as often as he receives the 'affront. After this jig is gone two or three 'times round, and the patient is thought to have 'ſweat ſufficiently, he is very handſomely rubbed 'down by ſome attendants, who carry with them 'inſtruments for that purpoſe, and ſo diſcharged. 'This relation I had from a friend of mine, who 'has lately been under this diſcipline. He tells me 'he had the honour to dance before the emperor 'himſelf, not without the applauſe and acclama-'tions both of his imperial majeſty, and the whole 'ring; though, I dare ſay, neither I, nor any of 'his acquaintance, ever dream'd he would have me-'rited any reputation by his activity.

'I can aſſure you, Mr SPEC, I was very near 'being qualified to have given you a faithful and 'painful account of this walking bagnio, if I may 'ſo call it, myſelf: For going the other night a-'long *Fleetſtreet*, and having, out of curioſity, juſt 'entered into diſcourſe with a wandering female, 'who was travelling the ſame way, a couple of fel-'lows advanced towards us, drew their ſwords, 'and cried out to each other, A ſweat! a ſweat! 'Whereupon, ſuſpecting they were ſome of the 'ring-leaders of the bagnio, I alſo drew my ſword, 'and demanded a parley; but finding none would 'be granted me, and perceiving others behind them 'filing off with great diligence to take me in flank, 'I began to ſweat for fear of being forced to it:

'But very luckily betaking myſelf to a pair of heels, 'which I had good reaſon to believe would do me 'juſtice, I inſtantly got poſſeſſion of a very ſnug 'corner in a neighbouring alley that lay in my 'rear; which poſt I maintained for above half an 'hour with great firmneſs and reſolution, though 'not letting this ſucceſs ſo far overcome me, as to 'make me unmindful of the circumſpection that 'was neceſſary to be obſerved upon my advancing 'again towards the ſtreet; by which prudence and 'good management I made a handſome and orderly 'retreat, having ſuffered no other damage in this 'action than the loſs of my baggage, and the diſ-'location of one of my ſhoe-heels, which laſt, I 'am juſt now informed is in a fair way of recovery. 'Theſe ſweaters, by what I can learn from my 'friend, and by as near a view as I was able to 'take of them myſelf, ſeem to me to have at pre-'ſent but a rude kind of diſcipline amongſt them. 'It is probable, if you would take a little pains 'with them, they might be brought into better or-'der. But I will leave this to your own diſcretion; 'and will only add, that if you think it worth 'while to inſert this by way of caution to thoſe 'who have a mind to preſerve their ſkins whole 'from this ſort of cupping, and tell them, at the 'ſame time, the hazard of treating with night-'walkers, you will perhaps oblige others, as well as

'Your very humble ſervant,

'JACK LIGHTFOOT.'

P. S. 'My friend will have me acquaint you, 'That though he would not willingly detract from 'the merit of that extraordinary ſtrokes-man, Mr '*Sprightly*, yet it is his real opinion, that ſome of 'thoſe fellows, who are employed as rubbers to 'this new-faſhioned bagnio, have ſtruck as bold 'ſtrokes as ever he did in his life.

'I

'I had ſent this four and twenty hours ſooner, 'if I had not had the misfortune of being in a 'great doubt about the orthography of the word '*bagnio*. I conſulted ſeveral dictionaries, but 'found no relief; at laſt having recourſe both to 'the bagnio in *Newgate-ſtreet*, and to that in '*Chancery-lane*, and finding the original manu-'ſcrips upon the ſign-poſts of each to agree lite-'rally with my own ſpelling, I returned home, 'full of ſatisfaction, in order to diſpatch this epi-'ſtle.'

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'As you have taken moſt of the circumſtances 'of human life into your conſideration, we, the 'under-written, thought it not improper for us 'alſo to repreſent to you our condition. We are 'three ladies who live in the country, and the 'greateſt improvements we make is by reading. 'We have taken a ſmall journal of our lives, and 'find it extremely oppoſite to your laſt *Tueſday*'s 'ſpeculation. We riſe by ſeven, and paſs the be-'ginning of each day in devotion, and looking into 'thoſe affairs that fall within the occurrences of a 'retired life; in the afternoon we ſometimes enjoy 'the company of ſome friend or neighbour, or elſe 'work or read; at night we retire to our cham-'bers, and take leave of each other for the whole 'night at ten o'clock. We take particular care 'never to be ſick of a *Sunday*. Mr SPECTATOR, 'we are all very good maids, but are ambitious of 'characters which we think more laudable, that of 'being very good wives. If any of your corre-'ſpondents inquire for a ſpouſe for an honeſt coun-'try gentleman, whoſe eſtate is not dipped, and 'wants a wife that can ſave half his revenue, and 'yet make a better figure than any of his neigh-'bours

'bours of the ſame eſtate with finer bred women,
'you ſhall have further notice from,

'SIR,

'Your courteous readers,

'MARTHA BUSY,
'DEBORAH THRIFTY,
'ALICE EARLY.'

No. 333. SATURDAY, MARCH 22.

——Vocat in certamina divos.

VIRG. Æn. vi. ver. 172.

He calls embattled deities to arms.

WE are now entering upon the ſixth book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, in which the poet deſcribes the battle of angels; having raiſed his reader's expectation, and prepared him for it by ſeveral paſſages in the preceding books. I omitted quoting theſe paſſages in my obſervations on the former books, having purpoſely reſerved them for the opening of this, the ſubject of which gave occaſion to them. The author's imagination was ſo inflamed with this great ſcene of action, that where-ever he ſpeaks of it, he riſes, if poſſible, above himſelf. Thus where he mentions *Satan* in the beginning of his poem:

——Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal ſky,
With hideous ruin and combuſtion, down
To bottomleſs perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durſt defy the Omnipotent to arms.

We have likewiſe ſeveral noble hints of it in the infernal conference.

O prince! O chief of many throned powers,
That led th' embattl'd ſeraphim to war,

Too

Too well I ſee and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath loſt us heav'n; and all this mighty hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low.
But ſee! the angry victor hath recall'd
His miniſters of vengeance and purſuit
Back to the gates of heav'n: The ſulph'rous hail
Shot after us in ſtorm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery ſurge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling: and the thunder,
Wing'd with red light'ning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs deep.

There are ſeveral other very ſublime images on the ſame ſubject in the firſt book, as alſo in the ſecond.

What when we fled amain, purſu'd and ſtruck
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and beſought
The deep to ſhelter us; this hell then ſeem'd
A refuge from thoſe wounds——

In ſhort, the poet never mentions any thing of this battle but in ſuch images of greatneſs and terror as are ſuitable to the ſubject. Among ſeveral others I cannot forbear quoting that paſſage, where the power, who is deſcribed as preſiding over the chaos, ſpeaks in the third book.

Thus *Satan*; and him thus the Anarch old,
With fault'ring ſpeech and viſage incompos'd,
Anſwer'd: I know thee, ſtranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head againſt heav'n's King, tho' overthrown.
I ſaw and heard; for ſuch a num'rous hoſt
Fled not in ſilence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confuſion worſe confounded; and heav'n's gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Purſuing——

It required great pregnancy of invention, and ſtrength of imagination, to fill this battle with ſuch circumſtances as ſhould raiſe and aſtoniſh the mind of the reader; and, at the ſame time, an exactneſs of judgment, to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Thoſe who look into *Homer*, are ſurpriſed to find his battles ſtill riſing one above another, and improving in horror to the concluſion of the *Iliad*. *Milton*'s fight of angels is wrought up with the ſame beauty. It is uſhered in with ſuch ſigns of wrath as are ſuitable to Omnipotence incenſed. The firſt engagement is carried on under a cope of fire, occaſioned by the flights of innumerable burning darts and arrows, which are diſcharged from either hoſt. The ſecond onſet is ſtill more terrible, as it is filled with thoſe artificial thunders, which ſeem to make the victory doubtful, and produce a kind of conſternation even in the good angels. This is followed by the tearing up of mountains and promontories; till, in the laſt place, the Meſſiah comes forth in the fulneſs of majeſty and terror. The pomp of his appearance amidſt the roarings of his thunders, the flaſhes of his lightnings, and the noiſe of his chariot-wheels, is deſcribed with the utmoſt flights of human imagination.

There is nothing in the firſt and laſt day's engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the ideas moſt readers would conceive of a fight between two armies of angels.

The ſecond day's engagement is apt to ſtartle an imagination, which has not been raiſed and qualified for ſuch a deſcription, by the reading of the ancient poets, and of *Homer* in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our author, to aſcribe the firſt uſe of artillery to the rebel-angels. But as ſuch a pernicious invention may be well ſuppoſed to have proceeded from ſuch authors, ſo it enters very properly into the thoughts of that being

ing, who is all along described as aspiring to the majesty of his Maker. Such engines were the only instruments he could have made use of to imitate those thunders that in all poetry, both sacred and profane, are represented as the arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the hills was not altogether so daring a thought as the former. We are, in some measure, prepared for such an incident, by the description of the giants war, which we meet with among the ancient poets. What still made this circumstance the more proper for the poet's use, is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the giants war, which makes so great a noise in antiquity, and gave birth to the sublimest description in *Hesiod*'s works, was an allegory founded upon this very tradition of a fight between the good and bad angels.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what judgment *Milton*, in this narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the descriptions of the *Latin* and *Greek* poets; and, at the same time, improved every great hint which he met with in their works upon this subject. *Homer* in that passage which *Longinus* has celebrated for its sublimeness, and which *Virgil* and *Ovid* have copied after him, tells us, that the giants threw *Ossa* upon *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*. He adds an epithet to *Pelion* (σιναιφυλλον) which very much swells the idea, by bringing up to the reader's imagination all the woods that grew upon it. There is farther a greater beauty in his singling out by names these three remarkable mountains, so well known to the *Greeks*. This last is such a beauty, as the scene of *Milton*'s war could not possibly furnish him with. *Claudian*, in his fragment upon the giants war, has given full scope to that wildness of imagination which was natural to him. He tells us that the giants tore up whole islands by the roots, and threw them at the gods. He describes

one

one of them in particular taking up *Lemnos* in his arms, and whirling it to the ſkies, with all *Vulcan*'s ſhop in the midſt of it. Another tears up mount *Ida*, with the river *Enipeus*, which ran down the ſides of it; but the poet, not content to deſcribe him with this mountain upon his ſhoulder, tells us that the river flowed down his back, as he held it up in that poſture. It is viſible to every judicious reader, that ſuch ideas ſavour more of burleſque, than of the ſublime. They proceed from a wantonneſs of imagination, and rather divert the mind than aſtoniſh it. *Milton* has taken every thing that is ſublime in theſe ſeveral paſſages, and compoſes out of them the following great image.

> From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
> They pluck'd the ſeated hills, with all their load,
> Rocks, waters, woods, and by the ſhaggy tops
> Up-lifting bore them in their hands———

We have the full majeſty of *Homer* in this ſhort deſcription, improved by the imagination of *Claudian*, without its puerilities.

I need not point out the deſcription of the fallen angels, ſeeing the promontaries hanging over their heads in ſuch a dreadful manner, with the other numberleſs beauties in this book, which are ſo conſpicuous, that they cannot eſcape the notice of the moſt ordinary reader.

There are indeed ſo many wonderful ſtrokes of poetry in this book, and ſuch a variety of ſublime ideas, that it would have been impoſſible to have given them a place within the bounds of this paper. Beſides that I find it in a great meaſure done to my hand at the end of Lord *Roſcommon*'s eſſay on tranſlated poetry. I ſhall refer my reader thither for ſome of the maſter-ſtrokes in the ſixth book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, though, at the ſame time, there are many others which that noble author has not taken notice of.

Milton,

Milton, notwithſtanding the ſublime genius he was maſter of, has in this book drawn to his aſſiſtance all the helps he could meet with among the ancient poets. The ſword of *Michael*, which makes ſo great a havock among the bad angels, was given him, we are told, out of the armory of God.

——————But the ſword
Of *Michael* from the armory of God
Was given him temper'd ſo, that neither keen
Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge: It met
The ſword of Satan, with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheer ——

This paſſage is a copy of that in *Virgil*, wherein the poet tells us, that the ſword of *Æneas*, which was given him by a deity, broke into pieces the ſword of *Turnus*, which came from a mortal forge. As the moral in this place is divine, ſo by the way we may obſerve, that the beſtowing on a man who is favoured by heaven ſuch an allegorical weapon, is very conformable to the old eaſtern way of thinking. Not only *Homer* has made uſe of it, but we find the *Jewiſh* hero, in the book of *Maccabees*, who had fought the battles of the choſen people with ſo much glory and ſucceſs, receiving in his dream a ſword from the hand of the prophet *Jeremiah*. The following paſſage, wherein Satan is deſcribed as wounded by the ſword of *Michael*, is in imitation of *Homer*.

The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd thro' him; but th' etherial ſubſtance clos'd,
Not long diviſible; and from the gaſh
A ſtream of nect'rous humour iſſuing flow'd
Sanguine, (ſuch as celeſtial ſpirits may bleed)
And all his armour ſtain'd——

Homer tells us in the ſame manner, that upon *Diomedes* wounding the gods, there flowed from the wound an *ichor*, or pure kind of blood, which was not

not bred from mortal viands; and that though the pain was exquiſitely great, the wound ſoon cloſed up and healed, in thoſe beings who are veſted with immortality.

I queſtion not but *Milton*, in his deſcription of his furious *Moloch* flying from the battle, and bellowing with the wound he received, had his eye on *Mars* in the *Iliad*; who, upon his being wounded, is repreſented as retiring out of the fight, and making an outcry louder than that of a whole army, when it begins the charge. *Homer* adds, that the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, who were engaged in a general battle, were terrified on each ſide with the bellowing of this wounded deity. The reader will eaſily obſerve how *Milton* has kept all the horror of this image, without running into the ridicule of it.

——Where the might of *Gabriel* fought,
And with fierce enſigns pierc'd the deep array
Of *Moloch*, furious king! who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blaſphemous: But anon
Down cloven to the waſte, with ſhatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing——

Milton has likewiſe raiſed his deſcription in this book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of Scripture. The Meſſiah's chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a viſion of *Ezekiel*, who, as *Grotius* obſerves, has very much in him of *Homer*'s ſpirit, in the poetical parts of his prophecy.

The following lines, in that glorious commiſſion which is given the Meſſiah to extirpate the hoſt of rebel angels, are drawn from a ſublime paſſage in the Pſalms.

Go then thou mightieſt, in thy Father's might!
Aſcend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That

That ſhake heav'n's baſis; bring forth all my war,
My bow, my thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on thy ſword on thy puiſſant thigh.

The reader will eaſily diſcover many other ſtrokes of the ſame nature.

There is no queſtion but *Milton* had heated his imagination with the ſight of the gods in *Homer*, before he entered upon this engagement of the angels. *Homer* there gives us a ſcene of men, heroes, and gods, mixed together in battle. *Mars* animates the contending armies, and lifts up his voice in ſuch a manner, that it is heard diſtinctly amidſt all the ſhouts and confuſions of the fight. *Jupiter* at the ſame time thunders over their heads; while *Neptune* raiſes ſuch a tempeſt, that the whole field of battle, and all the tops of the mountains, ſhake about them. The poet tells us that *Pluto* himſelf, whoſe habitation was in the very centre of the earth, was ſo affrighted at the ſhock, that he leapt from his throne. *Homer* afterwards deſcribes *Vulcan* as pouring down a ſtorm of fire upon the river *Xanthus*, and *Minerva* as throwing a rock at *Mars*; who, he tells us, covered ſeven acres in his fall.

As *Homer* has introduced into his battle of the gods every thing that is great and terrible in nature, *Milton* has filled his fight of good and bad angels with all the like circumſtances of horror. The ſhouts of armies, the rattling of brazen chariots, the hurling of rocks and mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employed to lift up the reader's imagination, and give him a ſuitable idea of ſo great an action. With what art has the poet repreſented the whole body of the earth trembling, even before it was created?

All heav'n reſounded, and had earth been then,
All earth had to its centre ſhook ——

In how ſublime and juſt a manner does he afterwards deſcribe the whole heaven ſhaking under the wheels of the Meſſiah's chariot, with that exception to the throne of God?

——Under his burning wheels
The ſtedfaſt *Empyrean* ſhock throughout,
All but the throne itſelf of God——

Notwithſtanding the Meſſiah appears clothed with ſo much terror and majeſty, the poet has ſtill found means to make his reader conceive an idea of him, beyond what he himſelf is able to deſcribe.

Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of heaven.

In a word, *Milton*'s genius, which was ſo great in itſelf, and ſo ſtrengthened by all the helps of learning, appears in this book every way equal to his ſubject, which was the moſt ſublime that could enter into the thoughts of a poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind, he knew it was neceſſary to give it certain reſting-places, and opportunities of recovering itſelf from time to time: He has therefore with great addreſs interſperſed ſeveral ſpeeches, reflections, ſimilitudes, and the like reliefs to diverſify his narration, and eaſe the attention of the reader, that he might come freſh to his great action, and by ſuch a contraſt of ideas have a more lively taſte of the nobler parts of his deſcription. L

MONDAY,

No. 334. MONDAY, MARCH. 24.

———*Voluiſti, in ſuo genere, unumquemque noſtrum quaſi quendam eſſe Roſcium, dixiſtique non tam ea quæ recta eſſent probari, quam quæ prava ſunt faſtidiis adhæreſcere.* CICERO de Geſtu.

You would have each of us be a kind of *Roſcius* in his way; and you have ſaid, that men are not ſo much pleaſed with what is right, as diſguſted at what is wrong.

IT is very natural to take for our whole lives a light impreſſion of a thing, which at firſt fell into contempt with us for want of conſideration. The real uſe of a certain qualification (which the wiſer part of mankind look upon as at beſt an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous circumſtance) ſhews the ill-conſequence of ſuch prepoſſeſſions. What I mean, is the art, ſkill, accompliſhment, or whatever you will call it, of dancing. I knew a gentleman of great abilities, who bewailed the want of this part of his education to the end of a very honourable life. He obſerved that there was not occaſion for the common uſe of great talents; that they are but ſeldom in demand; and that theſe very great talents were often rendered uſeleſs to a man for want of ſmall attainments. A good mien (a becoming motion, geſture and aſpect) is natural to ſome men; but even theſe would be highly more graceful in their carriage, if what they do from the force of nature were confirmed and heightned by the force of reaſon. To one who has not at all conſidered it, to mention the force of reaſon on ſuch a ſubject, will appear fantaſtical; but when you have a little attended to it, an aſſembly of men will have quite another view; and they will tell you, it is evi-

dent from plain and infallable rules, why this man, with thoſe beautiful features and well-faſhioned perſon, is not ſo agreeable as he who ſits by him without any of thoſe advantages. When we read, we do it without any exerted act of memory that preſents the ſhape of the letters; but habit makes us do it mechanically, without ſtaying, like children, to recollect and join thoſe letters. A man who has not had the regard of his geſture in any part of his education, will find himſelf unable to act with freedom before new company, as a child that is but now learning would be to read without heſitation. It is for the advancement of the pleaſure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary life, that one would wiſh dancing were generally underſtood as conducive, as it really is, to a proper deportment in matters that appear the moſt remote from it. A man of learning and ſenſe is diſtinguiſhed from others as he is ſuch, though he never runs upon points too difficult for the reſt of the world; in like manner the reaching out of the arm, and the moſt ordinary motion, diſcover whether a man ever learned to know what is the true harmony and compoſure of his limbs and countenance. Whoever has ſeen *Booth*, in the character of *Pyrrhus*, march to his throne to receive *Oreſtes*, is convinced that majeſtic and great conceptions are expreſſed in the very ſtep; but perhaps, though no other man could perform that incident as well as he does, he himſelf would do it with a yet greater elevation, were he a dancer. This is ſo dangerous a ſubject to treat with gravity, that I ſhall not at preſent enter into it any further; but the author of the following letter has treated it in the eſſay he ſpeaks of in ſuch a manner, that I am beholden to him for a reſolution, that I will never hereafter think meanly of any thing, till I have heard what they who have another opinion of it have to ſay in its defence.

‘ Mr

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'SINCE there are ſcarce any of the arts and ſciences that have not been recommended to the world by the pens of ſome of the profeſſors, maſters, or lovers of them, whereby the uſefulneſs, excellence and benefit ariſing from them, both as to the ſpeculative and practical part, have been made public, to the great advantage and improvement of ſuch arts and ſciences; why ſhould dancing, an art celebrated by the ancients in ſo extraordinary a manner, be totally neglected by the moderns, and left deſtitute of any pen to recommend its various excellencies and ſubſtantial merit to mankind?

'The low ebb to which dancing is now fallen, is altogether owing to this ſilence. The art is eſteemed only as an amuſing trifle; it lies altogether uncultivated, and is unhappily fallen under the imputation of illiterate and mechanic: And as *Terence*, in one of his prologues, complains of the rope-dancers drawing all the ſpectators from his play, ſo may we well ſay, that capering and tumbling is now preferred to, and ſupplies the place of juſt and regular dancing on our theatres. It is therefore, in my opinion, high time that ſome one ſhould come to its aſſiſtance, and relieve it from the many groſs and growing errors that have crept into it, and overcaſt its real beauties; and to ſet dancing in its true light, would ſhew the uſefulneſs and elegance of it, with the pleaſure and inſtruction produced from it; and alſo lay down ſome fundamental rules, that might ſo tend to the improvement of its profeſſors, and information of the ſpectators, that the firſt might be the better enabled to perform, and the latter rendered more capable of judging, what is (if there be any thing) valuable in this art.

'To encourage therefore ſome ingenious pen, capable of ſo generous an undertaking, and in

'ſome meaſure to relieve dancing from the diſad-
'vantages it at preſent lies under, I, who teach to
'dance, have attempted a ſmall treatiſe as an eſſay
'towards an hiſtory of dancing; in which I have
'inquired into its antiquity, original and uſe, and
'ſhewn what eſteem the ancients had for it: I have
'likewiſe conſidered the nature and perfection of
'all its ſeveral parts, and how beneficial and de-
'lightful it is, both as a qualification and an exer-
'ciſe; and endeavoured to anſwer all objections
'that have been maliciouſly raiſed againſt it. I
'have proceeded to give an account of the parti-
'cular dances of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, whether
'religious, warlike, or civil; and taken particular
'notice of that part of dancing relating to the an-
'cient ſtage, and in which the *Pantomimes* had ſo
'great a ſhare; nor have I been wanting in giv-
'ing an hiſtorical account of ſome particular ma-
'ſters excellent in that ſurpriſing art. After which,
'I have advanced ſome obſervations on the mo-
'dern dancing, both as to the ſtage, and that part
'of it, ſo abſolutely neceſſary for the qualification
'of gentlemen and ladies; and have concluded
'with ſome ſhort remarks on the origin and pro-
'greſs of the character by which dances are writ
'down, and communicated from one maſter to
'another. If ſome great genius after this would
'ariſe, and advance this art to that perfection it
'ſeems capable of receiving, what might not be
'expected from it? For, if we conſider the origin
'of arts and ſciences, we ſhall find that ſome of
'them took riſe from beginnings ſo mean and un-
'promiſing, that it is very wonderful to think
'that ever ſuch ſurpriſing ſtructures ſhould have
'been raiſed upon ſuch ordinary foundations. But
'what cannot a great genius effect? Who would
'have thought that the clangorous noiſe of a
'ſmith's hammers ſhould have given the firſt riſe

'to

'to muſic? Yet *Macrobius*, in his ſecond book, 'relates, that *Pythagoras*, in paſſing by a ſmith's 'ſhop, found that the ſounds proceeding from the 'hammers were either more grave or acute, accor-'ding to the different weights of the hammers. 'The philoſopher, to improve this hint, ſuſpends 'different weights by ſtrings of the ſame bigneſs, 'and found in like manner that the ſounds anſwer-'ed to the weights. This being diſcovered, he 'finds out thoſe numbers which produced ſounds 'that were conſonants: As, that two ſtrings of the 'ſame ſubſtance and tenſion, the one being double 'the length of the other, gave that interval which 'is called *diapaſon*, or an eighth; the ſame was 'alſo effected from two ſtrings of the ſame length 'and ſize, the one having four times the tenſion 'of the other. By theſe ſteps, from ſo mean a 'beginning, did this great man reduce, what was 'only before noiſe, to one of the moſt delightful 'ſciences, by marrying it to the mathematics; 'and by that means cauſed it to be one of the moſt 'abſtract and demonſtrative of ſciences. Who 'knows therefore but motion, whether decorous 'or repreſentative, may not (as it ſeems highly 'probable it may) be taken into conſideration by 'ſome perſon capable of reducing it into a regular 'ſcience, though not ſo demonſtrative as that pro-'ceeding from ſounds, yet ſufficient to intitle it to 'a place among the magnified arts.

'Now, Mr SPECTATOR, as you have declar-'ed yourſelf viſitor of dancing-ſchools, and this 'being an undertaking which more immediately 'reſpects them, I think myſelf indiſpenſibly obli-'ged, before I proceed to the publication of this 'my eſſay to aſk your advice, and hold it abſo-'lutely neceſſary to have your approbation; and, 'in order to recommend my treatiſe to the peru-'ſal of the parents of ſuch as learn to dance, as

'well

'well as to the young ladies, to whom, as viſitor, 'you ought to be guardian.

Salop, March 19, 1711-12. 'I am, SIR,

T 'Your moſt humble ſervant.'

No. 335. TUESDAY, MARCH 25.

Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 317.

Thoſe are the likeſt copies which are drawn
From the original of human life.
ROSCOMMON.

MY friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY, when we laſt met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to ſee the new tragedy with me, aſſuring me at the ſame time, that he had not been at a play theſe twenty years. The laſt I ſaw, ſaid Sir ROGER, was the *Committee*, which I ſhould not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good church of *England* comedy. He then proceeded to inquire of me who this Diſtreſſed Mother was; and upon hearing that ſhe was *Hector*'s widow, he told me that her huſband was a brave man, and that when he was a ſchool-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend aſked me, in the next place, if there would not be ſome danger in coming home late, in caſe the *Mohocks* ſhould be abroad. I aſſure you, ſays he, I thought I had fallen into their hands laſt night; for I obſerved two or three luſty black men that followed me half way up *Fleetſtreet*, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You muſt know, continued the Knight with a ſmile, I fancied they had

had a mind to *hunt* me; for I remember an honeſt gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was ſerved ſuch a trick in King *Charles* the II's time, for which reaſon he has not ventured himſelf in town ever ſince. I might have ſhewn them very good ſport, had this been their deſign; for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I ſhould have turned and dogged, and have played them a thouſand tricks they had never ſeen in their lives before. Sir ROGER added, that if theſe gentlemen had any ſuch intention, they did not ſucceed very well in it; for I threw them out, ſays he, at the end of *Northfolkſtreet*, where I doubled the corner, and got ſhelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, ſays the Knight, if Captain SENTRY will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the houſe before it is full, I will have my coach in readineſs to attend you, for *John* tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir ROGER fear nothing, for that he had put on the ſame ſword which he made uſe of at the battle of *Steenkirk*. Sir ROGER's ſervants, and among the reſt my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themſelves with good oaken plants, to attend their maſter upon this occaſion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myſelf at his left-hand, the Captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we conveyed him in ſafety to the play-houſe, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and ſeated him betwixt us in the pit. As ſoon as the houſe was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend ſtood up and looked about him with that pleaſure, which a mind ſeaſoned with humanity naturally feels in itſelf, at the ſight of a multitude of people who ſeemed pleaſed with one another, and partake

partake of the ſame common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myſelf, as the old man ſtood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of *Pyrrhus*, the Knight told me that he did not believe the King of *France* himſelf had a better ſtrut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, becauſe I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticiſm, and was well pleaſed to hear him at the concluſion of almoſt every ſcene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for *Andromache*; and a little while after as much for *Hermoine*; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of *Pyrrhus*.

When Sir ROGER ſaw *Andromache*'s obſtinate refuſal to her lover's importunities, he whiſpered me in the ear, that he was ſure ſhe would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, You cannot imagine, Sir, what it is to have to do with a widow. Upon *Pyrrhus* his threatning afterwards to leave her, the Knight ſhook his head and muttered to himſelf, Ay, do if you can. This part dwelt ſo much upon my friend's imagination, that at the cloſe of the third act, as I was thinking of ſomething elſe, he whiſpered me in the ear, These widows, Sir, are the moſt perverſe creatures in the world. But pray, ſays he, you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be underſtood? Why, there is not a ſingle ſentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.

The fourth act very unluckily begun before I had time to give the old gentleman an anſwer: Well, ſays the Knight, ſitting down with great ſatisfaction, I ſuppoſe we are now to ſee *Hector*'s ghoſt. He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praiſing the widow. He made, indeed, a little

tle miſtake as to one of her pages, whom at his firſt entering he took for *Aſtyanax*; but quickly ſet himſelf right in that particular, though, at the ſame time, he owned he ſhould have been very glad to have ſeen the little boy, who, ſays he, muſt needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon *Hermoine*'s going off with a menace to *Pyrrhus*, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir ROGER added, On my word, a notable young baggage!

As there was a very remarkable ſilence and ſtilneſs in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of theſe intervals between the acts, to expreſs their opinion of the players, and of their reſpective parts. Sir ROGER hearing a cluſter of them praiſe *Oreſtes*, ſtruck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend *Pylades* was a very ſenſible man; as they were afterwards applauding *Pyrrhus*, Sir ROGER put in a ſecond time: And let me tell you, ſays he, though he ſpeaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiſkers as well as any of them. Captain SENTRY ſeeing two or three wags, who ſat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir ROGER, and fearing leſt they ſhould ſmoke the Knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whiſpered ſomething in his ear, that laſted till the opening of the fifth act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which *Oreſtes* gives of *Pyrrhus* his death, and at the concluſion of it, told me, it was ſuch a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the ſtage. Seeing afterwards *Oreſtes* in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary ſerious, and took occaſion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conſcience, adding, that *Oreſtes in his madneſs, looked as if he ſaw ſomething*.

As we were the firſt that came into the houſe, ſo we were the laſt that went out of it; being reſolved to have a clear paſſage for our old friend, whom we

we did not care to venture among the juſtling of the croud. Sir ROGER went out fully ſatisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the ſame manner that we brought him to the play-houſe; being highly pleaſed, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been preſented, but with the ſatisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

L

No. 336. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26.

——Clamant periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti penè patres, ea cum reprehendere conor,
Quæ gravis Æſopus, quæ doctus Roſcius egit:
Vel quia nil rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et, quæ
Imberbes didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.

HOR. Ep. i. lib. 2. ver. 80.

IMITATED.

One tragic ſentence if I dare deride,
Which *Betterton*'s grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd *Booth* with emphaſis proclaims,
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muſter-roll of names)
How will our fathers riſe up in a rage,
And ſwear, all ſhame is loſt in *George*'s age!
You'd think no fools diſgrac'd the former reign,
Did not ſome grave examples yet remain,
Who ſcorn a lad ſhould teach his father ſkill,
And, having once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill.

POPE.

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'AS you are the daily endeavourer to promote 'learning and good ſenſe, I think myſelf obli-'ged to ſuggeſt to your conſideration whatever 'may promote or prejudice them. There is an 'evil which has prevailed from generation to gene-

'ration,

'ration, which gray hairs and tyrannical cuſtom 'continue to ſupport; I hope your Spectatorial 'authority will give a ſeaſonable check to the ſpread 'of this infection; I mean old mens overbearing 'the ſtrongeſt ſenſe of their juniors by the mere 'force of ſeniority; ſo that for a young man in 'the bloom of life and vigour of age to give a rea-'ſonable contradiction to his elders, is eſteemed an 'unpardonable inſolence, and regarded as a rever-'ſing the decrees of Nature. I am a young man, 'I confeſs, yet I honour the gray head as much as 'any one; however, when in company with old 'men, I hear them ſpeak obſcurely, or reaſon 'prepoſterouſly (into which abſurdities, prejudice, 'pride or intereſt, will ſometimes throw the wiſeſt) 'I count it no crime to rectify their reaſonings, 'unleſs conſcience muſt truckle to ceremony, and 'truth fall a ſacrifice to complaiſance. The ſtrong-'eſt arguments are enervated, and the brighteſt 'evidence diſappears, before thoſe tremendous rea-'ſonings and dazzling diſcoveries of venerable old 'age: You are young giddy-headed fellows, you 'have not yet had experience of the world. Thus 'we young folks find our ambition cramped, and 'our lazineſs indulged, ſince, while young, we 'have little room to diſplay ourſelves; and, when 'old, the weakneſs of our nature muſt paſs for 'ſtrength of ſenſe, and we hope that hoary heads 'will raiſe us above the attacks of contradiction. 'Now, Sir, as you would enliven our activity in 'the purſuit of learning, take our caſe into conſi-'deration; and, with a gloſs on brave *Elihu*'s ſen-'timents, aſſert the rights of youth, and prevent 'the pernicious encroachments of age. The gene-'rous reaſonings of that gallant youth would a-'dorn your paper; and I beg you would inſert 'them not doubting but that they will give good 'entertainment to the moſt intelligent of your 'readers.

" So theſe three men ceaſed to anſwer *Job*, be-
" cauſe he was righteous in his own eyes. Then
" was kindled the wrath of *Elihu* the ſon of *Barachel*
" the *Buzite*, of the kindred of *Ram*: Againſt *Job*
" was his wrath kindled, becauſe he juſtified him-
" ſelf rather than God. Alſo againſt his three friends
" was his wrath kindled, becauſe they had found
" no anſwer, and yet had condemned *Job*. Now
" *Elihu* had waited till *Job* had ſpoken, becauſe they
" were elder than he. When *Elihu* ſaw there was
" no anſwer in the mouth of theſe three men, then
" his wrath was kindled. And *Elihu* the ſon of *Bara-*
" *chel* the *Buzite*, anſwered and ſaid, I am young
" and ye are very old, wherefore I was afraid, and
" durſt not ſhew you mine opinion. I ſaid, Days
" ſhould ſpeak and multitude of years ſhould teach
" wiſdom. But there is a ſpirit in man; and the
" inſpiration of the Almighty giveth them under-
" ſtanding. Great men are not always wiſe: Neither
" do the aged underſtand judgment. Therefore I
" ſaid, Hearken to me, I alſo will ſhew mine opinion.
" Behold I waited for your words; I gave ear to
" your reaſonings, whilſt you ſearched out what to ſay.
" Yea, I attended unto you: And behold there was
" none of you that convinced *Job*, or that anſwered
" his words; leſt you ſhould ſay, we have found out
" wiſdom: God thruſteth him down, not man. Now
" he hath not directed his words againſt me: Neither
" will I anſwer him with your ſpeeches. They
" were amazed, they anſwered no more: They left
" off ſpeaking. When I had waited (for they ſpake
" not, but ſtood ſtill and anſwered no more) I ſaid,
" I will anſwer alſo my part, I alſo will ſhow mine
" opinion. For I am full of matter, the ſpirit with-
" in me conſtraineth me. Behold my belly is as
" wine which hath no vent, it is ready to burſt like
" new bottles. I will ſpeak that I may be refreſh-
" ed: I will open my lips and anſwer. Let me not,
" I pray you, accept any man's perſon, neither let
" me

" me give flattering titles unto man. For I know " not to give flattering titles; in so doing my Maker " would soon take me away."

' Mr SPECTATOR,

' I HAVE formerly read with great satisfaction ' your papers about idols, and the behaviour of ' gentlemen in those coffee-houses where women ' officiate, and impatiently waited to see you take ' *India* and *China* shops into consideration: But ' since you have passed us over in silence, either ' that you have not as yet thought us worth your ' notice, or that the grievances we lie under have ' escaped your discerning eye, I must make my ' complaints to you, and am encouraged to do it ' because you seem a little at leisure at this present ' writing. I am, dear Sir, one of the top China-wo- ' men about town; and, though I say it, keep as ' good things, and receive as fine company as any ' of this end of the town, let the other be who she ' will: In short, I am in a fair way to be easy, were ' it not for a club of female Rakes, who, under pre- ' tence of taking their innocent rambles, forsooth, ' and diverting the spleen, seldom fail to plague ' me twice or thrice a day to cheapen tea, or buy a ' screen: *What else should they mean?* as they often ' repeat it. These Rakes are your idle ladies of ' fashion, who, having nothing to do, employ them- ' selves in tumbling over my ware. One of these ' no-customers (for by the way they seldom or ne- ' ver buy any thing) calls for a set of tea-dishes, ' another for a bason, a third for my best green- ' tea, and even to the punch-bowl, there is scarce ' a piece in my shop but must be displaced, and the ' whole agreeable architecture disordered; so that ' I can compare them to nothing but to the Night- ' Goblins that take a pleasure to overturn the dis- ' position of plates and dishes in the kitchens of ' your housewifely maids. Well, after all this

'racket and clutter, this is too dear, that is their aver-
'ſion; another thing is charming, but not wanted:
'The ladies are cured of the ſpleen, but I am not
'a ſhilling the better for it. Lord! what ſignifies
'one poor pot of tea, conſidering the trouble they
'put me to? Vapours, Mr SPECTATOR, are
'terrible things; for though I am not poſſeſſed by
'them myſelf, I ſuffer more from them than if I
'were. Now I muſt beg you to admoniſh all ſuch
'Day-Goblins to make fewer viſits, or to be leſs
'troubleſome when they come to one's ſhop; and
'to convince them that we honeſt ſhop-keepers have
'ſomething better to do, than to cure folks of the
'vapours *gratis*. A young ſon of mine, a ſchool-
'boy, is my ſecretary, ſo I hope you will make
'allowances.

'I am, SIR,

'Your conſtant reader,

March 22. 'and very humble ſervant,

T REBECCA *the diſtreſſed.*

No. 337. THURSDAY, MARCH 27.

Fingit equum tenera docilem cervice magiſter,
Ire viam quam monſtrat eques——
HOR. Ep. ii. l. 1. ver. 64.

The jockey trains the young and tender horſe,
While yet ſoft-mouth'd, and breeds him to the courſe.
CREECH.

I HAVE lately received a third letter from the gentleman, who has already given the public two eſſays upon education. As his thoughts ſeem to be very juſt and new upon this ſubject, I ſhall communicate them to the reader.

'SIR,

'SIR,

'IF I had not been hindered by ſome extraordi-
'nary buſineſs, I ſhould have ſent you ſooner my
'further thoughts upon education. You may pleaſe
'to remember, that in my laſt letter I endeavour-
'ed to give the beſt reaſons that could be urged,
'in favour of a private or public education. Upon
'the whole it may perhaps be thought that I ſeem-
'ed rather inclined to the latter, though at the
'ſame time I confeſſed that virtue which ought
'to be our firſt and principle care, was more uſu-
'ally acquired in the former.

'I intend therefore, in this letter, to offer at
'methods, by which I conceive boys might be
'made to improve in virtue as they advance in let-
'ters.

'I know that in moſt of our public ſchools vice
'is puniſhed and diſcouraged, whenever it is found
'out; but this is far from being ſufficient, unleſs
'our youth are at the ſame time taught to form a
'right judgment of things, and to know what is
'properly virtue.

'To this end, whenever they read the lives and
'actions of ſuch men as have been famous in their
'generation, it ſhould not be thought enough to
'make them barely underſtand ſo many *Greek* or
'*Latin* ſentences, but they ſhall be aſked their opi-
'nion of ſuch an action or ſaying, and obliged to
'give their reaſons, why they take it to be good
'or bad. By this means they would inſenſibly ar-
'rive at proper notions of courage, temperance,
'honour and juſtice.

'There muſt be great care taken how the exam-
'ple of any particular perſon is recommended to
'them in groſs; inſtead of which they ought to be
'taught wherein ſuch a man, though great in ſome
'reſpects, was weak and faulty in others. For
'want of this caution, a boy is often ſo dazzled
'with the luſtre of a great character that he con-

'founds its beauties with its blemiſhes, and looſes 'even upon the faulty part of it with an eye of 'admiration.

'I have often wondered how *Alexander*, who 'was naturally of a generous and merciful diſpo- 'ſition, came to be guilty of ſo barbarous an ac- 'tion as that of dragging the governor of a town 'after his chariot. I know this is generally aſ- 'cribed to his paſſion for *Homer*; but I lately met 'with a paſſage in *Plutarch*, which, if I am not 'very much miſtaken, ſtill gives us a clearer light 'into the motives of this action. *Plutarch* tells us 'that *Alexander* in his youth had a maſter named '*Lyſimachus*, who, though he was a man deſtitute 'of all politeneſs, ingratiated himſelf both with '*Philip* and his pupil, and become the ſecond man 'at court, by calling the King *Peleus*, the Prince '*Achilles*, and himſelf *Phœnix*. It is no wonder 'if *Alexander*, having been thus uſed not only to 'admire but to perſonate *Achilles*, ſhould think it 'glorious to imitate him in this piece of cruelty 'and extravagance.

'To carry this thought yet further, I ſhall ſub- 'mit it to your conſideration, whether, inſtead of a 'theme or copy of verſes, which are the uſual ex- 'erciſes, as they are called in the ſchool-phraſe, it 'would not be more proper that a boy ſhould be 'taſked once or twice a-week, to write down his 'opinion of ſuch perſons and things as occur to him 'in his reading; that he ſhould deſcant upon the 'actions of *Turnus* or *Æneas*, ſhew wherein they 'excelled or were defective, cenſure or approve a- 'ny particular action, obſerve how it might have 'been carried to a greater degree of perfection, 'and how it exceeded or fell ſhort of another. 'He might at the ſame time mark what was moral 'in any ſpeech, and how far it agreed with the 'character of the perſon ſpeaking. This exerciſe 'would ſoon ſtrengthen his judgment in what is

'blameable

'blameable or praiſe-worthy, and give him an ear-
'ly ſeaſoning of morality.

'Next to thoſe examples which may be met with
'in books, I very much approve *Horace*'s way of
'ſetting before youth the infamous or honourable
'characters of their cotemporaries: That poet
'tells us, this was the method his father made uſe
'of to incline him to any particular virtue, or give
'him an averſion to any particular vice. If, ſays
'*Horace*, my father adviſed me to live within bounds,
'and be contented with the fortune he ſhould leave
'me; Do you not ſee (ſays he) the miſerable con-
'dition of *Burrus*, and the ſon of *Albus*? Let the
'misfortunes of thoſe two wretches teach you to
'avoid luxury and extravagance. If he would in-
'ſpire me with abhorrence of debauchery, Do not
'(ſays he) make yourſelf like *Sectanus*, when you
'may be happy in the enjoyment of lawful pleaſures.
'How ſcandalous (ſays he) is the character of *Tre-*
'*bonius*, who was lately caught in bed with ano-
'ther man's wife? To illuſtrate the force of this
'method, the poet adds, That as a headſtrong pa-
'tient, who will not at firſt follow his phyſicians
'prefcriptions, grows orderly when he hears that
'his neighbours die all about him; ſo youth is of-
'ten frighted from vice, by hearing the ill report
'it brings upon others.

'*Xenophon*'s ſchools of equity, in his life of *Cy-*
'*rus* the Great, are ſufficiently famous. He tells
'us, that the *Perſian* children went to ſchool, and
'employed their time as diligently in learning the
'principles of juſtice and ſobriety, as the youth in
'other countries did to acquire the moſt difficult
'arts and ſciences: Their governors ſpent moſt
'part of the day in hearing their mutual accuſati-
'ons one againſt the other, whether for violence,
'cheating, ſlander, or ingratitude; and taught them
'how to give judgment againſt thoſe who were

'found

'found to be any ways guilty of theſe crimes. I 'omit the ſtory of the long and ſhort coat, for 'which *Cyrus* himſelf was puniſhed, as a caſe e-'qually known with any in *Littleton*.

'The method which *Apuleius* tells us the *Indi-'an Gymnoſophiſts* took to educate their diſciples, is 'ſtill more curious and remarkable. His words 'are as follow: When their dinner is ready, before 'it is ſerved up, the maſters inquire of every par-'ticular ſcholar how he has employed his time ſince 'ſun-riſing; ſome of them anſwer, that having been 'choſen as arbiters between two perſons, they 'have compoſed their differences, and made them 'friends; ſome, that they have been executing the 'orders of their parents; and others, that they 'have either found out ſomething new by their own 'application, or learnt it from the inſtructions of 'their fellows: But if there happens to be any 'one among them, who cannot make it appear 'that he has employed the morning to advantage, 'he is immediately excluded from the company, 'and obliged to work while the reſt are at dinner.

'It is not impoſſible, that from theſe ſeveral ways 'of producing virtue in the minds of boys, ſome 'general method might be invented. What I 'would endeavour to inculcate, is, that our youth 'cannot be too ſoon taught the principles of vir-'tue, ſeeing the firſt impreſſions which are made 'on the mind are always the ſtrongeſt.

'The archbiſhop of *Cambray*, makes *Telemachus* 'ſay, that, though he was young in years, he was 'old in the art of knowing how to keep both his 'own and his friend's ſecrets. When my father, 'ſays the prince, went to the ſiege of *Troy*, he 'took me on his knees, and after having embraced 'and bleſſed me, as he was ſurrounded by the 'nobles of *Ithaca*, O my friends, ſays he, into your 'hands I commit the education of my ſon: if you

'ever

'ever loved his father, ſhew it in your care to-
'wards him: But, above all, do not omit to form
'him juſt, ſincere, and faithful in keeping a ſecret.
'Theſe words of my father, ſays *Telemachus*, were
'continually repeated to me by his friends in his
'abſence; who made no ſcruple of communicat-
'ing to me their uneaſineſs to ſee my mother ſur-
'rounded with lovers, and the meaſures they deſign-
'ed to take on that occaſion. He adds, that he
'was ſo raviſhed at being thus treated like a man,
'and at the confidence repoſed in him, that he ne-
'ver once abuſed it; nor could all the inſinuations
'of his father's rivals ever get him to betray what
'was committed to him under the ſeal of ſecrecy.

'There is hardly any virtue which a lad might
'not thus learn by practice and example.

'I have heard of a good man, who uſed at cer-
'tain times to give his ſcholars ſixpence a piece,
'that they might tell him the next day how they
'had employed it. The third part was always to
'be laid out in charity, and every boy was blamed
'or commended as he could make it appear that he
'had choſen a fit object.

'In ſhort, nothing is more wanting to our pub-
'lic ſchools, than that the maſters of them ſhould
'uſe the ſame care in faſhioning the manners of
'their ſcholars, as in forming their tongues to the
'learned languages. Wherever the former is o-
'mitted, I cannot help agreeing with Mr *Locke*,
'that a man muſt have a very ſtrange value for
'words, when, preferring the languages of the
'*Greeks* and *Romans* to that which made them ſuch
'brave men, he can think it worth while to hazard
'the innocence and virtue of his ſon for a little
'*Greek* and *Latin*.

'As the ſubject of this eſſay is of the higheſt im-
'portance, and what I do not remember to have
'yet ſeen treated by any other, I have ſent you

'what

'what occurred to me on it from my own obſer-
'vation or reading, and which you may either ſup-
'preſs or publiſh as you think fit.

'I am, SIR,

X 'Yours, &c.'

No. 338. FRIDAY, MARCH 28.

——Nil ſuit unquam
Tam diſpar ſibi——

HOR. Sat. iii. lib. 1. ver. 18.

Made up of nought but inconſiſtencies.

I FIND the tragedy of *The Diſtreſt Mother* is publiſhed to-day: The author of the prologue, I ſuppoſe, pleads an old excuſe I have read ſomewhere, of *being dull with deſign*; and the gentleman who writ the epilogue has, to my knowledge, ſo much of greater moment to value himſelf upon, that he will eaſily forgive me for publiſhing the exceptions made againſt gaiety at the end of ſerious entertainments, in the following letter: I ſhould be more unwilling to pardon him, than any body, a practice which cannot have any ill conſequence, but from the abilities of the perſon who is guilty of it.

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'I HAD the happineſs the other night of ſitting
'very near you and your worthy friend Sir Ro-
'GER, at the acting of the new tragedy, which
'you have in a late paper or two ſo juſtly recom-
'mended. I was highly pleaſed with the advanta-
'geous ſituation fortune had given me in placing
'me ſo near two gentlemen, from one of which I
'was ſure to hear ſuch reflections on the ſeveral
'incidents of the play, as pure nature ſuggeſted,

'and

'and from the other ſuch as flowed from the ex-
'acteſt art and judgment: Though I muſt confeſs
'that my curioſity led me ſo much to obſerve the
'Knight's reflections, that I was not ſo well at
'leiſure to improve myſelf by yours. Nature, I
'found, played her part in the Knight pretty well,
'till at the laſt concluding lines ſhe entirely forſook
'him. You muſt know, Sir, that it is always my
'cuſtom, when I have been well entertained at a
'new tragedy, to make my retreat before the fa-
'cetious epilogue enters; not but that thoſe pieces
'are often very well writ, but having paid down
'my half-crown, and made a fair purchaſe of as
'much of the pleaſing melancholy as the poet's art
'can afford me, or my own nature admit of, I am
'willing to carry ſome of it home with me; and
'cannot endure to be at once tricked out of all,
'though by the wittieſt dexterity in the world.
'However, I kept my ſeat the other night, in
'hopes of finding my own ſentiments of this mat-
'ter favoured by your friends; when, to my great
'ſurpriſe, I found the Knight entering with equal
'pleaſure into both parts, and as much ſatisfied
'with Mrs *Oldfield*'s gaiety, as he had been before
'with *Andromache*'s greatneſs. Whether this were
'no more than an effect of the Knight's peculiar
'humanity, pleaſed to find at laſt, that, after all
'the tragical doings, every thing was ſafe and well,
'I do not know: But, for my own part, I muſt
'confeſs I was ſo diſſatisfied, that I was ſorry the
'poet had ſaved *Andromache*, and could heartily
'have wiſhed that he had left her ſtone-dead
'upon the ſtage. For you cannot imagine, Mr
'SPECTATOR, the miſchief ſhe was reſerved to do
'me. I found my ſoul, during the action, gradu-
'ally worked up to the higheſt pitch; and felt the
'exalted paſſion, which all generous minds con-
'ceive at the ſight of virtue in diſtreſs. The im-
'preſſion, believe me, Sir, was ſo ſtrong upon
'me,

'me, that I am perſuaded, if I had been let alone
'in it, I could at an extremity, have ventured to
'defend yourſelf and Sir ROGER againſt half a ſcore
'of the fierceſt *Mohocks*: But the ludicrous epi-
'logue in the cloſe extinguiſhed all my ardour,
'and made me look upon all ſuch noble atchieve-
'ments as downright ſilly and romantic. What the
'reſt of the audience felt, I cannot ſo well tell:
'For myſelf I muſt declare, that at the end of the
'play I found my ſoul uniform, and all of a-piece;
'but at the end of the epilogue, it was ſo jumbled
'together, and divided between jeſt and earneſt,
'that if you will forgive me an extravagant fancy,
'I will here ſet it down. I could not but fancy,
'if my ſoul had at that moment quitted my body,
'and deſcended to the poetical ſhades in the poſture
'it was then in, what a ſtrange figure it would have
'made among them. They would not have known
'what to have made of my motley ſpectre, half co-
'mic and half tragic, all over reſembling a ridiculous
'face, that at the ſame time laughs on one ſide and
'cries on the other. The only defence, I think, I
'have ever heard made for this, as it ſeems to me
'the moſt unnatural tack of the comic tail to the
'tragic head, is this, that the minds of the audience
'muſt be refreſhed, and gentlemen and ladies not
'ſent away to their own homes with too diſmal
'and melancholy thoughts about them: For who
'knows the conſequence of this? We are much
'obliged indeed to the poets for the great tender-
'neſs they expreſs for the ſafety of our perſons,
'and heartily thank them for it. But if that be
'all, pray, good Sir, aſſure them, that we are
'none of us like to come to any great harm; and
'that, let them do their beſt, we ſhall, in all pro-
'bability live out the length of our days, and fre-
'quent the theatres more than ever. What makes
'me more deſirous to have ſome reformation of
'this matter, is, becauſe of an ill conſequence or

'two

'two attending it: For a great many of our church-'muſicians being related to the theatre, they have 'in imitation of theſe epilogues, introduced in their 'farewel voluntaries a ſort of muſic quite foreign 'to the deſign of church-ſervices, to the great 'prejudice of well-diſpoſed people. Thoſe finger-'ing gentlemen ſhould be informed that they ought 'to ſuit their airs to the place, and buſineſs; and 'that the muſician is obliged to keep to the text as 'much as the preacher. For want of this, I have 'found by experience a great deal of miſchief: 'For when the preacher has often, with great pi-'ety and art enough, handled his ſubject; and the 'judicious clerk has, with utmoſt diligence, culled 'out two ſtaves proper to the diſcourſe, and I have 'found in myſelf and in the reſt of the pew good 'thoughts and diſpoſitions, they have been all in a 'moment diſſipated, by a merry jig from the or-'gan-loft. One knows not what further ill effects 'the epilogues I have been ſpeaking of may in 'time produce: But this I am credibly informed 'of, that *Paul Lorrain* has reſolved upon a very 'ſudden reformation in his tragical dramas; and 'that at the next monthly performance, he de-'ſigns, inſtead of a penitential pſalm, to diſmiſs his 'audience with an excellent new ballad of his own 'compoſing. Pray, Sir, do what you can to put 'a ſtop to theſe growing evils, and you will very 'much oblige

'Your humble ſervant,

'PHYSIBULUS.

No. 339. SATURDAY, MARCH 29.

——Ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipſe tener mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare ſolum et diſcludere Nerea ponto
Cæperit, et rerum paulatim ſumere formas.
VIRG. Ecl. vi. ver. 33.

He hung the ſecret ſeeds of nature's frame;
How ſeas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender ſoil then ſtiff'ning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding ſeas.
Then earth and ocean various forms diſcloſe,
And a new ſun to the new world aroſe.
DRYDEN.

LONGINUS has obſerved, that there may be a loftineſs in ſentiments where there is no paſſion, and brings inſtances out of antient authors to ſupport this his opinion. The pathetic, as that great critic obſerves, may animate and inflame the ſublime, but is not eſſential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that thoſe who excel moſt in ſtirring up the paſſions, very often want the talent of writing in the great and ſublime manner, and ſo on the contrary. *Milton* has ſhown himſelf a maſter in both theſe ways of writing. The ſeventh book, which we are now entering upon, is an inſtance of that ſublime which is not mixed and worked up with paſſion. The author appears in a kind of compoſed and ſedate majeſty; and though the ſentiments do not give ſo great an emotion as thoſe in the former book, they abound with as magnificent ideas. The ſixth book, like a troubled ocean, repreſents greatneſs in confuſion; the ſeventh affects the imagination like the

'ocean

ocean in a calm, and fills the mind of the reader without producing in it any thing like tumult or agitation.

The critic above-mentioned, among the rules which he lays down for ſucceeding in the ſublime way of writing, propoſes to his reader, that he ſhould imitate the moſt celebrated authors who have gone before him, and have been engaged in works of the ſame nature; as in particular, that, if he writes on a poetical ſubject, he ſhould conſider how *Homer* would have ſpoken on ſuch an occaſion. By this means one great genius often catches the flame from another, and writes in his ſpirit, without copying ſervily after him. There are a thouſand ſhining paſſages in *Virgil*, which have been lighted up by *Homer*.

Milton, though his own natural ſtrength of genius was capable of furniſhing out a perfect work, has doubtleſs very much raiſed and ennobled his conceptions by ſuch an imitation as that which *Longinus* has recommended.

In this book, which gives us an account of the ſix days work, the poet received but very few aſſiſtances from Heathen writers, who were ſtrangers to the wonders of creation. But as there are many glorious ſtrokes of poetry upon this ſubject in Holy Writ, the author has numberleſs alluſions to them through the whole courſe of this book. The great critic I have before mentioned, though an heathen, has taken notice of the ſublime manner in which the lawgiver of the *Jews* has deſcribed the creation in the firſt chapter of *Geneſis*; and there are many other paſſages in Scripture, which riſe up to the ſame majeſty, where this ſubject is touched upon. *Milton* has ſhewn his judgment very remarkably, in making uſe of ſuch of theſe as were proper for his poem, and in duly qualifying thoſe high ſtrains of *Eaſtern* poetry, which were

ſuited to readers whoſe imaginations were ſet to an higher pitch than thoſe colder climates.

Adam's ſpeech to the angel, wherein he deſires an account of what had paſſed within the regions of nature before the creation, is very great and ſolemn. The following lines, in which he tells him, that the day is not too far ſpent for him to enter upon ſuch a ſubject, are exquiſite in their kind.

> And the great light of day yet wants to run
> Much of his race, though ſteep, ſuſpenſe in heav'n
> Held by thy voice; thy potent voice he hears,
> And longer will delay to hear thee tell
> His generation, *&c.*

The angel's encouraging our firſt parents in a modeſt purſuit after knowledge, with the cauſes which he aſſigns for the creation of the world, are very juſt and beautiful. The Meſſiah, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the heavens were made, comes forth in the power of his Father, ſurrounded with an hoſt of angels, and cloathed with ſuch a majeſty as becomes his entering upon a work, which, according to our conceptions, appears the utmoſt exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful deſcription has our author raiſed upon that hint in one of the prophets! *And behold there came four chariots out from between two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of braſs.*

> About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd
> *Cherub* and *Seraph*, potentates and thrones,
> And virtues, winged ſpirits, and chariots wing'd
> From th' armory of God, where ſtand of old
> Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
> Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,
> Celeſtial equipage! and now came forth
> Spontaneous, for within them ſpirit liv'd,
> Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
> Her

Her ever-during gates, harmonious ſound!
On golden hinges moving———

I have before taken notice of theſe chariots of God, and of theſe gates of heaven: And ſhall here only add, that *Homer* gives us the ſame idea of the latter, as opening of themſelves, though he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the *Hours* firſt of all removed thoſe prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole poem more ſublime than the deſcription which follows, where the Meſſiah is repreſented at the head of his angels, as looking down into the *Chaos*, calming its confuſion, riding into the midſt of it, and drawing the firſt out-line of the creation.

On heav'nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs
Outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And ſurging waves, as mountains, to aſſault
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace!
Said then th' omnific Word, your diſcord end:
Nor ſtay'd, but on the wings of cherubim
Up-lifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into *Chaos*, and the world unborn,
For *Chaos* heard his voice. Him all his train
Followed in bright proceſſion, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepar'd
In God's eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This univerſe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure,

And ſaid, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy juſt circumference, O world!

The thought of the golden compaſſes is conceived altogether in *Homer*'s ſpirit, and is a very noble incident in this wonderful deſcription. *Homer*, when he ſpeaks of the gods, aſcribes to them ſeveral arms and inſtruments with the ſame greatneſs of imagination. Let the reader only peruſe the deſcription of *Minerva*'s *Ægis*, or buckler, in the fifth book, with her ſpear, which would overturn whole ſquadrons, and her helmet, that was ſufficient to cover an army drawn out of an hundred cities. The golden compaſſes in the above mentioned paſſage, appear a very natural inſtrument in the hand of him, whom *Plato* ſomewhere calls the divine geometrician. As poetry delights in clothing abſtracted ideas in allegories and ſenſible images, we find a magnificent deſcription of the creation formed after the ſame manner in one of the prophets, wherein he deſcribes the almighty Architect as meaſuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, meting out the heavens with his ſpan, comprehending the duſt of the earth in a meaſure, weighing the mountains in ſcales, and the hills in a balance. Another of them, deſcribing the Supreme Being in this great work of creation, repreſents him as laying the foundations of the earth, and ſtretching a line upon it: And, in another place, as garniſhing the heavens, ſtretching out the north over the empty place, and hanging the earth upon nothing. This laſt noble thought *Milton* has expreſſed in the following verſe:

And earth ſelf-balanc'd on her centre hung.

The beauties of deſcription in this book lie ſo very thick, that it is impoſſible to enumerate them in this paper. The poet has employed on them the whole energy of our tongue. The ſeveral great

great ſcenes of the creation riſe up to view one after another, in ſuch a manner, that the reader ſeems preſent at this wonderful work, and to aſſiſt among the choirs of angels, who are the ſpectators of it. How glorious is the concluſion of the firſt day!

——Thus was the firſt day ev'n and morn:
Nor paſt uncelebrated, nor unſung
By the celeſtial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling firſt from darkneſs they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth! with joy and ſhout
The hollow univerſal orb they fill'd.

We have the ſame elevation of thought in the third day, when the mountains were brought forth and the deep was made.

Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-heave
Into the clouds, their tops aſcend the ſky:
So high as heav'n the tumid hills, ſo low
Down ſunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters——

We have alſo the riſing of the whole vegetable world deſcribed in this day's work, which is filled with all the graces that other poets have laviſhed on their deſcription of the ſpring, and leads the reader's imagination into a theatre equally ſurpriſing and beautiful.

The ſeveral glories of the heavens make their appearance on the fourth day.

Firſt in his eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Inveſted with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude thro' heav'n's high road; the gray
Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd,
Shedding ſweet influence: Leſs bright the Moon,
But oppoſite in levell'd weſt was ſet,

His

His mirrour, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other lights ſhe needed none
In that aſpect, and ſtill that diſtance keeps
Till night; then in the eaſt her turn ſhe ſhines,
Revolv'd on heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thouſand leſſer lights dividual holds,
With thouſand thouſand ſtars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemiſphere——

One would wonder how the poet could be ſo conciſe in his deſcription of the ſix days work, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an epiſode, and at the ſame time ſo particular, as to give us a lively idea of them. This is ſtill more remarkable in his account of the fifth and ſixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation, from the reptile to the behemoth. As the lion and the leviathan are two of the nobleſt productions in the world of living creatures, the reader will find a moſt exquiſite ſpirit of poetry in the account which our author gives us of them. The ſixth day concludes with the formation of man, upon which the angel takes occaſion, as he did after the battle in heaven, to remind *Adam* of his obedience, which was the principal deſign of this his viſit.

The poet afterwards repreſents the Meſſiah returning into heaven, and taking a ſurvey of his great work. There is ſomething inexpreſſibly ſublime in this part of the poem, where the author deſcribes that great period of time, filled with ſo many glorious circumſtances; when the heavens and earth were finiſhed; when the Meſſiah aſcended up in triumph through the everlaſting gates; when he looked down with pleaſure upon his new creation; when every part of nature ſeemed to rejoice in its exiſtence; when the morning ſtars ſang together, and all the ſons of God ſhouted for joy.

So

So ev'n and morn accompliſh'd the ſixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Deſiſting, tho' unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the heav'n of heav'ns, his high abode;
Thence to behold this new-created world,
Th' addition of his empire, how it ſhew'd
In proſpect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Anſwering his great idea. Up he rode,
Followed with acclamation and the ſound
Symphonious of ten thouſand harps, that tun'd
Angelic harmonies; the earth, the air
Reſounded, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heard'ſt)
The heavens and all the conſtellations rung,
The planets in their ſtation liſt'ning ſtood,
While the bright pomp aſcended jubilant.
Open, ye everlaſting gates, they ſung,
Open, ye heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his ſix days work, a world!

I cannot conclude this book upon the creation, without mentioning a poem which has lately appeared under that title. The work was undertaken with ſo good an intention, and is executed with ſo great a maſtery, that it deſerves to be looked upon as one of the moſt uſeful and noble productions in our *Engliſh* verſe. The reader cannot but be pleaſed to find the depths of philoſophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to ſee ſo great a ſtrength of reaſon, amidſt ſo beautiful a redundancy of the imagination. The author has ſhewn us that deſign in all the works of nature, which neceſſarily leads us to the knowledge of its firſt cauſe. In ſhort, he has illuſtrated, by numberleſs and inconteſtable inſtances, that divine wiſdom, which the ſon of *Sirach* has ſo nobly aſcribed to the Supreme Being in his formation of the world, when he tells us, that *He created her, and ſaw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his works.* L.

MONDAY,

No. 340. MONDAY, MARCH 31.

Quis novus hic noſtris ſucceſſit ſedibus hoſpes?
Quem ſeſe ore ferens! quam forti pectore et armis!
VIRG. Æn. iv. ver. 10.

What chief is this that viſits us from far,
Whoſe gallant mien beſpeaks him train'd to war!

I TAKE it to be the higheſt inſtance of a noble mind, to bear great qualities without diſcovering in a man's behaviour any conſciouſneſs that he is ſuperior to the reſt of the world. Or, to ſay it otherwiſe, it is the duty of a great perſon ſo to demean himſelf, as that whatever endowments he may have, he may appear to value himſelf upon no qualities but ſuch as any man may arrive at: He ought to think no man valuable but for his public ſpirit, juſtice, and integrity; and all other endowments to be eſteemed only as they contribute to the exerting thoſe virtues. Such a man, if he is wiſe or valiant, knows it is of no conſideration to other men that he is ſo, but as he employs thoſe high talents for their uſe and ſervice. He who affects the applauſes and addreſſes of a multitude, or aſſumes to himſelf a pre-eminence upon any other conſideration, muſt ſoon turn admiration into contempt. It is certain, that there can be no merit in any man who is not conſcious of it; but the ſenſe that it is valuable only according to the application of it, makes that ſuperiority amiable, which would otherwiſe be invidious. In this light it is conſidered as a thing in which every man bears a ſhare: It annexes the ideas of dignity, power, and fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner, to him who is poſſeſſor of it; and all men who are ſtrangers to him are naturally incited to indulge a curioſity in beholding the

the perſon, behaviour, feature, and ſhape of him, in whoſe character, perhaps, each man had formed ſomething in common with himſelf.

Whether ſuch, or any other are the cauſes, all men have a yearning curioſity to behold a man of heroic worth; and I have had many letters from all parts of this kingdom, that requeſt I would give them an exact account of the ſtature, the mien, the aſpect of the Prince who lately viſited *England*, and has done ſuch wonders for the liberty of *Europe*. It would puzzle the moſt curious to form to himſelf the ſort of man my ſeveral correſpondents expect to hear of, by the action mentioned, when they deſire a deſcription of him: There is always ſomething that concerns themſelves, and growing out of their own circumſtances, in all their inquiries. A friend of mine in *Wales* beſeeches me to be very exact in my account of that wonderful man, who had marched an army and all its baggage over the *Alps*; and, if poſſible, to learn whether the peaſant who ſhewed him the way, and is drawn in the map, be yet living. A gentleman from the Univerſity, who is deeply intent on the ſtudy of humanity, deſires me to be as particular, if I had opportunity, in obſerving the whole interview between his Highneſs and our late General.

Thus do mens fancies work according to their ſeveral educations and circumſtances; but all pay a reſpect, mixed with admiration, to this illuſtrious character. I have waited for his arrival in *Holland* before I would let my correſpondents know, that I have not been ſo uncurious a Spectator, as not to have ſeen Prince *Eugene*. It would be very difficult, as I ſaid juſt now, to anſwer every expectation of thoſe who have writ to me on that head; nor is it poſſible for me to find words to let one know what an artful glance there is in his countenance who ſurpriſed *Cremona*; how daring he appears who forced the trenches of *Turin*: But in general I can

ſay,

ſay, that he who beholds him, will eaſily expect from him any thing that is to be imagined or executed by the wit or force of man. The Prince is of that ſtature which makes a man moſt eaſily become all parts of exerciſe, has height to be graceful on occaſions of ſtate and ceremony, and no leſs adapted for agility and diſpatch: His aſpect is erect and compoſed; his eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than ſparkling; his action and addreſs the moſt eaſy imaginable, and his behaviour in an aſſembly peculiarly graceful in a certain art of mixing inſenſibly with the reſt, and becoming one of the company, inſtead of receiving the courtſhip of it. The ſhape of his perſon, and compoſure of his limbs, are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is in his look ſomething ſublime, which does not ſeem to ariſe from his quality or character, but the innate diſpoſition of his mind. It is apparent that he ſuffers the preſence of much company inſtead of taking delight in it; and he appeared in public while with us, rather to return good-will, or ſatisfy curioſity, than to gratify any taſte he himſelf had of being popular. As his thoughts are never tumultuous in danger, they are as little diſcompoſed on occaſions of pomp and magnificence: A great ſoul is affected, in either caſe, no further, than in conſidering the propereſt methods to extricate itſelf from them. If this Hero has the ſtrong incentives to uncommon enterpriſes that were remarkable in *Alexander*, he proſecutes and enjoys the fame of them, with the juſtneſs, propriety, and good ſenſe of *Cæſar*. It is eaſy to obſerve in him a mind as capable of being entertained with contemplation as enterpriſe; a mind ready for great exploits, but not impatient for occaſions to exert itſelf. The Prince has wiſdom and valour in as high perfection as man can enjoy it; which noble faculties, in conjunction, baniſh all vain-glory, oſtentation, ambition, and all

all other vices which might intrude upon his mind to make it unequal. Theſe habits and qualities of ſoul and body render this perſonage ſo extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every man ſhould have in him, the exertion of his very ſelf, abſtracted from the circumſtances in which fortune has placed him. Thus were you to ſee Prince *Eugine*, and were told he was a private gentleman, you would ſay he is a man of modeſty and merit: Should you be told, That was Prince *Eugine*, he would be diminiſhed no otherwiſe, than that part of your diſtant admiration would turn into familiar good-will. This I thought fit to entertain my reader with, concerning an hero who never was equalled but by one man; over whom alſo he has this advantage, that he has had an opportunity to manifeſt an eſteem for him in his adverſity. T

No. 341. TUESDAY, APRIL 1.

——*Revocate animos, mœſtumque timorem*
Mittite.—— VIRG. Æn. 1. ver. 202.

Reſume your courage, and diſmiſs your care.
DRYDEN.

HAVING, to oblige my correſpondent *Phyſibulus* printed his letter laſt *Friday*, in relation to the new epilogue; he cannot take it amiſs, if I now publiſh another, which I have juſt received from a gentleman who does not agree with him in his ſentiments upon that matter.

'SIR,

'I AM amazed to find an epilogue attacked in 'your laſt *Friday*'s paper, which has been ſo ge- 'nerally applauded by the town, and received

'ſuch honours as were never before given to any 'in an *Engliſh* theatre.

'The audience would not permit Mrs *Oldfield* to 'go off the ſtage the firſt night, till ſhe had repeat-'ed it twice: The ſecond night the noiſe of *An-'coras* was as loud as before, and ſhe was again 'obliged to ſpeak it twice; the third night it was 'ſtill called for a ſecond time; and in ſhort, contrary 'to all other epilogues, which are dropt after the 'third repreſentation of the play, this has already 'been repeated nine times.

'I muſt own I am the more ſurpriſed to find this 'cenſure in oppoſition to the whole town, in a 'paper which has hitherto been famous for the can-'dour of its criticiſms.

'I can by no means allow your melancholy cor-'reſpondent, that the new epilogue is unnatural, 'becauſe it is gay. If I had a mind to be learned, 'I could tell him that the prologue and epilogue 'were real parts of the ancient tragedy; but every 'one knows that on the *Britiſh* ſtage they are diſ-'tinct performances by themſelves, pieces entirely 'detached from the play, and no way eſſential to 'it.

'The moment the play ends, Mrs *Oldfield* is no 'more *Andromache*, but Mrs *Oldfield*; and though 'the poet had left *Andromache ſtone-dead upon the 'ſtage*, as your ingenious correſpondent phraſes it, 'Mrs *Oldfield* might ſtill have ſpoke a merry epi-'logue. We have an inſtance of this in a tragedy 'where there is not only a death but a martyrdom. 'St *Catharine* was there perſonated by *Nell Gwin*; ſhe 'lies *ſtone-dead upon the ſtage*, but upon thoſe gen-'tlemen offering to remove her body, whoſe buſi-'neſs it is to carry off the ſlain in our *Engliſh* tra-'gedies, ſhe breaks out into that abrupt beginning 'of what was a very ludicrous, but at the ſame 'time thought a very good epilogue:

Hold

Hold, are you mad? you damn'd confounded dog,
I am to riſe and ſpeak the epilogue.

'This diverting manner was always practiſed by 'Mr *Dryden*, who, if he was not the beſt writer of 'tragedies in his time, was allowed by every one 'to have the happieſt turn for a prologue or an epi-'logue. The epilogues to *Cleomenes*, *Don Sebaſtian*, '*The Duke of Guiſe*, *Aurengzebe*, and *Love Triumph-'ant*, are all precedents of this nature.

'I might further juſtify this practice by that ex-'cellent epilogue which was ſpoken a few years 'ſince, after the tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*; 'with a great many others, in which the authors 'have endeavoured to make the audience merry. 'If they have not all ſucceeded ſo well as the wri-'ter of this, they have however ſhewn that it was 'not for want of good-will.

'I muſt further obſerve, that the gaiety of it 'may be ſtill the more proper, as it is at the end 'of a *French* play: Since every one knows that na-'tion, who are generally eſteemed to have as po-'lite a taſte as any in *Europe*, always cloſe their 'tragic entertainments with what they call a *Petit 'Piece*, which is purpoſely deſigned to raiſe mirth, 'and ſend away the audience well-pleaſed. The 'ſame perſon, who has ſupported the chief cha-'racter in the tragedy, very often plays the prin-'cipal part in the *Petit Piece*; ſo that I have my-'ſelf ſeen at *Paris*, *Oreſtes* and *Lubin* acted the ſame 'night by the ſame man.

'Tragi-comedy, indeed, you have yourſelf, in a 'former ſpeculation, found fault with very juſtly, 'becauſe it breaks the tide of the paſſions while 'they are yet flowing: but this is nothing at all to 'the preſent caſe, where they have already had 'their full courſe.

'As the new epilogue is written conformable to 'the practice of our beſt poets, ſo it is not ſuch an

'one, which, as the Duke of *Buckingham* ſays in 'his *Reherſal*, might ſerve for any other play; but 'wholly riſes out of the occurrences of the piece 'it was compoſed for.

'The only reaſon your mournful correſpondent 'gives againſt this *Facetious Epilogue*, as he calls it, 'is, that he has a mind to go home *melancholy*. I 'wiſh the gentleman may not be more grave than 'wiſe. For my own part, I muſt confeſs I think 'it very ſufficient to have the anguiſh of a fictitious piece remain upon me while it is repreſenting, but I love to be ſent home to bed in a good 'humour. If *Phyſibulus* is however reſolved to be 'inconſolable, and not to have his tears dried up, 'he need only continue his old cuſtom, and when 'he has had his half crown's worth of ſorrow, 'ſlink out before the epilogue begins.

'It is pleaſant enough to hear this tragical genius complaining of the *great miſchief Andromache* had done him: What was that? Why, ſhe made him laugh. The poor gentleman's ſufferings put me in mind of *Harlequin*'s caſe, who was tickled to death. He tells us ſoon after, through a ſmall miſtake of ſorrow for rage, that during the whole action he was ſo very ſorry, that he thinks he could have attacked *half a ſcore of the fierceſt Mohocks* in the exceſs of his grief. I cannot but look upon it as an unhappy accident, that a man who is ſo bloody-minded in his affliction, was diverted from this fit of outrageous melancholy. The valour of this gentleman in his diſtreſs brings to one's memory the *Knight of the ſorrowful Countenance*, who lays about him at ſuch an unmerciful rate in an old romance. I ſhall readily grant him that his ſoul, as he himſelf ſays, *would have made a very ridiculous figure, had it quitted the body, and deſcended to the poetical ſhades*, in ſuch an encounter.

'As to his conceit of tacking a *tragic head* with

'a *comic*

'a *comic tail*, in order to *refreſh the audience*, it is 'ſuch a piece of *jargon*, that I do not know what 'to make of it.

'The eligant writer makes a very ſudden tranſi-'tion from the play-houſe to the church, and from 'thence to the gallows.

'As for what relates to the church, he is of 'opinion, that theſe epilogues have given occaſion 'to thoſe *merry jigs from the organ-loft, which have 'diſſipated thoſe good thoughts and diſpoſitions he has 'found in himſelf, and the reſt of the pew, upon the 'ſinging of two ſtaves culled out by the judicious 'and diligent clerk.*

'He fetches his next thought from *Tyburn*; and 'ſeems very apprehenſive leſt there ſhould happen 'any innovations in the tragedies of his friend *Paul 'Lorrain.*

'In the mean time, Sir, this gloomy writer, who 'is ſo mightily ſcandalized at a gay epilogue after 'a ſerious play, ſpeaking of the fate of thoſe un-'happy wretches who are condemned to ſuffer an 'ignominious death by the juſtice of our laws, en-'deavours to make the reader merry on ſo impro-'per an occaſion by theſe poor burleſque expreſ-'ſions of *tragical dramas*, and *monthly perform-'ances.*

'I am, SIR, with great reſpect,

'Your moſt obedient, moſt humble ſervant,

'PHILOMEIDES.'

No. 342. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2.

Juſtitiæ partes ſunt non violare homines: Verecundiæ non offendere. TULL.

Juſtice conſiſts in doing no injury to men; decency in giving them no offence.

AS regard to decency is a great rule of life in general, but more eſpecially to be conſulted by the female world, I cannot overlook the following letter which deſcribes an egregious offender.

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'I WAS this day looking over your papers, and 'reading in that of *December* the 6th, with great 'delight, the amiable grief of *Aſteria* for the ab-'ſence of her huſband, it threw me into a great 'deal of reflection. I cannot ſay but this aroſe 'very much from the circumſtances of my own 'life, who am a ſoldier, and expect every day to 'receive orders, which will oblige me to leave be-'hind me a wife that is very dear to me, and that 'very deſervedly. She is, at preſent, I am ſure, 'no way below your *Aſteria* for conjugal affection: 'But I ſee the behaviour of ſome women ſo little 'ſuited to the circumſtances wherein my wife and 'I ſhall ſoon be, that it is with reluctance I never 'knew before, I am going to my duty. What 'puts me to preſent pain, is, the example of a 'young lady, whoſe ſtory you ſhall have as well as 'I can give it you. *Hortenſius*, an officer of good 'rank in her Majeſty's ſervice, happened, in a cer-'tain part of *England*, to be brought to a country 'gentleman's houſe, where he was received with 'that more than ordinary welcome, with which 'men of domeſtic lives entertain ſuch few ſoldiers 'whom a military life, from the variety of adven-

'tures,

'tures, has not rendered over-bearing, but hu-
'mane, eaſy and agreeable. *Hortenſius* ſtaid here
'ſome time, and had eaſy acceſs at all hours, as
'well as unavoidable converſation at ſome parts of
'the day, with the beautiful *Sylvana*, the gentle-
'man's daughter. People who live in cities are
'wonderfully ſtruck with every little country abode
'they ſee when they take the air; and it is natural
'to fancy they could live in every neat cottage (by
'which they paſs) much happier than in their pre-
'ſent circumſtances. The turbulent way of life
'which *Hortenſius* was uſed to, made him reflect
'with much ſatisfaction on all the advantages of a
'ſweet retreat one day; and, among the reſt, you
'will think it not improbable, it might enter into
'his thought, that ſuch a woman as *Sylvana* would
'conſummate the happineſs. The world is ſo de-
'bauched with mean conſiderations, that *Horten-*
'*ſius* knew it would be received as an act of gene-
'roſity, if he aſked for a woman of the higheſt
'merit, without further queſtions, of a parent who
'had nothing to add to her perſonal qualifications.
'The wedding was celebrated at her father's houſe:
'When that was over, the generous huſband did
'not proportion his proviſion for her to the cir-
'cumſtances of her fortune, but conſidered his
'wife as his darling, his pride, and his vanity; or
'rather that it was in the woman he had choſen
'that a man of ſenſe could ſhow pride or vanity
'with an excuſe, and therefore adorned her with
'rich habits and valuable jewels. He did not how-
'ever omit to admoniſh her that he did his very
'utmoſt in this; that it was an oſtentation he could
'not be guilty of but to a woman he had ſo much
'pleaſure in, deſiring her to conſider it as ſuch;
'and begged of her alſo to take theſe matters
'rightly, and believe the gems, the gowns, the laces
'would ſtill become her better, if her air and be-
'haviour was ſuch, that it might appear ſhe dreſ-

'ſed

'fed thus rather in compliance to his humour that 'way, than out of any value ſhe herſelf had for 'the trifles. To this leſſon, too hard for a woman, '*Hortenſius* added, that ſhe might be ſure to ſtay 'with her friends in the country till his return. 'As ſoon as *Hortenſius* departed, *Sylvana* ſaw in 'her looking-glaſs, that the love he conceived for 'her was wholly owing to the accident of ſeeing 'her; and ſhe is convinced it was only her mis-'fortune the reſt of mankind had not beheld her, 'or men of much greater quality and merit had 'contended for one ſo genteel, though bred in ob-'ſcurity; ſo very witty, though never acquainted 'with court or town. She therefore reſolved not 'to hide ſo much excellence from the world, but 'without any regard to the abſence of the moſt 'generous man alive, ſhe is now the gayeſt lady 'about this town, and has ſhut out the thoughts 'of her huſband by a conſtant retinue of the vain-'eſt young fellows this age has produced; to en-'tertain whom, ſhe ſquanders away all *Hortenſius* 'is able to ſupply her with, though that ſupply is 'purchaſed with no leſs difficulty than the hazard 'of his life.

'Now, Mr SPECTATOR, would it not be a 'work becoming your office to treat this criminal 'as ſhe deſerves: You ſhould give it the ſevereſt 'reflections you can: You ſhould tell women, that 'they are more accountable for behaviour in ab-'ſence than after death. The dead are not diſ-'honoured by their levities; the living may return, 'and be laughed at by empty fops, who will not 'fail to turn into ridicule the good man who is ſo 'unſeaſonable as to be ſtill alive, and come and 'ſpoil good company.

'I am, SIR, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.'

All ſtrictneſs of behaviour is ſo unmercifully laughed at in our age, that the other much worſe extreme

extreme is the more common folly. But, let any woman conſider, which of the two offences an huſband would the more eaſily forgive, that of being leſs entertaining than ſhe could to pleaſe company, or raiſing the deſires of the whole room to his diſadvantage; and ſhe will eaſily be able to form her conduct. We have indeed carried womens characters too much into public life, and you ſhall ſee them now-a-days affect a ſort of fame: But I cannot help venturing to diſoblige them for their ſervice, by telling them, that the utmoſt of a woman's character is contained in domeſtic life; ſhe is blameable or praiſe-worthy according as her carriage affects the houſe of her father or her huſband. All ſhe has to do in this world, is contained within the duties of a daughter, a ſiſter, a wife, and a mother: All theſe may be well performed, though a lady ſhould not be the very fineſt woman at an opera or an aſſembly. They are likewiſe conſiſtent with a moderate ſhare of wit, a plain dreſs, and a modeſt air. But when the very brains of the ſex are turned, and they place their ambition on circumſtances, wherein to excel is no addition to what is truly commendable, where can this end, but as it frequently does, in their placing all their induſtry, pleaſure and ambition on things, which will naturally make the gratifications of life laſt, at beſt, no longer than youth and good-fortune? And when we conſider the leaſt ill conſequence, it can be no leſs than looking on their own condition as years advance, with a diſreliſh of life, and falling into contempt of their own perſons, or being the deriſion of others. But when they conſider themſelves as they ought, no other than an additional part of the ſpecies, (for their own happineſs and comfort, as well as that of thoſe for whom they were born) their ambition to excel will be directed accordingly; and they will in no part of their lives want

want opportunities of being ſhining ornaments to their fathers, huſbands, brothers, or children. T

No. 343. THURSDAY, APRIL 3.

——Errat, et illinc
Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoſlibet occupat artus
Spiritus: eque feris humana in corpora tranſit,
Inque feras noſter——

PYTHAG. ap. OVID. Met. l. xv. ver. 165.

——All things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbody'd ſpirit flies,
By time, or force, or ſickneſs diſpoſſeſs'd,
And lodges where it lights, in man or beaſt.

DRYDEN.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to ſhew upon occaſion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yeſterday, at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal ſaid for the tranſinigration of ſouls, and that the eaſtern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. Sir *Paul Rycaut*, ſays he, gives us an account of ſeveral well-diſpoſed Mahometans, that purchaſe the freedom of any little bird they ſee confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we ſhould do here by ranſoming one of our countrymen from their captivity at *Algiers*. You muſt know, ſays WILL, the reaſon is, becauſe they conſider every animal as a brother or ſiſter in diſguiſe, and therefore think themſelves obliged to extend their charity to them, though under ſuch mean circumſtances. They will tell you, ſays WILL, that the ſoul of a man, when he dies, immediately paſſes into the body of another man, or of ſome brute, which he reſembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was one of us.

As

As I was wondering what this profuſion of learning would end in, WILL told us, that *Jack Freelove*, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of thoſe ladies who throw away all their fondneſs on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a viſit one morning, he wrote a very pretty epiſtle upon this hint. *Jack*, ſays he, was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himſelf for ſome time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length, obſerving a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his miſtreſs in the perſon of the monkey; and upon her not coming down ſo ſoon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his buſineſs.

The lady ſoon after coming into the parlour, and ſeeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earneſtneſs, took it up, and to this day is in ſome doubt, ſays WILL, whether it is written by *Jack* or the monkey.

'MADAM,

'Not having the gift of ſpeech, I have a long 'time waited in vain for an opportunity of mak-'ing myſelf known to you; and having at preſent 'the conveniencies of pen, ink, and paper by me, 'I gladly take the occaſion of giving you my hiſ-'tory in writing, which I could not do by word of 'mouth. You muſt know, Madam, that about a 'thouſand years ago I was an *Indian* Brachman, 'and verſed in all thoſe myſterious ſecrets which 'your *European* philoſopher, called *Pythagoras*, is 'ſaid to have learned from our fraternity. I had 'ſo ingratiated myſelf by my great ſkill in the oc-'cult ſciences with a Dæmon whom I uſed to con-'verſe with, that he promiſed to grant me whate-'ver I ſhould aſk of him. I deſired that my ſoul 'might never paſs into the body of a brute crea-'ture; but this he told me was not in his power to 'grant me. I then begged, that into whatever crea-

'ture

'ture I ſhould chance to tranſmigrate, I might ſtill 'retain my memory, and be conſcious that I was 'the ſame perſon who lived in different animals. 'This he told me was within his power, and ac-'cordingly promiſed, on the word of a Dæmon, 'that he would grant me what I deſired. From 'that time forth I lived ſo very unblameably, that 'I was made preſident of a college of Brachmans, 'an office which I diſcharged with great integrity 'till the day of my death.

'I was then ſhuffled into another human body, 'and acted my part ſo very well in it, that I became 'firſt miniſter to a prince who reigned upon the 'banks of the *Ganges*. I here lived in great ho-'nour for ſeveral years, but by degrees loſt all the 'innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rifle 'and oppreſs the people to enrich my ſovereign; 'till at length I became ſo odious, that my maſter, 'to recover his credit with his ſubjects, ſhot me 'through the heart with an arrow, as I was one 'day addreſſing myſelf to him at the head of his 'army.

'Upon my next remove I found myſelf in the 'woods, under the ſhape of a jack-call, and ſoon 'liſted myſelf in the ſervice of a lion. I uſed to 'yelp near his den about midnight, which was his 'time of rouſing and ſeeking after his prey. He 'always followed me in the rear, and when I had 'run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or an hare, after 'he had feaſted very plentifully upon it himſelf, 'would now and then throw me a bone that was 'but half-picked for my encouragement; but upon 'my being unſucceſsful in two or three chaces, he 'gave me ſuch a confounded gripe in his anger, 'that I died of it.

'In my next tranſmigration I was again ſet upon 'two legs, and became an *Indian* tax-gatherer; 'but having been guilty of great extravagancies, 'and being married to an expenſive jade of a wife,

'I ran

'I ran ſo curſedly in debt, that I durſt not ſhow 'my head. I could no ſooner ſtep out of my 'houſe, but I was arreſted by ſome body or other 'that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad 'one night in the duſk of the evening, I was ta-'ken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died 'a few months after.

'My ſoul then entered into a flying-fiſh, and in 'that ſtate led a moſt melancholy life for the ſpace 'of ſix years. Several fiſhes of prey purſued me 'when I was in the water, and if I betook myſelf 'to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock 'of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying 'amidſt a fleet of *Engliſh* ſhips, I obſerved a huge 'ſea-gull whetting his bill and hovering juſt over 'my head. Upon my dipping into the water to 'avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monſtrous 'ſhark, that ſwallowed me down in an inſtant.

'I was ſome years afterwards, to my great ſur-'priſe, an eminent banker in *Lombard-ſtreet*; and 'remembering how I had formerly ſuffered for want 'of money, became ſo very ſordid and avaricious, 'that the whole town cried ſhame of me. I was a 'miſerable little old fellow to look upon, for I had 'in a manner ſtarved myſelf, and was nothing but 'ſkin and bone when I died.

'I was afterwards very much troubled and amaz-'ed to find myſelf dwindled into an emmet. I was 'heartily concerned to make ſo inſignificant a fi-'gure, and did not know but ſome time or other 'I might be reduced to a mite, if I did not mend 'my manners. I therefore applied myſelf with 'great diligence to the offices that were alloted me, 'and was generally looked upon as the notableſt 'ant in the whole mole-hill. I was at laſt picked 'up, as I was groaning under a burden, by an un-'lucky cock-ſparrow that lived in the neighbour-'hood, and had before made great depradations 'upon our commonwealth.

'I then better'd my condition a little, and lived 'a whole ſummer in the ſhape of a bee; but, being 'tired with the painful and penurious life I had 'undergone in my two laſt tranſmigrations, I fell 'into the other extreme and turned drone. As 'I one day headed a party to plunder an hive, we 'were received ſo warmly by the ſwarm which de-'fended it, that we were moſt of us left dead upon 'the ſpot.

'I might tell you of many other tranſmigrations 'which I went through: How I was a town-rake, 'and afterwards did penance in a bay-gelding for 'ten years; as alſo how I was a tailor, a ſhrimp, 'and a tom-tit. In the laſt of theſe my ſhapes I 'was ſhot in the *Chriſtmas*-holidays by a young 'jakanapes, who would needs try his new gun 'upon me.

'But I ſhall paſs over theſe and ſeveral other 'ſtages of life, to remind you of the young beau 'who made love to you about ſix years ſince. You 'may remember, Madam, how he maſked, and 'danced and ſung, and play'd a thouſand tricks 'to gain you; and how he was at laſt carried off by 'a cold that he got under your window one night 'in a ſerenade. I was that unfortunate young fel-'low whom you were then ſo cruel to. Not long 'after my ſhifting that unlucky body, I found myſelf 'upon a hill in *Æthiopia*, where I lived in my pre-'ſent groteſque ſhape, till I was caught by a ſer-'vant of the *Engliſh* factory, and ſent over into '*Great Britain:* I need not inform you how I 'came into your hands. You ſee, Madam, this is 'not the firſt time that you have had me in a 'chain: I am, however very happy in this my 'captivity, as you often beſtow on me thoſe kiſſes 'and careſſes which I would have given the world 'for, when I was a man. I hope this diſcovery of 'my perſon will not tend to my diſadvantage, but

'that

'that you will ſtill continue your accuſtomed fa-
'vours to

'Your moſt devoted humble ſervant,

'PUGG.

P. S. 'I would adviſe your little ſhock-dog to 'keep out of my way: for, as I look upon him to 'be the moſt formidable of my rivals, I may chance 'one time or other to give him ſuch a ſnap as he 'won't like.' L

No. 344. FRIDAY, APRIL 4.

——In ſolo vivendi cauſa palato eſt.

JUV. Sat. xi. ver. 11.

Such, whoſe ſole bliſs is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reaſon why they live.

CONGREVE.

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'I THINK it has not yet fallen into your way to 'diſcourſe on little ambition, or the many whim-'ſical ways men fall into to diſtinguiſh themſelves 'among their acquaintance: Such obſervations, 'well purſued, would make a pretty hiſtory of low 'life. I myſelf am got into a great reputation, 'which aroſe (as moſt extraordinary occurrences 'in a man's life ſeem to do) from a mere accident. 'I was ſome days ago unfortunately engaged among 'a ſet of gentlemen, who eſteem a man according 'to the quantity of food he throws down at a meal. 'Now I, who am ever for diſtinguiſhing myſelf 'according to the notions of ſuperiority which the 'reſt of the company entertain, eat ſo immode-'rately for their applauſe, as had like to have coſt 'me my life. What added to my misfortune was, 'that having naturally a good ſtomach, and having 'lived ſoberly for ſome time, my body was as well

'prepared for this contention as if it had been by 'appointment. I had quickly vanquiſhed every glut- 'ton in the company but one, who was ſuch a pro- 'digy in his way, and withal ſo very merry during 'the whole entertainment, that he inſenſibly betray- 'ed me to continue his competitor, which in a little 'time concluded in a complete victory over my ri- 'val; after which, by way of inſult, I eat a con- 'ſiderable proportion beyond what the ſpectators 'thought me obliged in honour to do. The effect 'however of this engagement has made me reſolve 'never to eat more for renown; and I have, pur- 'ſuant to this reſolution, compounded three wa- 'gers I had depending on the ſtrength of my ſto- 'mach; which happened very luckily, becauſe it 'was ſtipulated in our articles either to play or pay. 'How a man of common ſenſe could be thus en- 'gaged, is hard to determine; but the occaſion 'of this is to deſire you to inform ſeveral gluttons 'of my acquaintance, who look on me with envy, 'that they had beſt moderate their ambition in 'time, leaſt infamy or death attend their ſucceſs. 'I forgot to tell you, Sir, with what unſpeakable 'pleaſure I received the acclamations and applauſe 'of the whole board, when I had almoſt eat my 'antagoniſt into convulſions: It was then that I 'returned his mirth upon him with ſuch ſucceſs as 'he was hardly able to ſwallow, though prompted 'by a deſire of fame, and a paſſionate fondneſs for 'diſtinction. I had not endeavoured to excel ſo 'far, had not the company been ſo loud in their 'approbation of my victory. I do not queſtion 'but the ſame thirſt after glory has often cauſed a 'man to drink quarts without taking breath, and 'prompted men to many other difficult interpriſes; 'which, if otherwiſe purſued, might turn very 'much to a man's advantage. This ambition of 'mine was indeed extravagantly purſued; however 'I cannot help obſerving, that you hardly ever ſee

'a

'a man commended for a good ſtomach, but he 'immediately falls to eating more (though he had 'before dinned), as well to confirm the perſon that 'commended him in his good opinion of him, as 'to convince any other at the table, who may have 'been unattentive enough not to have done juſtice 'to his character. .

'I am, SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'EPICURE MAMMON.'

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE writ to you three or four times, to de- 'ſire you would take notice of an impertinent cuſ- 'tom the women, the fine women, have lately fal- 'len into, of taking ſnuff. This ſilly trick is at- 'tended with ſuch a coquette air in ſome ladies, 'and ſuch a ſedate maſculine one in others, that I 'cannot tell which to complain moſt of; but they 'are to me equally diſagreeable. Mrs *Santer* is ſo 'impatient of being without it, that ſhe takes it as 'often as ſhe does ſalt at meals, and as ſhe affects 'a wonderful eaſe and negligence in all her manner, 'an upper lip mixed with ſnuff and the ſauce, is 'what is preſented to the obſervation of all who 'have the honour to eat with her. The pretty 'creature her niece does all ſhe can to be as diſa- 'greeable as her aunt; and if ſhe is not as offen- 'ſive to the eye, ſhe is quite as much to the ear, 'and makes up all ſhe wants in a confident air, by 'a nauſeous rattle of the noſe, when the ſnuff is 'delivered, and the fingers make the ſtops and 'cloſes on the noſtrils. This, perhaps, is not a 'very courtly image in ſpeaking of ladies; that is 'very true: But where ariſes the offence? Is it in 'thoſe who commit, or thoſe who obſerve it? As 'for my part, I have been ſo extremely diſguſted 'with this filthy phyſic hanging on the lip, that

'the moſt agreeable converſation, or perſon, has 'not been able to make up for it. As to thoſe 'who take it for no other end but to give them-'ſelves occaſion for pretty action, or to fill up lit-'tle intervals of diſcourſe, I can bear with them; 'but then they muſt not uſe it when another is 'ſpeaking, who ought to be heard with too much 'reſpect, to admit of offering at that time from 'hand to hand the ſnuff-box. But *Flavilla* is ſo 'far taken with her behaviour in this kind, that 'ſhe pulls out her box (which is indeed full of good '*Brazile*) in the middle of the ſermon; and to 'ſhow ſhe has the audacity of a well-bred woman, 'ſhe offers it to the men as well as the women who 'ſit near her: But ſince, by this time, all the 'world knows ſhe has a fine hand, I am in hopes 'ſhe may give herſelf no farther trouble in this 'matter. On *Sunday* was ſe'ennight, when they 'came about for the offering, ſhe gave her charity 'with a very good air, but, at the ſame time, aſked 'the church-warden, if he would take a pinch. 'Pray, Sir, think of theſe things in time, and you 'will oblige.

'SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervant.'

T

SATURDAY,

No. 345. SATURDAY, APRIL 5.

Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset.
Natus homo est———

OVID Met. lib. i. ver. 75.

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd;
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest.

DRYDEN.

THE accounts which *Raphael* gives of the battle of angels, and the creation of the world, have in them those qualifications which the critics judge requisite to an episode. They are nearly related to the principal action, and have a just connection with the fable.

The eighth book opens with a beautiful description of the impression which this discourse of the archangel made on our first parents. *Adam* afterwards, by a very natural curiosity, inquires concerning the motions of those celestial bodies which make the most glorious appearance among the six days works. The poet here, with a great deal of art, represents *Eve* as withdrawing from this part of their conversation, to amusements more suitable to her sex. He well knew that the episode in this book, which is filled with *Adam*'s account of his passion and esteem for *Eve*, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful reasons for her retiring.

So spake our sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse; which *Eve*
Perceiving, where she sat, retir'd in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,

And

And grace that won who ſaw to wiſh her ſtay,
Roſe, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,
To viſit how they proſper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nurſery: They at her coming ſprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew,
Yet went ſhe not as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high; ſuch pleaſure ſhe reſerv'd,
Adam relating, ſhe ſole auditreſs;
Her huſband the relator ſhe prefer'd
Before the angel, and of him to aſk
Choſe rather: He, ſhe knew, would intermix
Grateful digreſſions, and ſolve high diſpute
With conjugal careſſes; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd!

The angel's returning a doubtful anſwer to *Adam*'s inquiries, was not only proper for the moral reaſon which the poet aſſigns, but becauſe it would have been highly abſurd to have given the ſanction of an archangel to any particular ſyſtem of philoſophy. The chief points in the *Ptolemaic* and *Copernican* hypotheſis are deſcribed with great conciſeneſs and perſpicuity, and at the ſame time dreſſed in very pleaſing and poetical images.

Adam, to detain the angel, enters afterwards upon his own hiſtory, and relates to him the circumſtances in which he found himſelf upon his creation; as alſo his converſation with his Maker, and his firſt meeting with *Eve*. There is no part of the poem more apt to raiſe the attention of the reader, than this diſcourſe of our great anceſtor; as nothing can be more ſurpriſing and delightful to us, than to hear the ſentiments that aroſe in the firſt man, while he was yet new and freſh from the hands of his Creator. The poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this ſubject in Holy Writ, with ſo many beautiful imaginations of his

his own, that nothing can be conceived more juſt and natural than this whole epiſode. As our author knew this ſubject could not but be agreeable to his reader, he would not throw it into the relation of the ſix days works, but reſerved it for a diſtinct epiſode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the poem, I cannot but take notice of two ſhining paſſages in the dialogue between *Adam* and the angel. The firſt is that wherein our anceſtor gives an account of the pleaſure he took in converſing with him, which contains a very noble moral.

For while I ſit with thee I ſeem in heav'n,
And ſweeter thy diſcourſe is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree (pleaſanteſt to thirſt
And hunger both, from labour) at the hour
Of ſweet repaſt: They ſatiate, and ſoon fill,
Tho' pleaſant; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their ſweetneſs no ſatiety.

The other I ſhall mention, is that in which the angel gives a reaſon why he ſhould be glad to hear the ſtory *Adam* was about to relate.

For I that day was abſent, as befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obſcure,
Far on excurſion towards the gates of hell,
Squar'd in full legion (ſuch command we had
To ſee that none thence iſſued forth a ſpy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Leſt he, incens'd at ſuch eruption bold,
Deſtruction with creation might have mix'd.

There is no queſtion but our poet drew the image in what follows from that in *Virgil*'s ſixth book, where *Æneas* and the Sybil ſtand before the adamantine gates, which are there deſcribed as ſhut upon the place of torments, and liſten to the groans, the clank of chains, and the noiſe of iron whips,

whips, that were heard in thoſe regions of pain and ſorrow.

——Faſt we found, faſt ſhut
The diſmal gates, and barricado'd ſtrong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noiſe, other than the ſound of dance or ſong,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his condition and ſentiments immediately after his creation. How agreeably does he repreſent the poſture in which he found himſelf, the beautiful landſcape that ſurrounded him, and the gladneſs of heart which grew up in him on that occaſion?

——As new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep,
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy ſweat, which with his beams the ſun
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moiſture fed.
Straight towards heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample ſky, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion, up I ſprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet: About me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady woods, and ſunny plains,
And liquid lapſe of murmuring ſtreams; by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.

Adam is afterwards deſcribed as ſurpriſed at his own exiſtence, and taking a ſurvey of himſelf, and of all the works of nature. He likewiſe is repreſented as diſcovering by the light of reaſon, that he and every thing about him muſt have been the effect of ſome Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a right to his worſhip and adoration. His firſt addreſs to the ſun, and to thoſe parts of the creation which made the moſt diſtinguiſhed

ed figure, is very natural and amuſing to the imagination.

——————Thou Sun, ſaid I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here?

His next ſentiment, when upon his firſt going to ſleep, he fancies himſelf loſing his exiſtence, and falling away into nothing, can never be ſufficiently admired. His dream, in which he ſtill preſerves the conſciouſneſs of his exiſtence, together with his removal into the garden, which was prepared for his reception, are alſo circumſtances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in ſacred ſtory.

Theſe, and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the beauties of novelty, at the ſame time that they have all the graces of nature. They are ſuch as none but a great genius could have thought of, though, upon the peruſal of them, they ſeem to raiſe of themſelves from the ſubject of which he treats. In a word, though they are natural they are not obvious, which is the true character of all fine writing.

The impreſſion which the interdiction of the tree of life left in the mind of our firſt parent, is deſcribed with great ſtrength and judgment; as the image of the ſeveral beaſts and birds paſſing in review before him is very beautiful and lively.

——————Each bird and beaſt behold
Approaching two and two, theſe cowring low
With blandiſhment; each bird ſtoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them as they paſs'd——

Adam, in the next place, deſcribes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the ſubject of ſolitude. The poet here repreſents the Supreme Being

Being as making an eſſay of his own work, and putting to the trial that reaſoning faculty with which he had endowed his creature. *Adam* urges, in this divine colloquey, the impoſſibility of his being happy, though he was the inhabitant of *Paradiſe*, and Lord of the whole creation, without the converſation and ſociety of ſome rational creature, who ſhould partake thoſe bleſſings with him. This dialogue, which is ſupported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without other poetical ornaments, is as fine a part as any in the whole poem: The more the reader examines the juſtneſs and delicacy of his ſentiments, the more he will find himſelf pleaſed with it. The poet has wonderfully preſerved the character of majeſty and condeſcenſion in the Creator, and, at the ſame time, that of humility and adoration in the creature, as particularly in the following lines:

Thus I preſumptuous; and the viſion bright,
As with a ſmile more brightn'd, thus reply'd, &c.
———I with leave of ſpeech implor'd
And humble deprecation thus reply'd:
Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I ſpeak, &c.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his ſecond ſleep, and of the dream in which he beheld the formation of *Eve*. The new paſſion that was awakened in him at the ſight of her, is touched very finely:

Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but diff'rent ſex; ſo lovely fair,
That what ſeem'd fair in all the world, ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before:
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpirit of love and amorous delight.

Adam's

Adam's diſtreſs upon loſing ſight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the diſcovery of a real creature who reſembled the apparition which had been preſented to him in his dream; the approaches he makes to her, and his manner of courtſhip, are all laid together in a moſt exquiſite propriety of ſentiments.

Though this part of the poem is worked up with great warmth and ſpirit, the love which is deſcribed in it is every way ſuitable to a ſtate of innocence. If the reader compares the deſcription which *Adam* here gives of his leading *Eve* to the nuptial bower, with that which Mr *Dryden* has made on the ſame occaſion in a ſcene of his *Fall of Man*, he will be ſenſible of the great care which *Milton* took to avoid all thoughts on ſo delicate a ſubject that might be offenſive to religion or good manners. The ſentiments are chaſte, but not cold; and convey to the mind ideas of the moſt tranſporting paſſion and of the greateſt purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the author joined together, in the reflection which *Adam* makes on the pleaſures of love, compared to thoſe of ſenſe.

Thus have I told thee all my ſtate, and brought
My ſtory to the ſum of earthly bliſs
Which I enjoy; and muſt confeſs to find
In all things elſe delight indeed, but ſuch
As, us'd or not, works in the mind no change
Nor vehement deſires; theſe delicacies
I mean of taſte, ſight, ſmell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
Walks, and the melody of birds: But here
Far otherwiſe, tranſported I behold,
Tranſported touch; here paſſion firſt I felt,
Commotion ſtrange! in all enjoyments elſe
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Againſt the charms of beauty's pow'rful glance:
Or nature fail'd in me, and left ſome part

Not proof enough ſuch object to ſuſtain;
Or from my ſide ſubducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at leaſt on her beſtow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward ſhow
Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.
——————When I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems
And in herſelf compleat, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt;
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded; wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Loſes diſcountenanc'd, and like folly ſhows;
Authority and reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally; and, to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind and nobleneſs their ſeat
Built in her lovelieſt, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

Theſe ſentiments of love, in our firſt parent, give the angel ſuch an inſight into human nature, that he ſeems apprehenſive of the evils which might befal the ſpecies in general, as well as *Adam* in particular, from the exceſs of this paſſion. He therefore fortifies him againſt it by timely admonitions; which very artfully prepare the mind of the reader for the occurrences of the next book, where the weakneſs, of which *Adam* here gives ſuch diſtant diſcoveries, brings about that fatal event which is the ſubject of the poem. His diſcourſe, which follows the gentle rebuke he received from the angel, ſhows that his love, however violent it might appear, was ſtill founded in reaſon, and conſequently not improper for *Paradiſe*.

Neither her outſide form'd ſo fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kinds,
(Tho' higher of the genial bed by far,
And with myſterious reverence I deem)

So

So much delights me, as thoſe graceful acts,
Thoſe thouſand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixt with love
And ſweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one ſoul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair!

Adam's ſpeech, at parting with the angel, has in it a deference and gratitude agreeable to an inferior nature, and at the ſame time a certain dignity and greatneſs ſuitable to the father of mankind in his ſtate of innocence. L

No. 346. MONDAY, APRIL. 7.

Conſuetudinem benignitatis largitioni munerum longe antepono. Hæc eſt gravium hominum atque magnorum; illa quaſi aſſentatorum populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate quaſi titillantium. TULL.

I eſteem a habit of benignity greatly preferable to munificence: The former is peculiar to great and diſtinguiſhed perſons; the latter belongs to flatterers of the people, who court the applauſe of the inconſtant vulgar.

WHEN we conſider the offices of human life, there is, methinks, ſomething in what we ordinarily call generoſity, which, when carefully examined, ſeems to flow rather from a looſe and unguarded temper, than an honeſt and liberal mind. For this reaſon it is abſolutely neceſſary, that all liberality ſhould have for its baſis and ſupport frugality. By this means the beneficent ſpirit works in a man from the convictions of reaſon, not from the impulſes of paſſion. The generous man, in the ordinary acceptation, without reſpect to the demands of his own family, will ſoon find upon the foot of his account, that he has ſacrificed to fools, knaves,

flatterers, or the deſervedly unhappy, all the opportunities of affording any future aſſiſtance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to beſtow be in itſelf laudable, ſhould not a man take care to ſecure an ability to do things praiſeworthy as long as he lives? Or could there be a more cruel piece of raillery upon a man who ſhould have reduced his fortune below the capacity of acting according to his natural temper, than to ſay of him, *That gentleman was generous?* My beloved author therefore has, in the ſentence on the top of my paper, turned his eye with a certain ſatiety from beholding the addreſſes to the people by largeſſes and public entertainments, which he aſſerts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the circumſtances of time, and a man's own fortune. A conſtant benignity in commerce with the reſt of the world, which ought to run through all a man's actions, has effects more uſeful to thoſe whom you oblige, and leſs oſtentatious to yourſelf. He turns his recommendation of this virtue in commercial life: And, according to him, a citizen who is frank in his kindneſſes, and abhors ſeverity in his demands; he who in buying, ſelling, lending, doing acts of good neighbourhood, is juſt and eaſy; he who appears naturally averſe to diſputes, and above the ſenſe of little ſufferings; bears a nobler character, and does much more good to mankind than any other man's fortune without commerce can poſſibly ſupport. For the citizen, above all other men, has opportunities of arriving at *that higheſt fruit of wealth, to be liberal without the leaſt expence of a man's own fortune.* It is not to be denied but ſuch a practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the obligation, that, among traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the favour a ſecret, as he who receives it. The unhappy diſtinctions among us in *England*, are ſo great, that to celebrate the intercourſe of commercial

cial friendſhip, (with which I am daily made acquainted) would be to raiſe the virtuous man ſo many enemies of the contrary party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of *Tom the bounteous*, who lends at the ordinary intereſts, to give men of leſs fortune opportunities of making greater advantages. He conceals, under a rough air and diſtant behaviour, a bleeding compaſſion and womaniſh tenderneſs. This is governed by a moſt exact circumſpection, that there is no induſtry wanting in the perſon whom he is to ſerve, and that he is guilty of no improper expences. This I know of *Tom*, but who dare ſay it of ſo known a Tory? The ſame care I was forced to uſe ſome time ago in the report of another's virtue, and ſaid fifty inſtead of an hundred, becauſe the man I pointed at was a Whig. Actions of this kind are popular without being invidious: For every man of ordinary circumſtances looks upon a man who has this known benignity in his nature, as a perſon ready to be his friend upon ſuch terms as he ought to expect it; and the wealthy, who may envy ſuch a character, can do no injury to its intereſts but by the imitation of it, in which the good citizen will rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to form to myſelf a greater idea of human life, than in what is the practice of ſome wealthy men whom I could name, that make no ſtep to the improvement of their own fortunes, wherein they do not alſo advance thoſe of other men who would languiſh in povery without that munificence. In a nation where there are ſo many public funds to be ſupported, I know not whether he can be called a good ſubject, who does not imbark ſome part of his fortune with the ſtate, to whoſe vigilance he owes the ſecurity of the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an obligation upon many, and extending his benignity the fartheſt a man can poſſibly, who is not engaged in commerce. But he who trades,

beſides giving the ſtate ſome part of this ſort of credit he gives his banker, may in all the occurences of his life have his eye upon the removing want from the door of the induſtrious, and defending the unhappy upright man from bankruptcy. Without this benignity, pride or vengeance will precipitate a man to chuſe the receipt of half his demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has ſhewn mercy. This benignity is eſſential to the character of a fair trader, and any man who deſigns to enjoy his wealth with honour and ſelf-ſatisfaction: Nay, it would not be hard to maintain, that the practice of ſupporting good and induſtrious men, would carry a man farther even to his profit, than indulging the propenſity of ſerving and obliging the fortunate. My author argues on this ſubject, in order to incline mens minds to thoſe who want them moſt, after this manner: "We muſt always conſider the nature of "things, and govern ourſelves accordingly. The "wealthy man, when he has repaid you, is upon "a balance with you; but the perſon whom you "favoured with a loan, if he be a good man, will "think himſelf in your debt after he has paid you. "The wealthy and the conſpicuous are not obliged "by the benefits you do them; they think they "conferred a benefit when they received one. "Your good offices are always ſuſpected, and it is "with them the ſame thing to expect their favour "as to receive it. But the man below you, who "knows, in the good you have done him, you re"ſpected himſelf more than his circumſtances, "does not act like an obliging man only to him "from whom he has received a benefit, but alſo "to all who are capable of doing him one. And "whatever little offices he can do for you, he is "ſo far from magnifying it, that he will labour to "extenuate it in all his actions and expreſſions. "Moreover, the regard to what you do to a great

"man,

" man, at beſt, is taken notice of no further than " by himſelf or his family; but what you do to a " man of an humble fortune, (provided always " that he is a good and modeſt man) raiſes the af- " fections towards you of all men of that character " (of which there are many) in the whole city."

There is nothing gains a reputation to a preacher ſo much as his own practice: I am therefore caſting about what act of benignity is in the power of a SPECTATOR. Alas! that lies but in a very narrow compaſs, and I think the moſt immediately under my patronage, are either players, or ſuch whoſe circumſtances bear an affinity with theirs: All therefore I am able to do at this time of this kind, is to tell the town, that on *Friday* the 11th of this inſtant *April*, there will be performed in *York Buildings* a concert of vocal and inſtrumental muſic, for the benefit of Mr *Edward Keen*, the father of twenty chidren; and at this day the haughty *George Powell* hopes all the good-natured part of the town will favour him, whom they applauded in *Alexander*, *Timon*, *Lear*, and *Oreſtes*, with their company this night, when he hazards all his heroic glory for their approbation in the humbler condition of honeſt *Jack Falſtaff*.

T

TUESDAY,

No. 347. Tuesday, April 8.

Quis furor, ô Cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri!
Lucan. lib. i. ver. 8.

What blind, deteſted, madneſs could afford
Such horrid licence to the murd'ring ſword?
Rowe.

I Do not queſtion but my country readers have been very much ſurpriſed at the ſeveral accounts they have met with in our public papers, of that ſpecies of men among us, lately known by the name of *Mohocks*. I find the opinions of the learned, as to their origin and deſigns, are altogether various, inſomuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any ſuch ſociety of men. The terror which ſpread itſelf over the whole nation ſome years ſince on account of the *Iriſh*, is ſtill freſh in moſt peoples memories, though it afterwards appeared there was not the leaſt ground for that general conſternation.

The late panic fear was, in the opinion of many deep and penetrating perſons of the ſame nature. Theſe will have it, that the *Mohocks* are like thoſe ſpectres and apparitions which frighten ſeveral towns and villages in her Majeſty's dominions, though they were never ſeen by any of the inhabitants. Others are apt to think that theſe *Mohocks* are a kind of bull-beggars, firſt invented by prudent married men, and maſters of families, in order to deter their wives and daughters from taking the air at unſeaſonable hours; and when they tell them *the* Mohocks *will catch them*, it is a caution of the ſame nature with that of our forefathers, when they bid their children have a care of *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones*.

For my own part, I am afraid there was too much

much reaſon for that great alarm the whole city has been in upon this occaſion; though at the ſame time I muſt own, that I am in ſome doubt whether the following pieces are genuine and authentic: And the more ſo, becauſe I am not fully ſatisfied that the name, by which the emperor ſubſcribes himſelf, is altogether conformable to the *Indian* orthography.

I ſhall only further inform my readers, that it was ſome time ſince I received the following letter and manifeſto, though, for particular reaſons, I did not think fit to publiſh them till now.

To the SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'Finding that our earneſt endeavours for the 'good of mankind have been baſely and maliciouſly 'repreſented to the world, we ſend you incloſed 'our imperial manifeſto, which it is our will and 'pleaſure that you furthwith communicate to the 'public, by inſerting it in your next daily paper. 'We do not doubt of your ready compliance in 'this particular, and therefore bid you heartily fare-'wel.

'Signed,

'TAW WAW EBEN ZAN KALADAR,
'Emperor of the *Mohocks*.

The Manifeſto of Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar, *Emperor of the* Mohocks.

'Whereas we have received information from 'ſundry quarters of this great and populous city, 'of ſeveral outrages committed on the legs, arms, 'noſes and other parts of the good people of *Eng-'land*, by ſuch as have ſtiled themſelves our ſubjects; 'in order to vindicate our imperial dignity from thoſe 'falſe aſperſions which have been caſt on it, as if 'we ourſelves might have encouraged or abetted

'any

'any such practices; we have, by these presents, 'thought fit to signify our utmost abhorrence and 'detestation of all such tumultuous and irregular pro-'ceedings; and do hereby further give notice, that 'if any person or persons has or have suffered any 'wound, hurt, damage or detriment, in his or their 'limb or limbs, otherwise than shall hereafter be 'specified, the said person or persons, upon apply-'ing themselves to such as we shall appoint for the 'inspection and redress of the grievances aforesaid, 'shall be forthwith committed to the care of our 'principal surgeon, and be cured at our own ex-'pence, in some one or other of those hospitals 'which we are now erecting for that purpose.

'And to the end that no one may, either thro' 'ignorance or inadvertency, incur those penalties 'which we have thought fit to inflict on persons 'of loose and dissolute lives, we do hereby notify 'to the public, that if any man be knocked down 'or assaulted while he is employed in his lawful 'business, at proper hours, that it is not done by 'our order; and we do hereby permit and allow 'any such person so knocked down or assaulted, to 'raise again, and defend himself in the best man-'ner that he is able.

'We do also command all and every our good 'subjects, that they do not presume, upon any pre-'text whatsoever, to issue and sally forth from their 'respective quarters till between the hours of ele-'ven and twelve. That they never *Tip the Lion* 'upon man, woman, or child, till the clock at 'St *Dunstan*'s shall have struck one.

'That the *sweat* be never given but between the 'hours of one and two; always provided, that our '*hunters* may begin to *hunt* a little after the close 'of the evening, any thing to the contrary here-'in notwithstanding. Provided also, that if ever 'they are reduced to the necessity of *pinking*, it

'shall

'shall always be in the most fleshy parts, and such 'as are least exposed to view.

'It is also our imperial will and pleasure, that 'our good subjects the *sweaters* do establish their '*hummums* in such close places, alleys, nooks, and 'corners, that the patient or patients may not be in 'danger of catching cold.

'That the *tumblers*, to whose care we chiefly 'commit the female sex, confine themselves to '*Drury-Lane*, and the purlieus of the *Temple*, and 'that every other party and division of our subjects, 'do each of them keep within their respective 'quarters we have allotted to them. Provided ne-'vertheless, that nothing herein contained shall in 'any wise be construed to extend to the *hunters*, 'who have our full licence and permission to enter 'into any part of the town wherever there game 'shall lead them.

'And whereas we have nothing more at our im-'perial heart than the reformation of the cities of '*London* and *Westminster*, which, to our unspeakable 'satisfaction, we have in some measure already af-'fected; we do hereby earnestly pray and exhort 'all husbands, fathers, house-keepers, and masters 'of families, in either of the aforesaid cities, not 'only to repair themselves to their respective habi-'tations at early and seasonable hours; but also to 'keep their wives and daughters, sons, servants, 'and apprentices, from appearing in the streets at 'those times and seasons which may expose them 'to military discipline, as it is practised by our 'good subjects the *Mohocks*: And we do further 'promise, on our imperial word, that, as soon as 'the reformation aforesaid shall be brought about, 'we will forthwith cause all hostilities to cease.

'*Given from our Court at the* Devil-
, Tavern, March 15. 1712.' X

WEDNESDAY,

No. 348. Wednesday, April 9.

Invidiam placare paras virtute relicta?
Hor. Sat. iii. l. 2. ver. 13.

To ſhun detraction, would'ſt thou virtue fly?

'Mr Spectator,

'I Have not ſeen you lately at any of the places 'where I viſit, ſo that I am afraid you are 'wholly unacquainted with what paſſes among my 'part of the world, who are, though I ſay it, 'without controverſy, the moſt accompliſhed and 'beſt bred of the town. Give me leave to tell you, 'I am extremely diſcompoſed when I hear ſcandal, 'and am an utter enemy to all manner of detraction, 'and think it the greateſt meanneſs that people of 'diſtinction can be guilty of: However, it is hardly 'poſſible to come into company, where you do not 'find them pulling one another to pieces, and 'that from no other provocation but that of hear-'ing any one commended. Merit, both as to 'wit and beauty, is become no other than the 'poſſeſſion of a few trifling peoples favour, which 'you cannot poſſibly arrive at, if you have really 'any thing in you that is deſerving. What 'they would bring to paſs is, to make all good 'and evil conſiſt in report, and with whiſpers, 'calumnies and impertinencies, to have the con-'duct of thoſe reports. By this means innocents 'are blaſted upon their firſt appearance in town; 'and there is nothing more required to make 'a young woman the object of envy and hatred, 'than to deſerve love and admiration. This abo-'minable endeavour to ſuppreſs or leſſen every 'thing that is praiſe-worthy, is as frequent among 'the men as the women. If I can remember what

'paſſed

'paſſed at a viſit laſt night, it will ſerve as an in-
'ſtance that the ſexes are equally inclined to defa-
'mation, with equal malice, with equal impo-
'tence. *Jack Triplett* came into my Lady *Airy*'s
'about eight of the clock. You know the manner
'we ſit at a viſit, and I need not deſcribe the circle;
'but Mr *Triplett* came in, introduced by two
'tapers ſupported by a ſpruce ſervant, whoſe hair
'is under a cap till my lady's candles are all lighted
'up, and the hour of ceremony begins: I ſay,
'*Jack Triplett* came in, and ſinging (for he is real-
'ly good company) *Every feature, charming crea-*
'*ture*——he went on, *It is a moſt unreaſonable*
'*thing that people cannot go peaceably to ſee their*
'*friends, but theſe murderers are let looſe. Such a*
'*ſhape! ſuch an air! what a glance was that as her*
'*chariot paſſed by mine*——My lady herſelf in-
'terrupted him; *Pray who is this fine thing?*——*I*
'*warrant*, ſays another, *it is the creature I was*
'*telling your ladyſhip of juſt now. You were telling*
'*of?* ſays *Jack*; *I wiſh I had been ſo happy as to*
'*have come in and heard you, for I have not words*
'*to ſay what ſhe is*: But if an agreeable height, a
'modeſt air, a virgin ſhame, and impatience of
'being beheld amidſt a blaze of ten thouſand
'charms——The whole room flew out——Oh
'Mr *Triplett!*——When Mrs *Lofty*, a known
'prude, ſaid, ſhe believed ſhe knew whom the gen-
'tleman meant; but ſhe was indeed, as he civilly
'repreſented her, impatient of being beheld——
'Then turning to the lady next to her——*The moſt*
'*unbred creature you ever ſaw.* Another purſued
'the diſcourſe: As unbred, Madam, as you may
'think her, ſhe is extremely belied if ſhe is the
'novice ſhe appears; ſhe was laſt week at a ball till
'two in the morning; Mr *Triplett knows whether*
'*he was the happy man that took care of her home;*
'*but*——This was followed by ſome particular ex-
'ception that each woman in the room made to

'ſome peculiar grace or advantage; ſo that Mr 'Triplett was beaten from one limb and feature to 'another, till he was forced to reſign the whole 'woman. In the end, I took notice *Triplett* re-'corded all this malice in his heart; and ſaw in 'his countenance, and a certain waggiſh ſhrug, 'that he deſigned to repeat the converſation: I 'therefore let the diſcourſe die, and ſoon after 'took an occaſion to commend a certain gentleman 'of my acquaintance for a perſon of ſingular mo-'deſty, courage, integrity, and withal, as a man 'of an entertaining converſation, to which advan-'tages he had a ſhape and manner peculiarly grace-'ful. Mr *Triplett*, who is a woman's man, ſeem-'ed to hear me with patience enough commend the 'qualities of his mind: He never heard indeed but 'that he was a very honeſt man and no fool; but 'for a fine gentleman, he muſt aſk pardon. Up-'on no other foundation than this, Mr *Triplett* 'took occaſion to give the gentleman's pedigree, 'by what methods ſome part of the eſtate was ac-'quired, how much it was beholden to a marriage 'for the preſent circumſtances of it: After all, he 'could ſee nothing but a common man in his per-'ſon, his breeding, or underſtanding.

'Thus, Mr SPECTATOR, this impertinent hu-'mour of diminiſhing every one who is produced 'in converſation to their advantage, runs through 'the world; and I am, I confeſs, ſo fearful of the 'force of ill tongues, that I have begged of all 'thoſe who are my well-wiſhers never to commend 'me, for it will but bring my frailties into exami-'nation, and I had rather be unobſerved, than 'conſpicuous for diſputed perfections. I am con-'fident a thouſand young people, who would have 'been ornaments to ſociety, have, from fear of 'ſcandal, never dared to exert themſelves in the 'polite arts of life. Their lives have paſſed away 'in an odious ruſticity, in ſpite of great advanta-

'ges

'ges of perſon, genius and fortune. There is a vici-
'ous terror of being blamed in ſome well inclined
'people, and a wicked pleaſure in ſuppreſſing
'them in others; both which I recommend to
'your ſpectatorial wiſdom to animadvert upon;
'and if you can be ſucceſsful in it, I need not ſay
'how much you will deſerve of the town; but new
'toaſts will owe to you their beauty, and new wits
'their fame. I am,

'SIR,

'Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

T 'MARY.'

No. 349. THURSDAY, APRIL 10.

——Quos ille timorum
Maximus haud urget lethi metus: inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis—— LUCAN. lib. i. ver. 454.

Thrice happy they beneath their northern ſkies,
Who that worſt fear, the fear of death, deſpiſe!
Hence they no care for this frail Being feel,
But ruſh undaunted on the pointed ſteel,
Provoke approaching fate and bravely ſcorn
To ſpare that life which muſt ſo ſoon return.

ROWE.

I AM very much pleaſed with a conſolatory letter of *Phalaris*, to one who had loſt a ſon that was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father, is, to the beſt of my memory, as follows: That he ſhould conſider death had ſet a kind of ſeal upon his ſon's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy: That while he lived he was ſtill within the poſſibility of falling away from virtue, and

loſing the fame of which he was poſſeſſed. Death only cloſes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other motives, may be one reaſon why we are naturally averſe to the launching out into a man's praiſe till his head is laid in the duſt. Whilſt he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the eſteem we have conceived of him, and ſome time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at preſent. In ſhort, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, ſo neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the concluſion of it.

It was upon this conſideration, that *Epaminondas*, being aſked whether *Chabrias*, *Iphicrates*, or he himſelf, deſerved moſt to be eſteemed? You muſt firſt ſee us die, ſaith he, before that queſtion can be anſwered.

As there is not a more melancholy conſideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to ſuch a change, ſo there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions, and preſerve the beauty of his character to the laſt.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well written play, where the principal perſons ſtill act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is ſcarce a great perſon in the *Grecian* or *Roman* hiſtory, whoſe death has not been remarked upon by ſome writer or other, and cenſured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the perſon who has deſcanted on it. Monſieur *de St Evremont* is very particular in ſetting forth the conſtancy and courage of *Petronius Arbiter* during his laſt moments, and thinks he diſcovers in them a greater firmneſs of mind and reſolution than in the death of *Seneca*, *Cato*, or *Socrates*. There is no queſtion but this polite author's affectation of appearing ſingular in his

his remarks, and making diſcoveries which had eſcaped the obſervation of others, threw him into this courſe of reflection. It was *Petronius's* merit, that he died in the ſame gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his life was altogether looſe and diſſolute, the indifference which he ſhewed at the cloſe of it is to be looked upon as a piece of natural careleſſneſs and levity, rather than fortitude. The reſolution of *Socrates* proceeded from very different motives, the conſciouſneſs of a well-ſpent life, and the proſpect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious author above mentioned was ſo pleaſed with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler inſtance of it in our countryman Sir *Thomas More*.

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary diſcourſes with wit and pleaſantry; and, as *Eraſmus* tells him in an epiſtle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a ſecond *Democritus*.

He died upon a point of religion, and is reſpected as a martyr by that ſide for which he ſuffered. That innocent mirth, which had been ſo conſpicuous in his life, did not forſake him till the laſt: He maintained the ſame chearfulneſs of heart upon the ſcaffold, which he uſed to ſhew at his table; and, upon laying his head on the block, gave inſtances of that good humour with which he had always entertained his friends in the moſt ordinary occurrences. His death was of a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced or affected. He did not look upon the ſevering his head from his body as a circumſtance that ought to produce any change in the diſpoſition of his mind; and as he died under a fixed and ſettled hope of immortality, he thought any unuſual degree of ſorrow and concern improper on ſuch an occaſion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example. Mens natural fears will be a ſufficient guard againſt it. I ſhall only obſerve, that what was philoſophy in this extraordinary man, would be frenzy in one who does not reſemble him as well in the chearfulneſs of his temper, as in the ſanctity of his life and manners.

I ſhall conclude this paper with the inſtance of a perſon who ſeems to me to have ſhewn more intrepidity and greatneſs of ſoul in his dying moments, than what we meet with among any of the moſt celebrated *Greeks* and *Romans*. I met with this inſtance in the hiſtory of the revolutions in *Portugal*, written by the Abbot *de Vertot*.

When Don *Sebaſtian*, King of *Portugal*, had invaded the territories of *Muly Moloc*, Emperor of *Morocco*, in order to dethrone him, and ſet his crown upon the head of his nephew, *Moloc* was wearing away with a diſtemper which he himſelf knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of ſo formidable an enemy. He was indeed ſo far ſpent with his ſickneſs, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the laſt deciſive battle was given; but knowing the fatal conſequences that would happen to his children and people, in caſe he ſhould die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they ſhould conceal his death from the army, and that they ſhould ride up to the litter in which his corpſe was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as uſual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they ſtood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly, in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go againſt him, though he was very near his laſt agonies, he threw himſelf out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which

which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the ſide of the *Moors*. He had no ſooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himſelf utterly ſpent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin ſecrecy to his officers who ſtood about him, he died a few moments after in that poſture. L.

No. 350. FRIDAY, APRIL 11.

Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, ſi juſtitia vacat pugnatque pro ſuis commodis, in vitio eſt.

TULL.

That courage and intrepidity of mind, which diſtinguiſhes itſelf in dangers, if it is void of all regard to juſtice, and ſupports a man only in the purſuit of his own intereſt, is vicious.

CAPTAIN SENTRY was laſt night at the club, and produced a letter from *Ipſwich*, which his correſpondent deſired him to communicate to his friend the SPECTATOR. It contained an account of an engagement between a *French* privateer, commanded by one *Dominick Pottiere*, and a little veſſel of that place laden with corn, the maſter whereof, as I remember, was one *Goodwin*. The *Engliſhman* defended himſelf with incredible bravery, and beat off the *French*, after having been boarded three or four times. The enemy ſtill came on with greater fury, and hoped by his number of men to carry the prize, till at laſt the *Engliſhman* finding himſelf ſink apace, and ready to periſh, ſtruck: But the effect which this ſingular gallantry had upon the captain of the privateer, was no other than an unmanly deſire of vengeance for the loſs he had ſuſtained in his ſeveral attacks. He told the *Ipſwich* man, in a ſpeaking-trumpet, that he would not take him aboard, and that he ſtaid to ſee him ſink.

The

The *Engliſhman* at the ſame time obſerved a diſorder in the veſſel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the diſdain which the ſhip's crew had of their Captain's inhumanity: With this hope he went into his boat, and approached the enemy. He was taken in by the ſailors in ſpite of their commander; but though they received him againſt his command, they treated him when he was in the ſhip in the manner he directed. *Pottiere* cauſed his men to hold *Goodwin*, while he beat him with a ſtick till he fainted with loſs of blood, and rage of heart: After which he ordered him into irons, without allowing him any food, but ſuch as one or two of the men ſtole to him under peril of the like uſage: After having kept him ſeveral days overwhelmed with the miſery of ſtench, hunger, and ſoreneſs, he brought him into *Calais*. The governor of the place was ſoon acquainted with all that had paſſed, diſmiſſed *Pottiere* from his charge with ignominy, and gave *Goodwin* all the relief which a man of honour would beſtow upon an enemy barbarouſly treated, to recover the imputation of cruelty upon his prince and country.

When Mr SENTRY had read his letter, full of many other circumſtances which aggravate the barbarity, he fell into a ſort of criticiſm upon magnanimity and courage, and argued that they were inſeparable; and that courage, without regard to juſtice and humanity, was no other than the fierceneſs of a wild beaſt. A good and truly bold ſpirit, continued he, is ever actuated by reaſon, and a ſenſe of honour and duty: The affectation of ſuch a ſpirit exerts itſelf in an impudent aſpect, an overbearing confidence, and a certain negligence of giving offence. This is viſible in all the cocking youths you ſee about this town, who are noiſy in aſſemblies, unawed by the preſence of wiſe and virtuous men; in a word, inſenſible of all the honours and decencies of human life. A ſhameleſs fellow takes advantage of

of merit clothed with modeſty and magnanimity, and in the eyes of little people appears ſprighty and agreeable; while the man of reſolution and true gallantry is overlooked and diſregarded, if not deſpiſed. There is a propriety in all things; and I believe what you ſcholars call juſt and ſublime, in oppoſition to turgid and bombaſt expreſſion, may give you an idea of what I mean, when I ſay modeſty is the certain indication of a great ſpirit, and impudence the affectation of it. He that writes with judgment and never riſes into improper warmths, manifeſts the true force of genius; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in his behaviour, is ſupported in that deportment by what we may call true courage. Alas, it is not ſo eaſy a thing to be a brave man as the unthinking part of mankind imagine: To dare is not all that there is in it. The privateer, we were juſt now talking of, had boldneſs enough to attack his enemy, but not greatneſs of mind enough to admire the ſame quality exerted by that enemy in defending himſelf. Thus his baſe and little mind was wholly taken up in the ſordid regard to the prize, of which he failed, and the damage done to his own veſſel; and therefore he uſed an honeſt man, who defended his own from him, in the manner as he would a thief that ſhould rob him.

He was equally diſappointed, and had not ſpirit enough to conſider that one caſe would be laudable and the other criminal. Malice, rancour, hatred, vengeance, are what tear the breaſts of mean men in fight; but fame, glory, conqueſts, deſires of opportunities to pardon and oblige their oppoſers, are what glow in the minds of the gallant. The Captain ended his diſcourſe with a ſpecimen of his book-learning; and gave us to underſtand, that he had read a *French* author on the ſubject of juſtneſs in point of gallantry. I love, ſaid Mr SENTRY, a critic who mixes the rules of life with annotations upon writers. My author, added he, in his diſcourſe

courſe upon epic poems, takes occaſion to ſpeak of the ſame quality of courage drawn in the two different characters of *Turnus* and *Æneas*: He makes courage the chief and greateſt ornament of *Turnus*; but in *Æneas* there are many others which outſhine it, amongſt the reſt that of piety. *Turnus* is therefore all along painted by the poet full of oſtentation, his language haughty and vain-glorious, as placing his honour in the manifeſtation of his valour; *Æneas* ſpeaks little, is ſlow to action, and ſhows only a ſort of defenſive courage. If equipage and addreſs make *Turnus* appear more courageous than *Æneas*, conduct and ſucceſs prove *Æneas* more valiant than *Turnus*. T

No. 351. SATURDAY, APRIL 12.

In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.

VIRG. Æn. xii. ver. 59.

On thee the fortunes of our houſe depend.

IF we look into the three great heroic poems which have appeared in the world, we may obſerve that they are built upon very ſlight foundations. *Homer* lived near 300 years after the *Trojan* war; and, as the writing of hiſtory was not then in uſe among the *Greeks*, we may very well ſuppoſe that the tradition of *Achilles* and *Ulyſſes* had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge; tho' there is no queſtion but he has wrought into his two poems ſuch of their remarkable adventures as were ſtill talked of among his contemporaries.

The ſtory of *Æneas*, on which *Virgil* founded his poem, was likewiſe very bare of circumſtances, and by that means afforded him an opportunity of embelliſhing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the courſe of his fable, the principal

pal particulars, which were generally believed among the *Romans*, of *Æneas*'s voyage and ſettlement in *Italy*.

The reader may find an abridgement of the whole ſtory, as collected out of the antient hiſtorians, and as it was received among the *Romans*, in *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus*.

Since none of the critics have conſidered *Virgil*'s fable, with relation to this hiſtory of *Æneas*, it may not perhaps be amiſs to examine it in this light, ſo far as regards my preſent purpoſe. Whoever looks into the abridgement above-mentioned, will find that the character of *Æneas* is filled with piety to the gods, and a ſuperſtitious obſervation of prodigies, oracles, and predictions. *Virgil* has not only preſerved this character in the perſon of *Æneas*, but has given a place in his poem to thoſe particular propheſies which he found recorded of him in hiſtory and tradition. The poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, and circumſtanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or ſurpriſing. I believe very many readers have been ſhocked at that ludicrous propheſy, which one of the *Harpies* pronounces to the *Trojans* in the third book, namely, that, before they had built their intended city, they ſhould be reduced by hunger to eat their very tables. But, when they hear that this was one of the circumſtances that had been tranſmitted to the *Romans* in the hiſtory of *Æneas*, they will think the poet did very well in taking notice of it. The hiſtorian above-mentioned acquaints us, a propheteſs had foretold *Æneas*, that he ſhould take his voyage weſtward, till his companions ſhould eat their tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in *Italy*, as they were eating their fleſh upon cakes of bread, for want of other conveniencies, they afterwards fed on the cakes themſelves; upon which one of the company ſaid merrily, *We are eating our tables.*

tables. They immediately took the hint, says the hiſtorian, and concluded the propheſy to be fulfilled. As *Virgil* did not think it proper to omit ſo material a particular in the hiſtory of *Æneas*, it may be worth while to conſider with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a paſſage in an heroic poem. The propheteſs, who fortells it, is an hungry *Harpy*, as the perſon who diſcovers it is young *Aſcanius*.

Heus etiam menſas, conſumimus, inquit Iulus!
Æn. vii. ver. 116.

See, we devour the plates on which we fed.
DRYDEN.

Such an obſervation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the company. I am apt to think that the changing the *Trojan* fleet into Water-nymphs, which is the moſt violent machine in the whole *Æneid*, and has given offence to ſeveral critics, may be accounted for the ſame way. *Virgil* himſelf, before he begins that relation, premiſes, that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was juſtified by tradition. What further confirms me that this change of the fleet was a celebrated circumſtance in the hiſtory of *Æneas* is, that *Ovid* has given a place to the ſame *Metamorphoſis* in his account of the heathen mythology.

None of the critics I have met with having conſidered the fable of the *Æneid* in this light, and taken notice how the tradition on which it was founded authoriſes thoſe parts in it which appear moſt exceptionable, I hope the length of this reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my readers.

The hiſtory, which was the baſis of *Milton*'s poem, is ſtill ſhorter than either that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*.

The

The poet has likewiſe taken care to inſert every circumſtance of it in the body of his fable. The ninth book, which we are here to conſider, is raiſed upon that brief account in Scripture, wherein we are told, that the ſerpent was more ſubtle than any beaſt of the field; that he tempted the woman to eat of the forbidden fruit; that ſhe was overcome by this temptation, and that *Adam* followed her example. From theſe few particulars *Milton* has formed one of the moſt entertaining fables that invention ever produced. He has diſpoſed of theſe ſeveral circumſtances among ſo many beautiful and natural fictions of his own, that his whole ſtory looks only like a comment upon Sacred Writ, or rather ſeems to be a full and complete relation of what the other is only an epitome. I have inſiſted the longer on this conſideration, as I look upon the diſpoſition and contrivance of the fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth book, which has more *ſtory* in it, and is fuller of incidents, than any other in the whole poem. *Satan*'s traverſing the globe, and ſtill keeping within the ſhadow of the night, as fearing to be diſcovered by the angel of the ſun, who had before detected him, is one of thoſe beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his ſecond ſeries of adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one which was the moſt proper for his purpoſe, he again returns to Paradiſe; and, to avoid diſcovery, ſinks by night with a river that ran under the garden, and riſes up again through a fountain that iſſued from it by the Tree of Life. The poet, who, as we have before taken notice, ſpeaks as little as poſſible in his own perſon, and, after the example of *Homer*, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a ſoliloquy of this infernal agent, who was thus reſtleſs in the deſtruction of man. He is then deſcribed as gliding through the garden under the reſemblance of a miſt, in order to find out that

creature in which he deſigned to tempt our firſt parents. This deſcription has ſomething in it very poetical and ſurpriſing.

So ſaying, through each thicket dank or dry,
Like a black miſt low creeping, he held on
His midnight ſearch, where ſooneſt he might find
The ſerpent: Him faſt ſleeping ſoon he found
In labyrinth of many a round ſelf-roll'd,
His head the midſt, well ſtor'd with ſubtle wiles.

The author afterwards gives us a deſcription of the morning, which is wonderfully ſuitable to a divine poem, and peculiar to that firſt ſeaſon of nature: He repreſents the earth, before it was curs'd, as a great altar, breathing out its incenſe from all parts, and ſending up a pleaſant ſavour to the noſtrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble idea of *Adam* and *Eve*, as offering their morning-worſhip, and filling up the univerſal concert of praiſe and adoration.

Now when as ſacred light began to dawn
In *Eden* on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
Their morning incenſe, when all things that breathe
From th' Earth's great altar ſend up ſilent praiſe
To the Creator, and his noſtrils fill
With grateful ſmell; forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worſhip to the choir
Of creatures wanting voice.———

The diſpute which follows between our two firſt parents, is repreſented with great art: It proceeds from a difference of judgment, not of paſſion, and is managed with reaſon, not with heat: It is ſuch a diſpute as we may ſuppoſe might have happened in *Paradiſe*, had man continued happy and innocent. There is a great delicacy in the moralities which are interſperſed in *Adam*'s diſcourſe, and which the moſt ordinary reader cannot but take notice of. That force of love which the father of mankind

ſo

ſo finely deſcribes in the eighth book, and which is inſerted in my laſt *Saturday*'s paper, ſhews itſelf here in many fine inſtances: As in thoſe fond regards he caſt towards *Eve* at her parting from him.

Her long with ardent look his eye purſu'd
Delighted, but deſiring more her ſtay
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; ſhe to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r.

In his impatience and amuſement during her abſence:

——*Adam* the while,
Waiting deſirous her return, had wove
Of choiceſt flow'rs a garland to adorn
Her treſſes, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harveſt queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, ſo long delay'd.

But particularly in that paſſionate ſpeech, where ſeeing her irrecoverably loſt, he reſolves to periſh with her rather than to live without her.

——Some curſed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee; yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee
Certain my reſolution is to die:
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy ſweet converſe and love ſo dearly join'd,
To live again in theſe wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another *Eve*, and I
Another rib afford, yet loſs of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: Fleſh of fleſh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy ſtate
Mine never ſhall be parted, bliſs or woe!

The beginning of this ſpeech, and the preparation

to it, are animated with the ſame ſpirit as the concluſion, which I have here quoted.

The ſeveral wiles which are put in practice by the tempter, when he found *Eve* ſeparated from her huſband, the many pleaſing images of nature which are intermixed in this part of the ſtory, with its gradual and regular progreſs to the fatal cataſtrophe, are ſo very remarkable, that it would be ſuperfluous to point out their reſpective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular ſimilitudes in my remarks on this great work, becauſe I have given a general account of them in my paper on the firſt book. There is one, however, in this part of the poem which I ſhall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the cloſeſt of any in the whole poem; I mean that where the ſerpent is deſcribed as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil ſpirit, and conducting *Eve* to her deſtruction, while *Adam* was at too great a diſtance from her to give her his aſſiſtance. Theſe ſeveral particulars are all of them wrought into the following ſimilitude.

——————Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his creſt; as when a wand'ring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenſes, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
(Which oft, they ſay, ſome evil ſpirit attends)
Hovering and blazing with deluſive light,
Miſleads th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft thro' pond or poo,
There ſwallow'd up and loſt, from ſuccour far

That ſecret intoxication of pleaſure, with all thoſe tranſient flaſhings of guilt and joy, which the poet repreſents in our firſt parents upon their eating the forbidden fruit, to thoſe flaggings of ſpirit, damps of ſorrow, and mutual accuſations which ſucceed it,

it, are conceived with a wonderful imagination, and described in very natural sentiments.

When *Dido*, in the fourth *Æneid*, yielded to that fatal temptation which ruined her, *Virgil* tells us the earth trembled, the heavens were filled with flashes of lightning, and the nymphs howled upon the mountain tops. *Milton*, in the same poetical spirit, has described all nature as disturbed upon *Eve*'s eating the forbidden fruit.

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluckt, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing, thro' all her works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost.———

Upon *Adam*'s falling into the same guilt, the whole creation appears a second time in convulsions.

———He scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky lowr'd, and, mutt'ring thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin.

As all nature suffered by the guilt of our first parents, these symptoms of trouble and consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of her sympathizing in the fall of man.

Adam's converse with *Eve*, after having eaten the forbidden fruit, is an exact copy of that between *Jupiter* and *Juno* in the fourteenth *Iliad*. *Juno* there approaches *Jupiter* with the girdle which she had received from *Venus*; upon which he tells her, that she appeared more charming and desireable than she had ever done before, even when their loves were at the highest. The poet afterwards describes them as reposing on the summit of mount *Ida*,

which produced under them a bed of flowers, the *Lotos*, the *Crocus*, and the *Hyacinth*; and concludes his deſcription with their falling aſleep.

Let the reader compare this with the following paſſage in *Milton*, which begins with *Adam*'s ſpeech to *Eve*.

For never did thy beauty, ſince the day
I ſaw thee firſt and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, ſo inflame my ſenſe
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.
So ſaid he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well underſtood
Of *Eve*, whoſe eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he ſeiz'd, and to a ſhady bank,
Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,
He led her nothing loath; flow'rs were the couch,
Panſies, and violets, and aſphodel,
And hyacinth, Earth's freſheſt ſofteſt lap.
There they their fill of love and love's diſport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the ſeal,
The ſolace of their ſin, till dewy ſleep
Oppreſs'd them.———————

As no poet ſeems ever to have ſtudied *Homer* more, or to have more reſembled him in the greatneſs of genius than *Milton*, I think I ſhould have given but a very imperfect account of his beauties, if I had not obſerved the moſt remarkable paſſages which look like parallels in theſe two great authors. I might, in the courſe of theſe criticiſms, have taken notice of many particular lines and expreſſions which are tranſlated from the *Greek* poet, but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, have purpoſely omitted them. The greater incidents, however, are not only ſet off by being ſhewn in the ſame light with ſeveral of the ſame nature in *Homer*, but by that means may be

alſo guarded againſt the cavils of the taſteleſs or ignorant. L

No. 352. MONDAY, APRIL 14.

——Si ad honeſtutem nati ſumus, ea aut ſola expetenda eſt, aut certe omni pondere gravior eſt habenda quam reliqua omnia. TULL.

If virtue be the end of our being, it muſt either ingroſs our whole concern, or at leaſt take place of all our other intereſts.

WILL HONEYCOMB was complaining to me yeſterday, that the converſation of the town is ſo altered of late years, that a fine gentleman is at a loſs for matter to ſtart diſcourſe, as well as unable to fall in with the talk he generally meets with. WILL takes notice, that there is now an evil under the ſun which he ſuppoſes to be entirely new, becauſe not mentioned by any ſatiriſt or moraliſt, in any age: Men, ſaid he, grow knaves ſooner than they ever did ſince the creation of the world before. If you read the tragedies of the laſt age, you find the artful men, and perſons of intrigue, are advanced very far in years, and beyond the pleaſures and ſallies of youth; but now WILL obſerves that the young have taken in the vices of the aged, and you ſhall have a man of five and twenty crafty, falſe, and intriguing, not aſhamed to over-reach, cozen, and beguile. My friend adds, that till about the latter end of King *Charles*'s reign, there was not a raſcal of any eminence under forty: In the places of reſort for converſation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving mens fortunes without regard to the methods toward it. This is ſo faſhionable, that young men form themſelves upon a certain neglect of every thing that is candid,

candid, ſimple, and worthy of true eſteem; and affect being yet worſe than they are, by acknowledging in their general turn of mind and diſcourſe, that they have not any remaining value for true honour and honeſty; preferring the capacity of being artful to gain their ends, to the merit of deſpiſing thoſe ends when they come in competition with their honeſty. All this is due to the very ſilly pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the ability of carrying their point; in a word, from the opinion that ſhallow and unexperienced people entertain of the ſhort-lived force of cunning. But I ſhall, before I enter upon the various faces which folly covered with artifice puts on to impoſe upon the unthinking, produce a great authority for aſſerting, that nothing but truth and ingenuity has any laſting good effect, even upon a man's fortune and intereſt.

'Truth and reality have all the advantages of 'appearance, and many more. If the ſhew of any 'thing be good for any thing, I am ſure ſincerity 'is better: For why does any man diſſemble, or 'ſeem to be that which he is not, but becauſe he 'thinks it good to have ſuch a quality as he pre-'tends to? For to counterfeit and diſſemble, is to 'put on the appearance of ſome real excellency. 'Now the beſt way in the world for a man to ſeem 'to be any thing, is really to be what he would 'ſeem to be. Beſides that it is many times as 'troubleſome to make good the pretence of a good 'quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, 'it is ten to one but he is diſcovered to want it, 'and then all his pains and labour to ſeem to have 'it is loſt. There is ſomething unnatural in paint-'ing, which a ſkilful eye will eaſily diſcern from 'native beauty and complexion.

'It is hard to perſonate and act a part long; for 'where truth is not at the bottom, nature will al-

'ways

'ways be endeavouring to return, and will peep 'out and betray herſelf one time or other. There- 'fore if any man think it convenient to ſeem good, 'let him be ſo indeed, and then his goodneſs will 'appear to every body's ſatisfaction; ſo that upon 'all accounts ſincerity is true wiſdom. Particularly 'as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many 'advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of 'diſſimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer 'and eaſier, much the ſafer and the more ſecure 'way of dealing in the world; it has leſs of trouble 'and difficulty, of intanglement and perplexity, of 'danger and hazard in it; it is the ſhorteſt and 'neareſt way to our end, carrying us thither in a 'ſtraight line, and will hold out and laſt longeſt. 'The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow 'weaker and leſs effectual and ſerviceable to them 'that uſe them; whereas integrity gains ſtrength 'by uſe, and the more and longer any man prac- 'tiſeth it, the greater ſervice it does him, by con- 'firming his reputation and encouraging thoſe with 'whom he hath to do, to repoſe the greateſt truſt 'and confidence in him, which is an unſpeakable 'advantage in the buſineſs and affairs of life.

'Truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs 'nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, 'and ſits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out 'before we are aware; whereas a lie is trouble- 'ſome, and ſets a man's invention upon the rack, 'and one trick needs a great many more to make 'it good. It is like building upon a falſe founda- 'tion, which continually ſtands in need of props to 'ſhore it up, and proves at laſt more chargeable 'than to have raiſed a ſubſtantial building at firſt 'upon a true and ſolid foundation; for ſincerity 'is firm and ſubſtantial, and there is nothing hol- 'low or unſound in it, and, becauſe it is plain 'and open, fears no diſcovery; of which the crafty

'man

'man is always in danger, and when he thinks he 'walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is 'the last man that finds himself to be found out, 'and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes 'fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

'Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for 'the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an 'issue in a few words: It is like travelling in a plain 'beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which 'men often loose themselves. In a word, whatsoever conveniencies may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the 'inconveniencies of it is perpetual, because it brings 'a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks 'truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

'And I have often thought, that God hath in 'his great wisdom hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth 'and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look 'beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize 'upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they 'cannot see so far as to the remotest consequences 'of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were 'but this sort of men, wise and clear-sighted enough 'to discern this, they would be honest out of very 'knavery, not out of any love to honesty and vir-

'tue,

'tue, but with a crafty deſign to promote and ad-
'vance more effectually their own intereſts; and
'therefore the juſtice of the Divine Providence
'hath hid this trueſt point of wiſdom from their
'eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal
'terms with the juſt and upright, and ſerve their
'own wicked deſigns by honeſt and lawful means.

'Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the
'world for a day, and ſhould never have occaſion
'to converſe more with mankind, never more need
'their good opinion or good word, it were then
'no great matter (ſpeaking as to the concernments
'of this world) if a man ſpent his reputation all at
'once, and ventured it at one throw: But if he
'be to continue in the world, and would have the
'advantage of converſation whilſt he is in it, let
'him make uſe of truth and ſincerity in all his
'words and actions; for nothing but this will laſt
'and hold out to the end: All other arts will fail,
'but truth and integrity will carry a man through,
'and bear him out to the laſt.' T

No. 353. TUESDAY, APRIL 15.

In tenui labor———

VIRG. Georg. iv. ver. 6.

Tho' low the ſubject, it deſerves our pains.

THE gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me in particular with his thoughts upon education, has juſt ſent me the following letter.

'SIR,

'I TAKE the liberty to ſend you a fourth letter
'upon the education of youth: In my laſt I gave
'you my thoughts about ſome particular taſks

'which

'which I conceived it might not be amiſs to mix 'with their uſual exerciſes, in order to give them 'an early ſeaſoning of virtue: I ſhall in this pro-'poſe ſome others, which I fancy might contribute 'to give them a right turn for the world, and en-'able them to make their way in it.

'The deſign of learning is, as I take it, either 'to render a man an agreeable companion to him-'ſelf, and teach him to ſupport ſolitude with plea-'ſure; or if he is not born to an eſtate, to ſupply 'that defect, and furniſh him with the means of 'acquiring one. A perſon who applies himſelf to 'learning with the firſt of theſe views may be ſaid 'to ſtudy for ornament, as he who propoſes to 'himſelf the ſecond, properly ſtudies for uſe. The 'one does it to raiſe himſelf a fortune, the other to 'ſet off that which he is already poſſeſſed of. But 'as far as the greater part of mankind are included 'in the latter claſs, I ſhall only propoſe ſome me-'thods at preſent for the ſervice of ſuch who ex-'pect to advance themſelves in the world by their 'learning: In order to which I ſhall premiſe, that 'many more eſtates have been acquired by little 'accompliſhments than by extraordinary ones; thoſe 'qualities which make the greateſt figure in the 'eye of the world, not being always the moſt uſe-'ful in themſelves, or the moſt advantageous to 'their owners.

'The poſts which require men of ſhining and 'uncommon parts to diſcharge them, are ſo very 'few, that many a great genius goes out of the 'world without ever having had an opportunity to 'exert itſelf; whereas perſons of ordinary endow-'ments meet with occaſions fitted to their parts 'and capacities every day in the common occurren-'ces of life.

'I am acquainted with two perſons who were

'formerly

'formerly ſchool-fellows, and have been good 'friends ever ſince. One of them was not only 'thought an impenetrable blockhead at ſchool, 'but ſtill maintained his reputation at the univer-'ſity; the other was the pride of his maſter, and 'the moſt celebrated perſon in the college of 'which he was a member. The man of genius 'is at preſent buried in a country parſonage of 'eight ſcore pounds a year; while the other, 'with the bare abilities of a common ſcrivener, 'has got an eſtate of above an hundred thouſand 'pounds.

'I fancy from what I have ſaid, it will almoſt ap-'pear a doubtful caſe to many a wealthy citizen, 'whether or no he ought to wiſh his ſon ſhould be 'a great genius; but this I am ſure of, that no-'thing is more abſurd than to give a lad the edu-'cation of one, whom nature has not favoured 'with any particular marks of diſtinction.

'The fault therefore of our grammar-ſchools 'is, that every boy is puſhed on to works of geni-'us; whereas, it would be far more advantageous 'for the greateſt part of them to be taught ſuch 'little practical arts and ſciences as do not require 'any great ſhare of parts to be maſter of them, and 'yet may come often into play during the courſe 'of a man's life.

'Such are all the parts of practical geometry. I 'have known a man contract a friendſhip with a 'miniſter of ſtate, upon cutting a dial in his win-'dow; and remember a clergyman who got one 'of the beſt benefices in the weſt of *England*, 'by ſetting a country gentleman's affairs in ſome 'method, and giving him an exact ſurvey of his 'eſtate.

'While I am upon this ſubject, I cannot for-'bear mentioning a particular which is of uſe in 'every ſtation of life, and which methinks every 'maſter ſhould teach his ſcholars: I mean the

'writing of *Engliſh* letters. To this end, inſtead 'of perplexing them with *Latin* epiſtles, themes 'and verſes, there might be a punctual correſpon- 'dence eſtabliſhed between two boys, who might 'act in any imaginary parts of buſineſs, or be al- 'lowed ſometimes to give a range to their own 'fancies, and communicate to each other whatever 'trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them 'ever failed at the appointed time to anſwer his 'correſpondent's letter.

'I believe I may venture to affirm, that the ge- 'nerality of boys would find themſelves more ad- 'vantaged by this cuſtom, when they come to be 'men, than by all the *Greek* and *Latin* their ma- 'ſters can teach them in ſeven or eight years.

'The want of it is very viſible in many learned 'perſons, who, while they are admiring the ſtyles 'of *Demoſthenes* or *Cicero*, want phraſes to expreſs 'themſelves on the moſt common occaſions. I 'have ſeen a letter from one of theſe *Latin* ora- 'tors, which would have been deſervedly laught 'at by a common attorney.

'Under this head of writing I cannot omit ac- 'counts and ſhort-hand, which are learned with 'little pains, and very properly come into the num- 'ber of ſuch arts as I have been here recommend- 'ing.

'You muſt doubtleſs, Sir, obſerve, that I have 'hitherto chiefly inſiſted upon theſe things for 'ſuch boys as do not appear to have any thing ex- 'traordinary in their natural talents, and conſe- 'quently are not qualified for the finer parts of 'learning; yet I believe I might carry this matter 'ſtill further, and venture to aſſert that a lad of 'genius has ſometimes occaſion for theſe little 'acquirements, to be as it were the fore-run- 'ners of his parts, and to introduce him into the 'world.

'Hiſtory

'History is full of examples of persons, who, 'though they have had the largest abilities, have 'been obliged to insinuate themselves into the fa-'vour of great men by these trivial accomplish-'ments; as the complete gentleman, in some of our 'modern comedies, makes his first advances to his 'mistress under the disguise of a painter, or a dan-'cing-master.

'The difference is, that in a lad of genius these 'are only so many accomplishments, which in an-'other are essentials; the one diverts himself with 'them, the other works at them. In short, I look 'upon a great genius, with these little additions, in 'the same light as I regard the grand Seignior, 'who is obliged, by an express command in the 'Alcoran, to learn and practise some handicraft 'trade. Though I need not to have gone for my 'instance farther than *Germany*, where several Em-'perors have voluntarily done the same thing. '*Leopold* the last worked in wood; and I have 'heard there are several handicraft works of his 'making to be seen at *Vienna*, so neatly turned, 'that the best joiner in *Europe* might safely own 'them without any disgrace to his profession.

'I would not be thought, by any thing I have 'said, to be against improving a boy's genius to the 'utmost pitch it can be carried. What I would 'endeavour to show in this essay, is, that there 'may be methods taken to make learning advan-'tageous to even the meanest capacities.

'I am, SIR,

X Yours, &c.'

No. 354. Wednesday, April 16.

——Cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande ſupercilium.——

Juv. Sat. vi. ver. 168.

We own thy virtues; but we blame beſide
Thy mind elate with inſolence and pride.

'Mr Spectator,

'YOU have in ſome of your diſcourſes deſcribed 'moſt ſorts of women in their diſtinct and 'proper claſſes, as the *ape*, the *coquette*, and many 'others; but I think you have never yet ſaid any 'thing of a *devotee*. A *devotee* is one of thoſe who 'diſparage religion by their indiſcreet and unſea-'ſonable introduction of the mention of virtue on 'all occaſions: She profeſſes ſhe is what no body 'ought to doubt ſhe is; and betrays the labour ſhe 'is put to, to be what ſhe ought to be with cheer-'fulneſs and alacrity. She lives in the world, and 'denies herſelf none of the diverſions of it, with a 'conſtant declaration how inſipid all things in it 'are to her. She is never herſelf but at church; 'there ſhe diſplays her virtue, and is ſo fervent in 'her devotions, that I have frequently ſeen her 'pray herſelf out of breath. While other young 'ladies in the houſe are dancing, or playing at 'queſtions and commands, ſhe reads aloud in her 'cloſet. She ſays, all love is ridiculous except it 'be celeſtial; but ſhe ſpeaks of the paſſion of one 'mortal to another, with too much bitterneſs, for 'one that had no jealouſy mixed with her con-'tempt of it. If at any time ſhe ſees a man warm 'in his addreſſes to his miſtreſs, ſhe will lift up her 'eyes to Heaven, and cry, What nonſenſe is that 'fool talking? Will the bell never ring for pray-'ers?

'ers? We have an eminent lady of this ſtamp in 'our country, who pretends to amuſements very 'much above the reſt of her ſex. She never 'carries a white ſhock-dog with bells under her 'arm, nor a ſquirrel or dormouſe in her pocket, 'but always an abridged piece of morality, to ſteal 'out when ſhe is ſure of being obſerved. When 'ſhe went to the famous aſs-race (which I confeſs 'was but an odd diverſion to be encouraged by 'people of rank and figure) it was not, like other 'ladies, to hear thoſe poor animals bray, nor to 'ſee fellows run naked, or to hear country ſquires 'in bob-wigs and white girdles make love at the 'ſide of a coach, and cry, Madam, this is dainty 'weather. Thus ſhe deſcribed the diverſion: For 'ſhe went only to pray heartily that no body might 'be hurt in the croud, and to ſee if the poor fel-'low's face, which was diſtorted by grinning, might 'any way be brought to itſelf again. She never 'chats over her tea, but covers her face, and is 'ſuppoſed in an ejaculation before ſhe taſtes a ſup. 'This oſtentatious behaviour is ſuch an offence to 'true ſanctity, that it diſparages it, and makes vir-'tue not only unamiable, but alſo ridiculous. The 'ſacred writings are full of reflections which abhor 'this kind of conduct; and a *devotee* is ſo far from 'promoting goodneſs, that ſhe deters others by her 'example. Folly and vanity in one of theſe ladies, 'is like vice in a clergyman; it does not only de-'baſe him, but makes the inconſiderate part of the 'world think the worſe of religion.

'I am, SIR,

'Your humble ſervant,

'HOTSPUR.'

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'XENOPHON, in his ſhort account of the *Spar-'tan* commonwealth, ſpeaking of the behaviour 'of their young men in the ſtreets, ſays, There

'was ſo much modeſty in their looks, that you 'might as well have turned the eyes of a marble 'ſtatue upon you, as theirs; and that in all their 'behaviour they were more modeſt than a bride 'when put to bed upon her wedding-night: This 'virtue, which is always joined to magnanimity, 'had ſuch an influence upon their courage, that 'in battle an enemy could not look them in the 'face, and they durſt not but die for their coun-'try.

'Whenever I walk in the ſtreets of *London* and '*Weſtminſter*, the countenances of all the young 'fellows that paſs by me, make me wiſh myſelf in '*Sparta*: I meet with ſuch bluſtering airs, big 'looks, and bold fronts, that to a ſuperficial obſer-'ver would beſpeak a courage above thoſe *Grecians*. 'I am arrived to that perfection in ſpeculation, 'that I underſtand the language of the eyes, which 'would be a great misfortune to me, had I not 'corrected the teſtineſs of old age by philoſophy. 'There is ſcarce a man in a red coat who does not 'tell me, with a full ſtare, he is a bold man: I ſee 'ſeveral ſwear inwardly at me, without any offence 'of mine, but the oddneſs of my perſon: I meet 'contempt in every ſtreet, expreſſed in different 'manners, by the ſcornful look, the elevated eye-'brow, and the ſwelling noſtrils of the proud and 'proſperous. The prentice ſpeaks his diſreſpect 'by an extended finger, and the porter by ſteal-'ing out his tongue. If a country gentleman ap-'pears a little curious in obſerving the edifices, 'ſigns, clocks, coaches, and dials, it is not to be 'imagined how the polite rabble of this town, who 'are acquainted with theſe objects, ridicule his ruſ-'ticity. I have known a fellow with a burden on 'his head ſteal a hand down from his load, and 'ſlily twirl the cock of a ſquire's hat behind him; 'while the offended perſon is ſwearing, or out of 'countenance, all the wag-wits in the highway are

'grinning

'grinning in applauſe of the ingenious rogue that 'gave him the tip, and the folly of him who had 'not eyes all round his head to prevent receiving 'it. Theſe things ariſe from a general affectation 'of ſmartneſs, wit, and courage. *Wycherly* ſome-'where rallies the pretenſions this way, by making 'a fellow ſay, Red breeches are a certain ſign of 'valour; and *Otway* makes a man, to boaſt his 'agility, trip up a beggar on crutches. From ſuch 'hints I beg a ſpeculation on this ſubject; in the 'mean time I ſhall do all in the power of a weak 'old fellow in my own defence: For as *Diogenes*, 'being in queſt of an honeſt man, ſought for him 'when it was broad day-light with a lantern and 'candle, ſo I intend for the future to walk the 'ſtreets with a dark lanthorn, which has a convex 'cryſtal in it; and if any man ſtares at me, I give 'fair warning that I will direct the light full into 'his eyes. Thus deſpairing to find men modeſt, 'I hope by this means to evade their impudence.

'I am, SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

T 'SOPHROSUNIUS.'

No. 355. THURSDAY, APRIL 17.

Non ego mordaci diſtrinxi carmina quenquam.
OVID. Triſt. l. ii. ver. 563.

I ne'er in gall dipp'd my invenom'd pen,
Nor branded the bold front of ſhameleſs men.

I HAVE been very often tempted to write invectives upon thoſe who have detracted from my works, or ſpoken in derogation of my perſon, but I look upon it as a particular happineſs, that I have always hindered my reſentments from proceeding to

to this extremity. I once had gone through half a ſatire, but found ſo many motions of humanity riſing in me towards the perſons whom I had ſeverely treated, that I threw it into the fire without ever finiſhing it. I have been angry enough to make ſeveral little epigrams and lampoons; and, after having admired them a day or two, have likewiſe committed them to the flames. Theſe I look upon as ſo many ſacrifices to humanity, and have received much greater ſatisfaction from the ſuppreſſing ſuch performances, than I could have done from any reputation they might have procured me, or from any mortification they might have given my enemies, in caſe I had made them public. If a man has any talent in writing, it ſhews a good mind to forbear anſwering calumnies and reproaches in the ſame ſpirit of bitterneſs with which they are offered: But when a man has been at ſome pains in making ſuitable returns to an enemy, and has the inſtruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and ſtifle his reſentments, ſeems to have ſomething in it great and heroical. There is a particular merit in ſuch a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovoked the offence has been, the greater ſtill is the merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a conſideration that is more finely ſpun, and what has better pleaſed me, than one in *Epictetus*, which places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are uſed to regard him. The ſenſe of it is as follows: Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? Conſider with thyſelf whether his reproaches are true: If they are not, conſider that thou art not the perſon whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appeareſt to be.

If

If his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thyſelf another turn, become mild, affable and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally ceaſe: His reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the perſon whom he reproaches.

I often apply this rule to myſelf; and when I hear of a ſatirical ſpeech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart, whether I deſerve it or not. If I bring in a verdict againſt myſelf; I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future in thoſe particulars which have drawn the cenſure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falſehood, I trouble myſelf no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to ſignify no more, than one of thoſe fictitious names made uſe of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. Why ſhould a man be ſenſible of the ſting of a reproach who is a ſtranger to the guilt that is implied in it? or ſubject himſelf to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude, which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impoſſible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himſelf in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

The famous Monſieur *Balzac*, in a letter to the chancellor of *France*, who had prevented the publication of a book againſt him, has the following words which are a lively picture of the greatneſs of mind ſo viſible in the works of that author. *If it was a new thing, it may be I ſhould not be diſpleaſed with the ſuppreſſion of the firſt libel that ſhould abuſe me; but ſince there are enough of them to make a ſmall library, I am ſecretly pleaſed to ſee the number increaſed, and take delight in raiſing a heap of ſtones that envy has caſt at me without doing me any harm.*

The

The author here alludes to thoſe monuments of the eaſtern nations which were mountains of ſtones raiſed upon the dead bodies by travellers, that uſed to caſt every one his ſtone upon it as they paſſed by. It is certain, that no monument is ſo glorious as one which is thus raiſed by the hands of envy. For my part, I admire an author for ſuch a temper of mind as enables him to bear an undeſerved reproach without reſentment, more than for all the wit of any the fineſt ſatirical reply.

Thus far I thought neceſſary to explain myſelf in relation to thoſe who have animadverted on this paper, and to ſhew the reaſons why I have not thought fit to return them any formal anſwer. I muſt further add, that the work would have been of very little uſe to the public, had it been filled with perſonal reflections and debates; for which reaſon I have never once turned out of my way to obſerve thoſe little cavils which have been made againſt it by envy or ignorance. The common fry of ſcribblers, who have no other way of being taken notice of but by attacking what has gained ſome reputation in the world, would have furniſhed me with buſineſs enough, had they found me diſpoſed to enter the liſts with them.

I ſhall conclude with the fable of *Boccolini*'s traveller, who was ſo peſtered with the noiſe of graſshoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horſe in great wrath to kill them all. This, ſays the author, was troubling himſelf to no manner of purpoſe: Had he purſued his journey without taking notice of them, the troubleſome inſects would have died of themſelves in a very few weeks, and he would have ſuffered nothing from them. L

FRIDAY,

No. 356. FRIDAY, APRIL 18.

——— *Aptiſſima quæque dabunt Dii,*
Charior eſt illis homo quam ſibi! ———

JUV. Sat. x. ver. 349.

———The gods will grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want:
In goodneſs, as in greatneſs they excel;
Ah, that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well!

DRYDEN.

IT is owing to pride, and a ſecret affectation of a certain ſelf-exiſtence, that the nobleſt motive for action that ever was propoſed to man, is not acknowledged the glory and happineſs of his being. The heart is treacherous to itſelf, and we do not let our reflections go deep enough to receive religion as the moſt honourable incentive to good and worthy actions. It is our natural weakneſs, to flatter ourſelves into a belief, that if we ſearch into our inmoſt thoughts we find ourſelves wholly diſintereſted, and diveſted of any views ariſing from ſelf-love and vain-glory. But however ſpirits of ſuperficial greatneſs may diſdain at firſt ſight to do any thing, but from a noble impulſe in themſelves, without any future regards in this or another being; upon ſtricter inquiry they will find, to act worthily, and expect to be rewarded only in another world, is as heroic a pitch of virtue as human nature can arrive at. If the tenor of our actions have any other motive than the deſire to be pleaſing in the eye of the Deity, it will neceſſarily follow that we moſt be more than men, if we are not too much exalted in proſperity, and depreſſed in adverſity. But the Chriſtian world has a Leader, the contemplation of whoſe life and ſufferings muſt adminiſter comfort in affliction, while the ſenſe of his power and

and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidden and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word *Christian* does not carry with it at first view all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic. The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderer, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengeful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society: Yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

When a man with a steady faith looks back on the great catastrophe of this day, with what bleeding emotions of heart must he contemplate the life and sufferings of his Deliverer: When his agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the glance of a wanton, for the applause of a vain world, for an heap of fleeting past pleasures, which are at present aching sorrows?

How pleasing is the contemplation of the lowly steps our Almighty Leader took in conducting us to his heavenly mansions! In plain and apt parable, similitude, and allegory, our great Master enforced the doctrine of our salvation; but they of his acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the presumption of being wiser than they: They could not raise their little ideas above the consideration of him, in those circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he, who appeared not more terrible or pompous, should have any thing more exalted than themselves; he in that place therefore would not longer ineffectually exert a power which was incapable of conquering

ing the prepoſſeſſion of their narrow and mean conceptions.

Multitudes followed him, and brought him the dumb, the blind, the ſick, and the maimed; whom when their Creator had touched, with a ſecond life they ſaw, ſpoke, leaped, and ran. In affection to him, and admiration of his actions, the croud could not leave him, but waited near him till they were almoſt as faint and helpleſs as others they brought for ſuccour. He had compaſſion on them, and by a miracle ſupplied their neceſſities. Oh, the ecſtatic entertainment, when they could behold their food immediately increaſe to the diſtributer's hand, and ſee their God in perſon feeding and refreſhing his creatures! Oh envied happineſs! But why do I ſay envied? as if our God did not ſtill preſide over our temperate meals, cheerful hours, and innocent converſations.

But though the ſacred ſtory is every where full of miracles not inferior to this, and though in the midſt of thoſe acts of divinity he never gave the leaſt hint of a deſign to become a ſecular prince, yet had not hitherto the apoſtles themſelves any other than hopes of worldly power, preferment, riches and pomp; for *Peter*, upon an accident of ambition among the apoſtles, hearing his maſter explain that his kingdom was not of this world, was ſo ſcandalized that he whom he had ſo long followed ſhould ſuffer the ignominy, ſhame, and death which he foretold, that he took him aſide and ſaid, *Be it far from thee, Lord, this ſhall not be unto thee:* For which he ſuffered a ſevere reprehenſion from his maſter, as having in his view the glory of man rather than that of God.

The great change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of nature thought fit as a Saviour and Deliverer to make his public entry into *Jeruſalem* with more than the power and joy, but none of the oſtentation and pomp of a triumph; he

came humble, meek, and lowly: With an unfelt new ecſtaſy, multitudes ſtrewed his way with garments and olive-branches, crying, with loud gladneſs and acclamation, *Hoſannah to the Son of* David, *Bleſſed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!* At this great King's acceſſion to his throne, men were not enobled, but ſaved; crimes were not remitted, but ſins forgiven; he did not beſtow medals, honours, favours, but health, joy, ſight, ſpeech. The firſt object the blind ever ſaw, was the Author of ſight; while the lame ran before, and the dumb repeated the *Hoſannah*. Thus attended, he entered into his own houſe, the ſacred temple, and by his Divine authority expelled traders and worldlings that profaned it: And thus did he, for a time, uſe a great and deſpotic power, to let unbelievers underſtand, that it was not want of, but ſuperiority to all worldly dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour? is this the Deliverer? Shall this obſcure *Nazarene* command *Iſrael*, and ſit on the throne of *David?* Their proud and diſdainful hearts, which were petrified with the love and pride of this world, were impregnable to the reception of ſo mean a Benefactor, and were now enough exaſperated with benefits to conſpire his death. Our Lord was ſenſible of their deſign, and prepared his diſciples for it, by recounting to them now more diſtinctly what ſhould befal him; but *Peter* with an ungrounded reſolution, and in a fluſh of temper, made a ſanguine proteſtation, That though all men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great article of our Saviour's buſineſs in the world, to bring us to a ſenſe of our inability, without God's aſſiſtance, to do any thing great or good; he therefore told *Peter*, who thought ſo well of his courage and fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he ſhould deny him thrice that very night.

But what heart can conceive, what tongue utter

the

the ſequel? Who is that yonder buffetted, mocked and ſpurned? Whom do they drag like a felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God? And will he die to expiate theſe very injuries? See where they have nailed the Lord and Giver of life! How his wounds blacken, his body writhes, and heart heaves with pity and with agony! Oh Almighty Sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant infamy! Lo he inclines his head to his ſacred boſom! Hark, he groans! ſee, he expires! The earth trembles, the temple rends, the rocks burſt, the dead ariſe! Which are the quick? Which are the dead? Sure nature, all nature is departing with her Creator.

T

No. 357. SATURDAY, APRIL 19.

——Quis talia fando
Temperet a lachrymis!——

VIRG. Æn. ii. ver. 6.

Who can relate ſuch woes without a tear?

THE tenth book of *Paradiſe Loſt* has a greater variety of perſons in it than any other in the whole poem. The author upon the winding up of his action introduces all thoſe who had any concern in it, and ſhews with great beauty the influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the laſt act of a well-written tragedy, in which all who had a part in it were generally drawn up before the audience, and repreſented under thoſe circumſtances in which the determination of the action places them.

I ſhall therefore conſider this book under four heads, in relation to the celeſtial, the infernal, the human, and the imaginary perſons, who have their reſpective parts allotted in it.

To begin with the celeſtial perſons: The guar-

dian angels of *Paradiſe* are deſcribed as returning to heaven upon the fall of man, in order to approve their vigilance; their arrival, their manner of reception, with the ſorrow which appeared in themſelves, and in thoſe ſpirits who are ſaid to rejoice at the converſion of a ſinner, are very finely laid together in the following lines.

Up into Heav'n from Paradiſe in haſte
Th' angelic guards aſcended, mute and ſad
For man; for of his ſtate by this they knew
Much wond'ring how the ſubtle fiend had ſtol'n
Entrance unſeen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From earth arriv'd, at Heaven-gate, diſpleas'd
All were who heard: Dim ſadneſs did not ſpare
That time celeſtial viſages; yet mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliſs.
About the new arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' æthereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befel: They towards the throne ſupreme
Accountable made haſte, to make appear,
With righteous plea, their utmoſt vigilance,
And eaſily approv'd; when the moſt High
Eternal Father, from his ſecret cloud
Amidſt, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

The ſame Divine Perſon, who in the foregoing parts of this poem interceded for our firſt parents before their fall, overthrew the rebel angels, and created the world, is now repreſented as deſcending to *Paradiſe*, and pronouncing ſentence upon the three offenders. The cool of the evening being a circumſtance with which holy writ introduces this great ſcene, it is poetically deſcribed by our author who has alſo kept religiouſly to the form of words, in which the three ſeveral ſentences were paſſed upon *Adam*, *Eve*, and the Serpent. He has rather choſen to neglect the numerouſneſs of his verſe, than to deviate from thoſe ſpeeches which are recorded on this great occaſion. The guilt and confuſion,

fuſion of our firſt parents ſtanding naked before their Judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of ſin and death into the works of the creation, the Almighty is again introduced as ſpeaking to his angels that ſurrounded him.

See! with what heat theſe dogs of hell advance,
To waſte and havock yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, &c.

The following paſſage is formed upon that glorious image in holy writ, which compares the voice of an innumerable hoſt of angels, uttering hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunderings, or of many waters.

He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
Sung hallelujah, as the ſound of ſeas,
Through multitude that ſung: Juſt are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works,
Who can extenuate thee?——

Though the author in the whole courſe of his poem, and particularly in the book we are now examining, has infinite alluſions to places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my remarks of ſuch as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of the fable. Of this kind is that paſſage in the preſent book, where deſcribing Sin and Death as marching through the works of nature, he adds,

——Behind her Death
Cloſe following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horſe——

Which alludes to that paſſage in Scripture ſo wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination. *And I looked and behold a pale horſe, and his name that ſat on him was* Death, *and* Hell *followed with him: And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with ſword, and with hunger,*

and with ſickneſs, and with the beaſts of the earth. Under this firſt head of celeſtial perſons we muſt likewiſe take notice of the command which the angels received, to produce ſeveral changes in nature, and fully the beauty of the creation. Accordingly they are repreſented as infecting the ſtars and planets with malignant influences, weakening the light of the ſun, bringing down the winter into the milder regions of nature, planting winds and ſtorms in ſeveral quarters of the ſky, ſtoring the clouds with thunder, and in ſhort, perverting the whole frame of the univerſe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the poem, the following lines, in which we ſee the angels heaving up the earth, and placing it in a different poſture to the ſun from what it had before the fall of man, is conceived with that ſublime imagination which was ſo peculiar to this great author.

> Some ſay he bid his angels turn aſcance
> The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
> From the ſun's axle; they with labour puſh'd
> Oblique the centric globe.——

We are in the ſecond place to conſider the infernal agents under the view which *Milton* has given us of them in this book. It is obſerved by thoſe who would ſet forth the greatneſs of *Virgil*'s plan, that he conducts his reader through all the parts of the earth which were diſcovered in his time, *Aſia*, *Afric*, and *Europe*, are the ſeveral ſcenes of his fable. The plan of *Milton*'s poem is of an infinitely greater extent, and fills the mind with many more aſtoniſhing circumſtances. *Satan* having ſurrounded the earth ſeven times, departs at length from *Paradiſe*. We then ſee him ſteering his courſe among the conſtellations, and after having traverſed the whole creation, purſuing his voyage thro' the *chaos*, and entering into his own infernal dominions.

His

His first appearance in the assembly of fallen angels, is worked up with circumstances which give a delightful surprize to the reader; but there is no incident in the whole poem which does this more than the transformation of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The gradual change of *Satan* himself is described after *Ovid*'s manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the most beautiful parts in that poet's work. *Milton* never fails of improving his own hints, and bestowing the last finishing touches to every incident which is admitted into his poem. The unexpected hiss which rises in this episode, the dementions and bulk of *Satan* so much superior to those of the infernal spirits who lay under the same transformation, with the annual change which they are supposed to suffer, are instances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole episode, as I have observed, in the sixth paper of these remarks, the great judgment with which it was contrived.

The parts of *Adam* and *Eve*, or the human persons, come next under our consideration. *Milton*'s art is no where more shown than in his conducting the parts of these our first parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the reader with pity and compassion towards them. Though *Adam* involves the whole species in misery, his crime proceeds from a weakness which every man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the frailty of human nature, than of the person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of love for *Eve*, that ruined *Adam*, and his posterity. I need not add, that the author is justified in this particular by many of the fathers, and the most orthodox writers. *Milton* has by this means

means filled a great part of his poem with that kind of writing which the *French* critics call the *tender*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all ſorts of readers.

Adam and *Eve* in the book we are now conſider-ing, are likewiſe drawn with ſuch ſentiments as do not only intereſt the reader in their afflictions, but raiſe in him the moſt melting paſſions of humanity and commiſeration. When *Adam* ſees the ſeveral changes in Nature produced about him, he appears in a diſorder of mind ſuitable to one who had for-feited both his innocence and his happineſs; he is filled with horror, remorſe, diſpair; in the anguiſh of his heart, he expoſtulates with his Creator for having given him an unaſked exiſtence.

Did I requeſt thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? Did I ſolicit thee
From darkneſs to promote me? or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concur'd not to my being, 'twere but right
And equal to reduce me to my duſt,
Deſirous to reſign, and render back
All I receiv'd.——————

He immediately after recovers from his preſump-tion, owns his doom to be juſt, and begs that the death which is threatned him may be inflicted on him.

——————Why delays
His hand to execute, what his decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathleſs pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality my ſentence, and be earth
Inſenſible! how glad would lay me down,
As in my mother's lap! there ſhould I reſt
And ſleep ſecure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worſe

To

To me and to my offspring, would torment me
With cruel expectation——

This whole ſpeech is full of the like emotion, and varied with all thoſe ſentiments which we may ſuppoſe natural to a mind ſo broken and diſturbed. I muſt not omit that generous concern which our firſt father ſhews in it for his poſterity, and which is ſo proper to affect the reader.

——Hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happineſs! yet well, if here would end
The miſery; I deſerv'd it, and would bear
My own deſervings: But this will not ſerve;
All that I eat, or drink, or ſhall beget
Is propagated curſe. Oh voice once heard
Delightfully, *Increaſe and multiply;*
Now death to hear!——
——In me all
Poſterity ſtands curſt! Fair patrimony,
That I muſt leave ye, ſons! O were I able
To waſte it all myſelf, and leave you none!
So diſinherited, how would you bleſs
Me now your curſe! Ah, why ſhould all mankind,
For one man's fault, thus guiltleſs be condemn'd
If guiltleſs? But from me what can proceed
But all corrupt?——

Who can afterwards behold the father of mankind, extended upon the earth, uttering his midnight complaints, bewailing his exiſtence and wiſhing for death, without ſympathizing with him in his diſtreſs?

Thus *Adam* to himſelf lamented loud
Thro' the ſtill night; not now (as ere man fell)
Wholeſome, and cool, and mild, but with black air
Accompanied with damps and dreadful gloom;
Which to his evil conſcience repreſented
All things with double terror. On the ground
Outſtretch'd

Outſtretch'd he lay; on the cold ground! and oft
Curs'd his creation; Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution——

The part of *Eve* in this book is no leſs paſſionate, and apt to ſway the reader in her favour. She is repreſented with great tenderneſs as approaching *Adam*, but is ſpurned from him with a ſpirit of upbraiding and indignation, conformable to the nature of man, whoſe paſſions had now gained the dominion over him. The following paſſage, wherein ſhe is deſcribed as renewing her addreſſes to him, with the whole ſpeech that follows it, have ſomething in them exquiſitely moving and pathetic;

He added not, and from her turn'd: But *Eve*
Not ſo repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And treſſes all diſorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and embracing them beſought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
Forſake me not thus, *Adam!* Witneſs Heav'n
What love ſincere, and rev'rence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy ſuppliant
I beg and claſp thy knees; bereave me not
(Whereon I live!) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counſel in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,
My only ſtrength and ſtay! Forlorn of thee,
Whither ſhall I betake me, where ſubſiſt?
While yet we live, (ſcarce one ſhort hour perhaps)
Between us two let there be peace, &c.

Adam's reconcilement to her is worked up in the ſame ſpirit of tenderneſs. *Eve* afterwards propoſes to her huſband, in the blindneſs of her deſpair, that to prevent their guilt from deſcending upon poſterity they ſhould reſolve to live childleſs; or, if that could not be done, they ſhould ſeek their own deaths by violent methods. As thoſe ſentiments naturally engage the reader to regard the mother

mother of mankind with more than ordinary commiſeration, they likewiſe contain a very fine moral. The reſolution of dying to end our miſeries, does not ſhow ſuch a degree of magnanimity as a reſolution to bear them, and ſubmit to the diſpenſations of Providence. Our author has therefore, with great delicacy, repreſented *Eve* as entertaining this thought, and *Adam* as diſapproving it.

We are, in the laſt place, to conſider the imaginary perſons, as *Death* and *Sin*, who act a large part in this book. Such beautiful extended allegories are certainly ſome of the fineſt compoſitions of genius; but, as I have before obſerved, are not agreeable to the nature of an heroic poem. This of *Sin* and *Death* is very exquiſite in its kind, if not conſidered as a part of ſuch a work. The truths contained in it are ſo clear and open, that I ſhall not loſe time in explaining them; but ſhall only obſerve, that a reader, who knows the ſtrength of the *Engliſh* tongue, will be amazed to think how the poet could find ſuch apt words and phraſes to deſcribe the actions of thoſe two imaginary perſons, and particularly in that part where *Death* is exhibited as forming a bridge over the *Chaos*; a work ſuitable to the genius of *Milton*.

Since the ſubject I am upon gives me an opportunity of ſpeaking more at large of ſuch ſhadowy and imaginary perſons as may be introduced into heroic poems, I ſhall beg leave to explain myſelf in a matter which is curious in its kind, and which none of the critics have treated of. It is certain *Homer* and *Virgil* are full of imaginary perſons, who are very beautiful in poetry when they are juſt ſhown, without being engaged in any ſeries of action. *Homer* indeed repreſents *Sleep* as a perſon, and aſcribes a ſhort part to him in his *Iliad*; but we muſt conſider, that though we now regard ſuch a perſon as intirely ſhadowy and unſubſtantial, the heathens made ſtatues of him, placed him in their temples,

and

and looked upon him as a real deity. When *Homer* makes uſe of other ſuch allegorical perſons, it is only in ſhort expreſſions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the moſt pleaſing manner, and may rather be looked upon as poetical phraſes, than allegorical deſcriptions. Inſtead of telling us that men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the perſons of *Flight* and *Fear*, who tells us, are inſeparable companions. Inſtead of ſaying that the time was come when *Apollo* ought to have received his recompenſe, he tells us, that the *Hours* brought him his reward. Inſtead of deſcribing the effects which *Minerva's Ægis* produced in battle, he tells us, that the brims of it were encompaſſed by *Terror*, *Rout*, *Diſcord*, *Fury*, *Purſuit*, *Maſſacre*, and *Death*. In the ſame figure of ſpeaking, he repreſents *Victory* as following *Diomede's Diſcord* as the mother of funerals and mourning; *Venus* as dreſſed by the *Graces*; *Bellona* as wearing *Terror* and *Conſternation* like a garment. I might give ſeveral other inſtances out of *Homer*, as well as a great many out of *Virgil*. *Milton* has likewiſe very often made uſe of the ſame way of ſpeaking, as where he tells us, that *Victory* ſat on the right hand of the Meſſiah when he marched forth againſt the rebel angels; that, at the riſing of the ſun, the *Hours* unbarr'd the gates of light; that *Diſcord* was the daughter of *Sin*. Of the ſame nature are thoſe expreſſions, where deſcribing the ſinging of the nightingale, he adds, *Silence was pleaſed*; and upon the Meſſiah's bidding peace to the *Chaos*, *Confuſion heard his voice*. I might add innumerable inſtances of our poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain that theſe I have mentioned, in which perſons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are ſuch ſhort allegories as are not deſigned to be taken in the literal ſenſe, but only to convey particular circumſtances to the reader, after an unuſual and entertaining manner. But when ſuch perſons are introduced

troduced as principal actors, and engaged in a series of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for a heroic poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking, that *Sin* and *Death* are as improper agents in a work of this nature, as *Strength* and *Necessity* in one of the tragedies of *Æschylus*, who represented those two persons nailing down *Prometheus* to a rock, for which he has been justly censured by the greatest critics. I do not know any imaginary person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the Prophets, who, describing God as descending from heaven, and visiting the sins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumstance, *Before him went the Pestilence*. It is certain this imaginary person might have been described in all her purple spots. The *Fever* might have marched before her, *Pain* might have stood at her right hand, *Phrenzy* on her left, and *Death* in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a comet, or darted upon the earth in a flash of lightning: She might have tainted the atmosphere with her breath; the very glaring of her eyes might have scattered infection. But I believe every reader will think, that in such sublime writings the mentioning of her as it is done in Scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful poet could have bestowed upon her in the richness of his imagination. L.

No. 358. MONDAY, APRIL. 21.

——*Deſipere in loco.*

HOR. Od. xii. l. 4. ver. ult.

'Tis wiſdom's part ſometimes to play the fool.

CHARLES LILLY attended me the other day, and made me a preſent of a large ſheet of paper, on which is delineated a pavement of Moſaic Work, lately diſcovered at *Stansfield* near *Woodſtock*. A perſon who has ſo much the gift of ſpeech as Mr *Lilly*, and can carry on a diſcourſe without a reply, had great opportunity on that occaſion to expatiate upon ſo fine a piece of antiquity. Among other things I remember, he gave me his opinion, which he drew from the ornaments of the work, That this was the floor of a room dedicated to Mirth and Concord. Viewing this work, made my fancy run over the many gay expreſſions I have read in antient authors, which contained invitations to lay aſide care and anxiety, and give a looſe to that pleaſing forgetfulneſs wherein men put off their characters of buſineſs, and enjoy their very ſelves. Theſe hours were generally paſſed in rooms adorned for that purpoſe, and ſet out in ſuch a manner, as the objects all around the company gladdened their hearts; which, joined to the chearful looks of well-choſen and agreeable friends, gave new vigour to the airy, produced the latent fire of the modeſt, and gave grace to the ſlow humour of the reſerved. A judicious mixture of ſuch company crowned with chaplets of flowers, and the whole apartment glittering with gay lights, cheared with a profuſion of roſes, artificial falls of water, and intervals of ſoft notes to ſongs of love and wine, ſuſpended the cares of human life, and made a feſtival of mutual kindneſs. Such parties of pleaſure as theſe, and the

the reports of the agreeable paſſages in their jollities, have in all ages awakened the dull part of mankind to pretend to mirth and good-humour, without capacity for ſuch entertainments; for, if I may be allowed to ſay ſo, there are an hundred men fit for any employment, to one who is capable of paſſing a night in the company of the firſt taſte, without ſhocking any member of the ſociety, overrating his own part of the converſation, but equally receiving and contributing to the pleaſure of the whole company. When one conſiders ſuch collections of companions in paſt times, and ſuch as one might name in the preſent age, with how much ſpleen muſt a man needs reflect upon the aukward gaiety of thoſe who affect the frolic with an ill grace? I have a letter from a correſpondent of mine, who deſires me to admoniſh all loud, miſchievous, airy, dull companions, that they are miſtaken in what they call a frolic. Irregularity in itſelf is not what creates pleaſure and mirth; but to ſee a man, who knows what rule and decency are, deſcend from them agreeably in our company, is what denominates him a pleaſant companion. Inſtead of that, you find many whoſe mirth conſiſts only in doing things which do not become them, with a ſecret conſciouſneſs that all the world know they know better: To this is always added ſomething miſchievous to themſelves or others. I have heard of ſome very merry fellows among whom the frolic was ſtarted, and paſſed by a great majority, that every man ſhould immediately draw a tooth; after which they have gone in a body and ſmoked a cobler. The ſame company, at another night, has each man burned his cravat; and one perhaps, whoſe eſtate could bear it, has thrown a long wig and laced hat into the ſame fire. Thus they have jeſted themſelves ſtark naked, and ran into the ſtreets, and frighted women very ſucceſsfully. There is no inhabitant of any ſtanding in

Covent-Garden, but can tell you a hundred good-humours, where people have come off with little bloodſhed, and yet ſcoured all the witty hours of the night. I know a gentleman that has ſeveral wounds in his head by watch-poles, and has been thrice run through the body to carry on a good jeſt: He is very old for a man of ſo much good-humour; but to this day he is ſeldom merry, but he has occaſion to be valiant at the ſame time. But by the favour of thoſe gentlemen, I am humbly of opinion, that a man may be a very witty man, and never offend one ſtatute of this kingdom, not excepting even that of ſtabbing.

The writers of plays have what they call unity of time and place to give a juſtneſs to their repreſentation; and it would not be amiſs if all who pretend to be companions, would confine their actions to the place of meeting: For a frolic carried farther may be better performed by other animals than men. It is not to ride much ground, or do much miſchief, that ſhould denominate a pleaſant fellow; but that is truly frolic which is the play of the mind, and conſiſts of various and unforced ſallies of imagination. Feſtivity of ſpirit is a very uncommon talent, and muſt proceed from an aſſemblage of agreeable qualities in the ſame perſon. There are ſome few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a talent one cannot name in a man, eſpecially when one conſiders that it is never very graceful but where it is regarded by him who poſſeſſes it in the ſecond place. The beſt man that I know of for heightening the revel-gaiety of a company, is *Eaſtcourt*, whoſe jovial humour diffuſes itſelf from the higheſt perſon at an entertainment to the meaneſt waiter. Merry tales, accompanied with apt geſtures and lively repreſentations of circumſtances and perſons, beguile the graveſt mind into a conſent to be as humourous as himſelf. Add to this, that when a man is in his good graces, he has

has a mimicry that does not debaſe the perſon he repreſents; but which, taking from the gravity of the character, adds to the agreeableneſs of it. This pleaſant fellow gives one ſome idea of the ancient *Pantomime*, who is ſaid to have given the audience, in dumb-ſhow, an exact idea of any character or paſſion, or an intelligible relation of any public occurrence, with no other expreſſion than that of his looks and geſtures. If all who have been obliged to theſe talents in *Eaſtcourt*, will be at *Love for Love* to-morrow night, they will but pay him what they owe him, at ſo eaſy a rate as being preſent at a play which no body would omit ſeeing that had, or had not ever ſeen it before. T

No. 359. TUESDAY, APRIL 22.

Torva leæna lupum ſequitur, lupus ipſe capellam;
Florentem cytiſum ſequitur laſciva capella.

VIRG. Ecl. ii. ver. 63.

The greedy lioneſs the wolf purſues;
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browſe.

DRYDEN.

AS we were at the club laſt night, I obſerved that my old friend Sir ROGER, contrary to his uſual cuſtom, ſat very ſilent, and inſtead of minding what was ſaid by the company, was whiſtling to himſelf in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir ANDREW FREEPORT who ſat between us; and as we were both obſerving him, we ſaw the Knight ſhake his head, and heard him ſay to himſelf, *A fooliſh woman! I can't believe it.* Sir ANDREW gave him a gentle pat upon the ſhoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend ſtarted, and recovering out of his brown ſtudy, told Sir

ANDREW, that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir ROGER told us, in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir *David Dundrum*, had been making a visit to the widow. However, says Sir ROGER, I can never think that she will have a man that is half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a janty laugh; I thought, Knight, says he, thou hadst lived long enough in the world, not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity, I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in *Great Britain*, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known. WILL immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. I am now, says he, upon the verge of fifty, (though by the way we all knew he was turned of threescore.) You may easily guess, continued WILL, that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of *settling* in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I cannot much boast of my success.

I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country: But when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old Put forbid me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.

I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning,

morning, she told me, that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney at *Lions-Inn*, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

A few months after I addressed myself to a young lady, who was an only daughter, and of a good family: I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and in short made no doubt of her heart; and tho' my fortune was not equal to her's, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss *Jenny* was that morning run away with the butler.

I then courted a second widdow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her maid indeed told me one day, that her mistress had said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr Honeycomb.

After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I do not know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of *England*; nay, I believe I should have

have got her at laſt, had ſhe not been carried off by a hard froſt.

As WILL's tranſitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir ROGER, and applying himſelf to me, told me there was a paſſage in the book I had conſidered laſt *Saturday*, which deſerved to be writ in letters of gold; and taking out a pocket-*Milton*, read the following lines, which are part of one of *Adam*'s ſpeeches to *Eve* after the fall.

——Oh! why did God
Creator wiſe! that peopled higheſt heav'n
With ſpirits maſculine, create at laſt
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature? and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine?
Or find ſome other way to generate
Mankind? This miſchief had not then befall'n
And more that ſhall befall, innumerable
Diſturbances on earth through female ſnares,
And ſtrait conjunction with this ſex: For either
He never ſhall find out fit mate; but ſuch
As ſome misfortune brings him, or miſtake;
Or, whom he wiſhes moſt, ſhall ſeldom gain
Through her perverſeneſs; but ſhall ſee her gain'd
By a far worſe: or if ſhe love, with-held
By parents; or his happieſt choice too late
Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock bound
To a fell adverſary, his hate or ſhame;
Which infinite calamity ſhall cauſe
To human life, and houſehold peace confound.

Sir ROGER liſtened to this paſſage with great attention, and deſiring Mr HONEYCOMB to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the Knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over theſe verſes again before he went to bed.

X

WEDNESDAY,

No. 360. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23.

——*De paupertate tacentes*
Plus poſcente ferent. —HOR. Ep. 17. l. 1. ver. 43.

The man that's ſilent, nor proclaims his want,
Gets more than him that makes a loud complaint.
CREECH.

I HAVE nothing to do with the buſineſs of this day, any further than affixing the piece of *Latin* on the head of my paper; which I think a motto not unſuitable, ſince, if ſilence of our poverty is a recommendation, ſtill more commendable is his modeſty who conceals it by a decent dreſs.

'MR SPECTATOR,

'There is an evil under the ſun which has 'not yet come within your ſpeculation, and is, the 'cenſure, diſeſteem and contempt which ſome 'young fellows meet with from particular perſons, 'for the reaſonable methods they take to avoid 'them in general. This is by appearing in a bet-'ter dreſs, than may ſeem to a relation regularly 'conſiſtent with a ſmall fortune; and therefore 'may occaſion a judgment of a ſuitable extravagance 'in other particulars; but the diſadvantage with 'which the man of narrow circumſtances acts and 'ſpeaks is ſo feelingly ſet forth in a little book cal-'led *The Chriſtian Hero*, that the appearing to be 'otherwiſe is not only pardonable, but neceſſary. 'Every one knows the hurry of concluſions that 'are made in contempt of a perſon that appears to 'be calamitous; which makes it very excuſeable to 'prepare one's ſelf for the company of thoſe that 'are of a ſuperior quality and fortune, by appear-'ing to be in a better condition than one is, ſo far

'as

'as ſuch appearance ſhall not make us really of 'worſe.

'It is a juſtice due to the character of one who 'ſuffers hard reflections from any particular perſon 'upon this account, that ſuch perſons would en- 'quire into his manner of ſpending his time; of 'which, though no further information can be 'had than that he remains ſo many hours in his 'chamber, yet, if this is cleared, to imagine that 'a reaſonable creature, wrung with a narrow for- 'tune, does not make the beſt uſe of this retire- 'ment, would be a concluſion extremely uncharit- 'table. From what has or will be ſaid, I hope no 'conſequence can be extorted, implying that I 'would have any young fellow ſpend more time 'than the common leſure which his ſtudies require, 'or more money than his fortune or allowance may 'admit of in the purſuit of an acquaintance with 'his betters; for as to his time, the groſs of that 'ought to be ſacred to more ſubſtantial acquiſitions; 'for each irrevocable moment of which he ought 'to believe he ſtands religiouſly accountable. And 'as to his dreſs, I ſhall engage myſelf no further 'than in the modeſt defence of two plain ſuits a- 'year; for being perfectly ſatisfied in Eutrapelus's 'contrivance of making a Mohock of a man, by 'preſenting him with laced and embroidered ſuits, 'I would by no means be thought to controvert 'that conceit, by inſinuating the advantages of ſap- 'pery. It is an aſſertion which admits of much 'proof, that a ſtranger of tolerable ſenſe, dreſſed 'like a gentleman, will be better received by thoſe 'of quality above him than one of much better 'parts, whoſe dreſs is regulated by the rigid noti- 'ons of frugality. A man's appearance falls within 'the cenſure of every one that ſees him; his 'parts and learning very few are judges of; and 'even upon theſe few they cannot at firſt be

'well

'be well intruded; for policy and good-breeding 'will counſel him to be reſerved among ſtrangers, 'and to ſupport himſelf only by the common ſpirit 'of converſation. Indeed among the injudicious 'the words delicacy, idiom, fine images, ſtruc-'ture of periods, genius, fire, and the reſt, made 'uſe of with a frugal and comely gravity, will 'maintain the figure of immenſe reading, and the 'depth of criticiſm.

'All gentlemen of fortune, at leaſt the young 'and middle-aged, are apt to pride themſelves a 'little too much upon their dreſs, and conſequently 'to value others in ſome meaſure upon the ſame 'conſideration. With what confuſion is a man 'of figure obliged to return the civilities of the hat 'to a perſon whoſe air and attire hardly intitle him 'to it? For whom, nevertheleſs, the other has a 'particular eſteem, though he is aſhamed to have 'it challenged in ſo public a manner. It muſt be 'allowed, that any young fellow that affects to 'dreſs and appear genteelly, might, with artificial 'management, ſave ten pounds a-year; as, inſtead 'of fine holland he might mourn in ſackcloth, and 'in other particulars be proportionably ſhabby: But 'of what great ſervice would this ſum be to avert 'any misfortune, whilſt it would leave him deſert-'ed by the little good acquaintances he has, and 'prevent his gaining any other? As the appear-'ance of an eaſy fortune is neceſſary towards ma-'king one, I do not know but it might be of ad-'vantage ſometimes to throw into one's diſcourſe 'certain exclamations about *Bank-Stock*, and to ſhew 'a marvellous ſurpriſe upon its fall, as well as the 'moſt affected triumph upon its riſe. The venera-'tion and reſpect which the practice of all ages has 'preſerved to appearances, without doubt ſuggeſt-'ed to our tradeſmen that wiſe and politic cuſ-'tom, to apply and recommend themſelves to the 'public by all thoſe decorations upon their ſign-

'poſts

'posts and houſes, which the moſt eminent hands 'in the neighbourhood can furniſh them with. 'What can be more attractive to a man of letters, 'than that immenſe erudition of all ages and lan-'guages, which a ſkilful bookſeller, in conjunction 'with a painter, ſhall image upon his column, and 'the extremities of his ſhop? The ſame ſpirit of 'maintaining a handſome appearance reigns among 'the grave and ſolid apprentices of the law, (here 'I could be particularly dull in proving the word 'Apprentice to be ſignificant of a barriſter) and 'you may eaſily diſtinguiſh who has moſt lately 'made his pretenſions to buſineſs, by the whiteſt 'and moſt ornamental frame of his window: If in-'deed the chamber is a ground-room, and has rails 'before it, the finery is of neceſſity more extended, 'and the pomp of buſineſs better maintained. And 'what can be a greater indication of the dignity of 'dreſs, than that burdenſome finery which is the 'regular habit of our judges, nobles, and biſhops, 'with which, upon certain days, we ſee them incum-'bered? And though it may be ſaid, this is lawful, 'and neceſſary for the dignity of the ſtate, yet the 'wiſeſt of them have been remarkable, before 'they arrived at their preſent ſtations, for being '*very well dreſſed perſons*. As to my own part, I 'am near thirty; and ſince I left ſchool have not 'been idle, which is a modern phraſe for having 'ſtudied hard. I brought off a clean ſyſtem of 'moral philoſophy, and a tolerable jargon of meta-'phyſicks from the Univerſity; ſince that I have 'been engaged in the clearing part of the perplex-'ed ſtyle and matter of the law, which ſo hereditа-'rily deſcends to all its profeſſors. To all which 'ſevere ſtudies I have thrown in, at proper inte-'rims, the pretty learning of the claſſics. Not-'withſtanding which, I am what *Shakeſpear* calls '*A fellow of no mark or likelihood*; which makes me 'underſtand the more fully, that ſince the regular

'methods

'methods of making friends and a fortune by the 'mere force of a profeſſion is ſo very ſlow and un-'certain, a man ſhould take all reaſonable opportu-'nities, by enlarging a good acquaintance, to 'court that time and chance which is ſaid to hap-'pen to every man.' T

No. 361. THURSDAY, APRIL 24.

Tartaream intendit vocem, qua protinus omnis
Contremuit domus——

VIRG. Æn. vii. ver. 514.

The blaſt Tartarean ſpreads its notes around;
The houſe aſtoniſh'd trembles at the ſound.

I HAVE lately received the following letter from a country gentleman.

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'THE night before I left *London* I went to ſee 'a play called *The humourous Lieutenant*. Upon 'the riſing of the curtain I was very much ſurpriſ-'ed with the great conſort of cat-calls which was 'exhibited that evening, and began to think with 'myſelf that I had made a miſtake, and gone to a 'muſic-meeting inſtead of the play-houſe. It ap-'peared indeed a little odd to me to ſee ſo many 'perſons of quality of both ſexes aſſembled together 'at a kind of caterwawling; for I cannot look up-'on that performance to have been any thing bet-'ter, whatever the muſicians themſelves might 'think of it. As I had no acquaintance in the 'houſe to aſk queſtions of, and was forced to go 'out of town early the next morning, I could not 'learn the ſecret of this matter. What I would 'therefore deſire of you, is, to give me ſome ac-'count of this ſtrange inſtrument which I found 'the company called a Cat-call? and particularly 'to let me know whether it be a piece of muſic

'lately come from *Italy*. For my own part, to be 'plain with you, I would rather hear an *English* 'fiddle: Though I durſt not ſhew my diſlike 'whilſt I was in the play-houſe, it being my 'chance to ſit the very next man to one of the per-'formers.

'I am SIR,

'Your moſt affectionate friend and ſervant,

'JOHN SHALLOW, *Eſq.*'

In compliance with 'ſquire *Shallow*'s requeſt, I deſign this paper as a diſſertation upon the Cat-call. In order to make myſelf a maſter of the ſubject, I purchaſed one the beginning of laſt week, though not without great difficulty, being informed at two or three toy-ſhops that the players had lately bought them all up. I have ſince conſulted many learned antiquaries in relation to its original, and find them very much divided among themſelves upon that particular. A fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of muſic, concludes from the ſimplicity of its make, and the uniformity of its ſound, that the cat-call is older than any of the inventions of *Jubal*. He obſerves very well, that muſical inſtruments took their firſt riſe from the notes of birds, and other melodious animals; and what, ſays he, was more natural than for the firſt ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat that lived under the ſame roof with them? He added, that the cat had contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind-inſtrument, but for our ſtring-muſic in general.

Another virtuoſo of my acquaintance will not allow the cat-call to be older then *Theſpis*, and is apt to think it appeared in the world ſoon after the ancient comedy; for which reaſon it has ſtill a place in our dramatic entertainments. Nor muſt I here omit

omit what a very curious gentleman, who is lately returned from his travels, has more than once aſſured me, namely, that there was lately dug up at *Rome* the ſtatue of a *Momus*, who holds an inſtrument in his right-hand very much reſembling our modern cat-call.

There are others who aſcribe this invention to *Orpheus*, and look upon the cat-call to be one of thoſe inſtruments which that famous muſician made uſe of to draw the beaſts about him. It is certain, that the roaſting of a cat does not call together a greater audience of that ſpecies than this inſtrument, if dexterouſly played upon in proper time and place.

But notwithſtanding theſe various and learned conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the cat-call is originally a piece of *Engliſh* muſic. Its reſemblance to the voice of ſome of our *Britiſh* ſongſters as well as the uſe of it, which is peculiar to our nation, confirms me in this opinion. It has at leaſt received great improvements among us, whether we conſider the inſtrument itſelf, or thoſe ſeveral quavers and graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be ſenſible of this who heard that remarkable over-grown cat-call which was placed in the centre of the pit, and preſided over all the reſt at the celebrated performance lately exhibited in *Drury-Lane*.

Having ſaid thus much concerning the original of the cat-call, we are in the next place to conſider the uſe of it. The cat-call exerts itſelf to moſt advantage in the *Britiſh* theatre: It very much improves the ſound of nonſenſe, and often goes along with the voice of the actor who pronounces it, as the violin or harpſichord accompanies the *Italian* recitativo.

It has often ſupplied the place of the ancient *chorus*, in the words of Mr ***. In ſhort, a bad poet

has as great an antipathy to a cat-call, as many people have to a real cat.

Mr *Collier*, in his ingenious eſſay upon muſic, has the following paſſage:

I believe it is poſſible to invent an inſtrument *that ſhall have a quite contrary effect to thoſe martial ones now in uſe: An* inſtrument *that ſhall ſink the ſpirits and ſhake the nerves, and curdle the blood, and inſpire deſpair, and cowardiſe and conſternation, at a ſurpriſing rate. 'Tis probable the roaring of lions, the warbling of cats and ſcreech-owls, together with a mixture of the howling of dogs, judiciouſly imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention. Whether ſuch anti-muſic as this might not be of ſervice in a camp, I ſhall leave to the military men to conſider.*

What this learned gentleman ſuppoſes in ſpeculation, I have known actually verified in practice. The cat-call has ſtruck a damp into generals, and frighted heroes off the ſtage. At the firſt ſound of it I have ſeen a crowned head tremble, and a princeſs fall into fits. The *humourous Lieutenant* himſelf could not ſtand it; nay, I am told that even *Almanzor* looked like a mouſe, and trembled at the voice of this terrifying inſtrument.

As it is of a dramatic nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the ſtage, I can by no means approve the thought of that angry lover, who, after an unſucceſsful purſuit of ſome years, took leave of his miſtreſs in a ſerenade of cat-calls.

I muſt conclude this paper with the account I have lately received of an ingenious artiſt, who has long ſtudied this inſtrument, and is very well verſed in all the rules of the drama. He teaches to play on it by book, and to expreſs by it the whole art of criticiſm. He has his baſs and his treble cat-call; the former for tragedy, the latter for comedy; only in tragi-comedies they may both play together in concert. He has a particular ſqueak to denote the violation

violation of each of the unities, and has different ſounds, to ſhew whether he aims at the poet or the player. In ſhort, he teaches the ſmut-note, the fuſtian-note, the ſtupid-note, and has compoſed a kind of air that may ſerve as an act-tune to an incorrigible play, and which takes in the whole compaſs of the cat-call. L.

No. 362. FRIDAY, APRIL 25.

Laudibus arguitur vini vinoſus——
HOR. Ep. xix. lib. i. ver. 6.

The man who praiſes drinking, ſtands from thence
Convict a ſot on his own evidence.

'Mr SPECTATOR, *Temple, April* 25.

'SEVERAL of my friends were this morning got 'together over a diſh of tea in very good health, 'though we had celebrated yeſterday with more 'glaſſes than we could have diſpenſed with, had we 'not been beholden to *Brooke* and *Hillier*. In gratitude therefore to thoſe good citizens, I am, in 'the name of the company, to accuſe you of great 'negligence in overlooking their merit, who have 'imported true and generous wine, and taken care 'that it ſhould not be adulterated by the retailers 'before it comes to the tables of private families, 'or the clubs of honeſt fellows. I cannot imagine 'how a SPECTATOR can be ſuppoſed to do his 'duty, without frequent reſumption of ſuch ſubjects as concern our health, the firſt thing to be 'regarded, if we have a mind to reliſh any thing 'elſe. It would therefore very well become your 'ſpectatorial vigilance, to give it in orders to your 'officer for inſpecting ſigns, that in his march he 'would look into the itinerants who deal in pro'viſions, and inquire where they buy their ſeveral

'wares. Ever ſince the deceaſe of *Colly-Mully-Puff*, 'of agreeable and noiſy memory, I cannot ſay I 'have obſerved any thing ſold in carts, or carried 'by horſe or aſs, or, in fine, in any moving market, 'which is not periſhed or putrified; witneſs the 'wheel-barrows of rotten raiſins, almonds, figs, 'and currants, which you ſee vended by a mer-'chant dreſſed in a ſecond-hand ſuit of a foot-ſoldier. 'You ſhould conſider that a child may be poiſoned 'for the worth of a farthing; but except his poor 'parents ſend to one certain doctor in town, they 'can have no advice for him under a guinea. 'When poiſons are thus cheap, and medicines thus 'dear, how can you be negligent in inſpecting 'what we eat and drink, or take no notice of ſuch 'as the above-mentioned citizens, who have been 'ſo ſerviceable to us of late in that particular? 'It was a cuſtom among the old *Romans*, to do him 'particular honours who had ſaved the life of a 'citizen; how much more does the world owe to 'thoſe who prevent the death of multitudes? As 'theſe men deſerve well of your office, ſo ſuch as 'act to the detriment of our health, you ought to 'repreſent to themſelves and their fellow-ſubjects 'in the colours which they deſerve to wear. I 'think it would be for the public good, that all 'who vend wines ſhould be under oaths in that 'behalf. The chairman at the quarter-ſeſſions 'ſhould inform the country, that the vintner who 'mixes wine to his cuſtomers, ſhall (upon proof that 'the drinker thereof died within a year and a day 'after taking it) be deemed guilty of wilful murder, 'and the jury ſhall be inſtructed to inquire and pre-'ſent ſuch delinquents accordingly. It is no miti-'gation of the crime, nor will it be conceived that 'it can be brought in chance-medley or man-ſlaugh-'ter, upon proof that it ſhall appear wine joined to 'wine, or right *Herefordſhire* poured into *Port* 'Port; but his ſelling it for one thing, knowing it

'to

'to be another, muſt juſtly bear the foreſaid guilt 'of wilful murder: For that he, the ſaid vintner, 'did an unlawful act willingly in the falſe mixture, 'and is therefore with equity liable to all the pains 'to which a man would be, if it were proved he 'deſigned only to run a man through the arm, 'whom he whipped through the lungs. This is 'my third year at the *Temple*, and this is or ſhould 'be law. An ill intention well proved ſhould meet 'with no alleviation, becauſe it out-ran itſelf. 'There cannot be too great ſeverity uſed againſt 'the injuſtice as well as cruelty of thoſe who play 'with mens lives, by preparing liquors, whoſe na-'ture, for ought they know, may be noxious when 'mixed, tho' innocent when apart: And *Brooke* 'and *Hillier*, who have inſured our ſafety at our 'meals, and driven jealouſy from our cups in con-'verſation, deſerve the cuſtom and thanks of the 'whole town; and it is your duty to remind them 'of the obligation.

'I am, SIR,

'Your humble ſervant,

'TOM POTTLE.'

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'I am a perſon who was long immured in a col-'lege, read much, ſaw little; ſo that I knew no 'more of the world than what a lecture, or view 'of the map taught me. By this means I impro-'ved in my ſtudy, but became unpleaſant in con-'verſation. By converſing generally with the dead, 'I grew almoſt unfit for the ſociety of the living; 'ſo by a long confinement I contracted an ungain-'ly averſion to converſation, and ever diſcourſed 'with pain to myſelf, and little entertainment to 'others. At laſt I was in ſome meaſure made 'ſenſible of my failing, and the mortification of 'never being ſpoke to, or ſpeaking, unleſs the diſ-'courſe ran upon books, put me upon forcing

'myſelf

'myself amongst men. I immediately affected the 'politest company, by the frequent use of which I 'hoped to wear off the rust I had contracted; but 'by an uncouth imitation of men used to act in pu-'blic, I got no further than to discover I had a 'mind to appear a finer thing than I really was.

'Such I was, and such was my condition, when 'I became an ardent lover, and passionate admirer 'of the beauteous *Belinda*: Then it was that I real-'ly began to improve. This passion changed all my 'fears and diffidences in my general behaviour to 'the sole concern of pleasing her. I had not now 'to study the action of a gentleman; but love pos-'sessing all my thoughts, made me truly be the thing 'I had a mind to appear. My thoughts grew free 'and generous, and the ambition to be agreeable 'to her I admired, produced in my carriage a faint 'similitude of that disengaged manner of my *Be-'linda*. The way we are in at present is, that she 'sees my passion, and sees I at present forbear speak-'ing of it through prudential regards. This respect 'to her she returns with much civility, and makes 'my value for her as little a misfortune to me as is 'consistent with discretion. She sings very charm-'ingly, and is readier to do so at my request, be-'cause she knows I love her: She will dance with 'me rather than another for the same reason. My 'fortune must alter from what it is, before I can 'speak my heart to her; and her circumstances are 'not considerable enough to make up for the nar-'rowness of mine. But I write to you now only 'to give you the character of *Belinda*, as a woman 'that has address enough to demonstrate a grati-'tude to her lover, without giving him hopes of 'success in his passion. *Belinda* has from a great 'wit, governed by as great prudence, and both 'adorned with innocence, the happiness of al-'ways being ready to discover her real thoughts. 'She has many of us who are now her admirers;

'but

'but her treatment of us is ſo juſt and proportion-
'ed to our merit towards her, and what we are in
'ourſelves, that I proteſt to you I have neither
'jealouſy nor hatred towards my rivals. Such is
'her goodneſs, and the acknowledgment of every
'man who admires her, that he thinks he ought to
'believe ſhe will take him who beſt deſerves her.
'I will not ſay that this peace among us is not
'owing to ſelf-love, which prompts each to think
'himſelf the beſt deſerver: I think there is ſome-
'thing uncommon and worthy of imitation in this
'lady's character. If you will pleaſe to print my
'letter, you will oblige the little fraternity of
'happy rivals, and in a more particular manner,

'SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

T 'WILL. CYMON.'

No. 363. SATURDAY, APRIL 26.

——Crudelis ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.
VIRG. Æn. ii. ver. 368.

All parts reſound with tumults, plaints, and fears,
And griſly death in ſundry ſhapes appears.
DRYDEN.

MILTON has ſhewn a wonderful art in deſcribing that variety of paſſions which ariſe in our firſt parents upon the breach of the commandment that had been given them. We ſee them gradually paſſing from the triumph of their guilt through remorſe, ſhame, deſpair, contrition, prayer and hope, to a perfect and complete repentance. At the end of the tenth book they are repreſented as proſtrating themſelves upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: To which the poet joins this beautiful circumſtance, that they offered

fered up their penitential prayers, on the very place where their Judge appeared to them when he pronounced their ſentence.

——They forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judged them, proſtrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confeſs'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground——

There is a beauty of the ſame kind in a tragedy of *Sophocles*, where *Oedipus*, after having put out his own eyes, inſtead of breaking his neck from the palace-battlements (which furniſhes ſo elegant an entertainment for our *Engliſh* audience) deſires that he may be conducted to mount *Citharon*, in order to end his life in that very place where he was expoſed in his infancy, and where he ſhould then have died, had the will of his parents been executed.

As the author never fails to give a poetical turn to his ſentiments, he deſcribes in the beginning of this book the acceptance which theſe their prayers met with, in a ſhort allegory, formed upon that beautiful paſſage in holly writ: *And another angel came and ſtood at the altar, having a golden cenſer; and there was given unto him much incenſe, that he ſhould offer it with the prayers of all ſaints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne: And the ſmoke of the incenſe, which came with the prayers of the ſaints, aſcended up before God.*

——To heav'n their prayers
Flew up, nor miſs'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or fruſtrate: In they paſs'd
Dimenſionleſs thro' heav'nly doors, then clad
With incenſe, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great Interceſſor, came in ſight
Before the Father's throne——

We have the ſame thought expreſſed a ſecond time in the interceſſion of the Meſſiah, which is conceived

ceived in very emphatic ſentiments and expreſſions.

Among the poetical parts of Scripture, which *Milton* has ſo finely wrought into this part of his narration, I muſt not omit that wherein *Ezekiel*, ſpeaking of the angels who appeared to him in a viſion, adds, that *every one had four faces*, and that *their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings, were full of eyes round about.*

———The cohort bright
Of watchful cherubim, four faces each
Had, like a double *Janus*, all their ſhape
Spangled with eyes———

The aſſembling of all the angels of heaven to hear the ſolemn decree paſſed upon man, is repreſented in very lively ideas. The Almighty is here deſcribed as remembering mercy in the midſt of judgment, and commanding *Michael* to deliver his meſſage in the mildeſt terms, leſt the ſpirit of man, which was already broken with the ſenſe of his guilt and miſery, ſhould fail before him.

———Yet leſt they faint
At the ſaid ſentence rigorouſly urg'd,
For I behold them ſoftned, and with tears
Bewailing their exceſs, all terror hide.

The conference of *Adam* and *Eve* is full of moving ſentiments. Upon their going abroad after the melancholy night which they had paſſed together, they diſcover the lion and the eagle purſuing each of them their prey towards the eaſtern gate of *Paradiſe*. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it preſents great and juſt omens, which are always agreeable in poetry, but as it expreſſes that enmity which is now produced in the animal creation. The poet, to ſhew the like changes in nature, as well as to grace his fable with a noble prodigy, repreſents the ſun in an eclipſe. This particular

particular incident has likewiſe a fine effect upon the imagination of the reader, in regard to what follows; for, at the ſame time that the ſun is under an eclipſe, a bright cloud deſcends in the weſtern quarter of the heavens, filled with an hoſt of angels, and more luminous than the ſun itſelf. The whole theatre of nature is darkened, that this glorious machine may appear in all its luſture and magnificence.

——Why in the eaſt
Darkneſs ere day's mid-courſe? and morning light
More orient in that weſtern cloud that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radient white,
And ſlow decends with ſomething heav'nly fraught!
He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a ſky of jaſper lighted now
In paradiſe, and on a hill made halt
A glorious apparition!——

I need not obſerve how properly this author, who always ſuits his parts to the actors whom he introduces, has employed *Michael* in the expulſion of our firſt parents from *Paradiſe*. The archangel on this occaſion neither appears in his proper ſhape, nor in that familiar manner with which *Raphael* the ſociable ſpirit entertained the father of mankind before the fall. His perſon, his port, and behaviour, are ſuitable to a ſpirit of the higheſt rank, and exquiſitely deſcribed in the following paſſage.

——Th' archangel ſoon drew nigh,
Not in his ſhape celeſtial; but as man
Glad to meet man: Over his lucid arms
A military veſt of purple flow'd,
Livelier than *Meliboean*, or the grain
Of *Sarra*, worn by kings and heroes old,
In time of truce: *Iris* had dipt the woof:
His ſtarry helm, unbuckled, ſhew'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his ſide,
As in a glitt'ring zodiac hung the ſword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the ſpear,

Adam

Adam bow'd low, he kingly from his ſtate
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declared.

Eve's complaint, upon hearing that ſhe was to be removed from the garden of *Paradiſe*, is wonderfully beautiful: The ſentiments are not only proper to the ſubject, but have ſomething in them particularly ſoft and womaniſh.

Muſt I then leave thee, Paradiſe? Thus leave
Thee, native ſoil, theſe happy walks and ſhades,
Fit haunt of gods? Where I had hope to ſpend
Quiet, tho' ſad, the reſpite of that day
That muſt be mortal to us both. O flow'rs,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early viſitation, and my laſt
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the firſt op'ning bud, and gave you names;
Who now ſhall rear you to the ſun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambroſial fount?
Thee, laſtly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd
With what to ſight or ſmell was ſweet; from thee
How ſhall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obſcure
And wild? how ſhall we breathe in other air
Leſs pure, accuſtom'd to immortal fruits?

Adam's ſpeech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more maſculine and elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more ſublime and poetical than the following paſſage in it.

This moſt afflicts me, that departing hence
As from his face I ſhall be hid, depriv'd
His bleſſed count'nance; here I could frequent,
With worſhip, place by place where he vouchſaf'd
Preſence divine; and to my ſons relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood viſible, among theſe pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd;
So many grateful altars I would rear

Of graſſy turf, and pile up every ſtone
Of luſtre from the brook, in memory
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer ſweet-ſmelling gums and fruits and flow'rs.
In yonder nether world, where ſhall I ſeek
His bright appearances, or footſteps trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promiſed race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmoſt ſkirts
Of glory, and far off his ſteps adore.

The angel afterwards leads *Adam* to the higheſt mount of *Paradiſe*, and lays before him a whole hemiſphere, as a proper ſtage for thoſe viſions which were to be repreſented on it. I have before obſerved how the plan of *Milton*'s poem is in many particulars greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. *Virgil*'s hero, in the laſt of theſe poems, is entertained with a ſight of all thoſe who are to deſcend from him; but though that epiſode is juſtly admired as one of the nobleſt deſigns in the whole *Æneid*, every one muſt allow that this of *Milton* is of a much higher nature. *Adam*'s viſion is not confined to any particular tribe of mankind, but extends to the whole ſpecies.

In this great review which *Adam* takes of all his ſons and daughters, the firſt objects he is preſented with exhibit to him the ſtory of *Cain* and *Abel*, which is drawn together with much cloſeneſs and propriety of expreſſion. That curioſity and natural horror which ariſes in *Adam* at the ſight of the firſt dying man, is touched with great beauty.

But have I now ſeen death? Is this the way
I muſt return to native duſt? O ſight
Of terror foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

The ſecond viſion ſets before him the image of death in a great variety of appearances. The angel, to

to give him a general idea of thoſe effects which his guilt had brought upon his poſterity, places before him a large hoſpital or lazar-houſe, filled with perſons lying under all kinds of mortal diſeaſes. How finely has the poet told us that the ſick perſons languiſhed under lingring and incurable diſtempers, by an apt and judicious uſe of ſuch imaginary beings as thoſe I mentioned in my laſt *Saturday*'s paper.

Dire was the toſſing, deep the groans; *Deſpair*
Tended the ſick, buſy from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant *Death* his dart
Shook, but delay'd to ſtrike, tho' oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good and final hope.

The paſſion, which likewiſe riſes in *Adam* on this occaſion, is very natural.

Sight ſo deform, what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? *Adam* could not, but wept,
Tho' not of woman born; compaſſion quell'd
His beſt of man, and gave him up to tears.

The diſcourſe between the angel and *Adam*, which follows, abounds with noble morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in poetry, than a contraſt and oppoſition of incidents, the author, after this melancholy proſpect of death and ſickneſs, raiſes up a ſcene of mirth, love, and jollity. The ſecret pleaſure that ſteals into *Adam*'s heart, as he is intent upon this viſion, is imagined with great delicacy. I muſt not omit the deſcription of the looſe female troop, who ſeduced the ſons of God, as they are called in Scripture.

For that fair female troop thou ſaw'ſt, that ſeem'd
Of Goddeſſes, ſo blythe, ſo ſmooth, ſo gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein conſiſts
Woman's domeſtic honour, and chief praiſe;
Bred only and compleated to the taſte

Of luſtful appetence, to ſing, to dance,
To dreſs, and troule the tongue, and roll the eye:
To theſe that ſober race of men, whoſe lives
Religious, titled them the ſons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, to the trains and to the ſmiles
Of thoſe fair atheiſts.——

The next viſion is of a quite contrary nature, and filled with the horrors of war. *Adam* at the ſight of it melts into tears, and breaks out into that paſſionate ſpeech:

——O what are theſe!
Death's miniſters, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanely to men, and multiply
Ten thouſand-fold the ſin of him who ſlew
His brother: For of whom ſuch maſſacre
Make they, but of their brethren, men of men?

Milton, to keep up an agreeable variety in his viſions, after having raiſed in the mind of his reader the ſeveral ideas of terror which are conformable to the deſcription of war, paſſes on to thoſe ſofter images of triumphs and feſtivals, in that viſion of lewdneſs and luxury which uſhers in the flood.

As it is viſible that the poet had his eye upon *Ovid*'s account of the univerſal deluge, the reader may obſerve with how much judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the *Latin* poet. We do not here ſee the wolf ſwimming among the ſheep, nor any of thoſe wanton imaginations, which *Seneca* found fault with, as unbecoming the great cataſtrophe of nature. If our poet has imitated that verſe in which *Ovid* tells us that there was nothing but ſea, and that this ſea had no ſhore to it, he has not ſet the thought in ſuch a light as to incur the cenſure which critics have paſſed upon it. The latter part of that verſe in

Ovid

Ovid is idle and ſuperfluous, but juſt and beautiful in *Milton*.

Jamque mare et tellus nullum diſcrimen habebant,
Nil niſi pontus erat, deerant quoque littora ponto.
OVID. Met. i. ver. 291.

Now ſeas and earth were in confuſion loſt:
A world of waters, and without a coaſt.
DRYDEN.

——Sea cover'd ſea,
Sea without ſhore——— MILTON.

In *Milton* the former part of the deſcription does not foreſtal the latter. How much more great and ſolemn on this occaſion is that which follows in our *Engliſh* poet,

———And in their palaces,
Where lux'ry late reign'd, ſea-monſters whelp'd
And ſtabled———

than that in *Ovid*, where we are told that the ſea-calves lay in thoſe places where the goats were uſed to browze? The reader my find ſeveral other parallel paſſages in the *Latin* and *Engliſh* deſcription of the deluge, wherein our poet has viſibly the advantage. The ſky's being over-charged with clouds, the deſcending of the rains, the riſing of the ſeas, and the appearance of the rain-bow, are ſuch deſcriptions as every one muſt take notice of. The circumſtance relating to *Paradiſe* is ſo finely imagined, and ſuitable to the opinions of many learned authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this paper.

———Then ſhall this Mount
Of Paradiſe by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, puſh'd by the horned flood;
With all his verdure ſpoil'd, and trees adrift
Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,

And there take root; an iſland ſalt and bare,
The haunt of ſeals, and orcs and ſea-mews clang.

The tranſition which the poet makes from the viſion of the deluge, to the concern it occaſioned in *Adam*, is exquiſitely graceful, and copied after *Virgil*, though the firſt thought it introduces is rather in the ſpirit of *Ovid*.

How didſt thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end ſo ſad,
Depopulation! thee another flood
Of tears and ſorrow, a flood thee alſo drown'd,
And ſunk thee as thy ſons; 'till gently rear'd,
By th' angel, on thy feet thou ſtood'ſt at laſt,
Tho' comfortleſs, as when a father mourns
His children, all in view deſtroy'd at once.

I have been the more particular in my quotation out of the eleventh book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, becauſe it is not generally reckoned among the moſt ſhining books of this poem; for which reaſon the reader might be apt to overlook thoſe many paſſages in it which deſerve our admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that ſingle circumſtance of the removal of our firſt parents from *Paradiſe*; but though this is not in itſelf ſo great a ſubject as that in moſt of the foregoing books, it is extended and diverſified with ſo many ſurprising incidents and pleaſing epiſodes, that theſe two laſt books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this divine poem. I muſt further add, that had not *Milton* repreſented our firſt parents as driven out of *Paradiſe*, his Fall of Man would not have been complete, and conſequently his action would have been imperfect. L

MONDAY,

No. 364. MONDAY, APRIL 28.

——— *Navibus atque*
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.

HOR. Ep. xi. l. 1. ver. 29.

We ride and ſail in queſt of happineſs.

CREECH.

'MR SPECTATOR,

'A LADY of my acquaintance, for whom I have 'too much reſpect to be eaſy while ſhe is do-'ing an indiſcreet action, has given occaſion to 'this trouble: She is a widow, to whom the in-'dulgence of a tender huſband has intruſted the 'management of a very great fortune, and a ſon 'about ſixteen, both which ſhe is extremely fond 'of. The boy has parts of a middle ſize, neither 'ſhining nor deſpicable, and has paſſed the com-'mon exerciſes of his years with tolerable advan-'tage, but is withal what you would call a forward 'youth; by the help of this laſt qualification, 'which ſerves as a varniſh to all the reſt, he is 'enabled to make the beſt uſe of his learning, and 'diſplay it at full length upon all occaſions. Laſt 'ſummer he diſtinguiſhed himſelf two or three 'times very remarkably, by puzzling the vicar be-'fore an aſſembly of moſt of the ladies in the neigh-'bourhood: and from ſuch weighty conſiderations 'as theſe, as it too often unfortunately falls out, 'the mother is become invincibly perſuaded that 'her ſon is a great ſcholar: and that to chain him 'down to the ordinary methods of education with 'others of his age, would be to cramp his faculties, 'and do an irreparable injury to his wonderful ca-'pacity.

'I happened to viſit at the houſe laſt week, and 'miſſing the young gentleman at the tea-table,

'where

'where he ſeldom fails to officiate, could not upon ſo extraordinary a circumſtance avoid inquiring after him. My lady told me, he was gone out with her woman, in order to make ſome preparations for their equipage; for that ſhe intended very ſpeedily to carry him to travel. The oddneſs of the expreſſion ſhocked me a little; however, I ſoon recovered myſelf enough to let her know, that all I was willing to underſtand by it was, that ſhe deſigned this ſummer to ſhew her ſon his eſtate in a diſtant county, in which he has never yet been. But ſhe ſoon took care to rob me of that agreeable miſtake, and let me into the whole affair. She enlarged upon young maſter's prodigious improvements, and his comprehenſive knowledge of all book-learning; concluding, that it was now high time he ſhould be made acquainted with men and things; that ſhe had reſolved he ſhould make the tour of *France* and *Italy*, but could not bear to have him out of her ſight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

'I was going to rally her for ſo extravagant a reſolution, but found myſelf not in a fit humour to meddle with a ſubject that demanded the moſt ſoft and delicate touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping ſomething that might ſeem to bear hard either upon the ſon's abilities, or the mother's diſcretion; being ſenſible that in both theſe caſes, though ſupported with all the powers of reaſon, I ſhould, inſtead of gaining her ladyſhip over to my opinion, only expoſe myſelf to her diſeſteem: I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole matter to the SPECTATOR.

'When I came to reflect at night, as my cuſtom is, upon the occurrences of the day, I could not but believe that this humour of carrying a boy to travel in his mother's lap, and that upon pretence of learning men and things, is a caſe of an extraordinary nature, and carries on it a particu-

'lar

'lar ſtamp of folly. I did not remember to have 'met with its parallel within the compaſs of my 'obſervation, though I could call to mind ſome 'not extremely unlike it: From hence my thoughts 'took occaſion to ramble into the general notion 'of travelling, as it is now made a part of educa-'tion. Nothing is more frequent than to take a 'lad from grammar and taw, and under the tui-'tion of ſome poor ſcholar, who is willing to be 'baniſhed for thirty pounds a-year, and a little 'victuals, ſend him crying and ſnivelling into fo-'reign countries. Thus he ſpends his time as 'children do at puppet-ſhows, and with much the 'ſame advantage, in ſtaring and gapping at an a-'mazing variety of ſtrange things; ſtrange indeed 'to one who is not prepared to comprehend the 'reaſons and meaning of them; whilſt he ſhould 'be laying the ſolid foundations of knowledge in 'his mind, and furniſhing it with juſt rules to di-'rect his future progreſs in life under ſome ſkilful 'maſter of the art of inſtruction.

'Can there be a more aſtoniſhing thought in 'nature, than to conſider how men ſhould fall in-'to ſo palpable a miſtake? It is a large field, and 'may very well exerciſe a ſprightly genius; but I 'do not remember you have yet taken a turn in it. 'I wiſh, Sir, you would make people underſtand, 'that *travel* is really the laſt ſtep to be taken in the 'inſtitution of youth; and that to ſet out with it, 'is to begin where they ſhould end.

'Certainly the true end of viſiting foreign parts, 'is to look into their cuſtoms and policies, and ob-'ſerve in what particulars they excel or come ſhort 'of our own; to unlearn ſome odd peculiarities in 'our manners, and to wear off ſuch aukward ſtiff-'neſſes and affectations in our behaviour, as poſſi-'bly may have been contracted from conſtantly aſ-'ſociating with one nation of men, by a more free, 'general, and mixed converſation. But how can

'any

'any of these advantages be attained by one who is 'a mere stranger to the customs and policies of his 'native country, and has not yet fixed in his mind 'the first principles of manners and behaviour? To 'endeavour it, is to build a gaudy structure with-'out any foundation; or, if I may be allowed the 'expression, to work a rich embroidery upon a 'cobweb.

'Another end of travelling, which deserves to 'be considered, is the improving our taste of the 'best authors of antiquity, by seeing the places 'where they lived, and of which they wrote; to 'compare the natural face of the country with the 'descriptions they have given us, and observe how 'well the picture agrees with the original. This 'must certainly be a most charming exercise to the 'mind that is rightly turned for it; besides that it 'may in a good measure be made subservient to 'morality, if the person is capable of drawing just 'conclusions concerning the uncertainty of human 'things, from the ruinous alterations time and 'barbarity have brought upon so many palaces, 'cities, and whole countries, which make the most 'illustrious figure in history. And this hint may 'be not a little improved by examining every little 'spot of ground that we find celebrated as the 'scene of some famous action, or retaining any foot-'steps of a *Cato*, *Cicero*, or *Brutus*, or some such 'great virtuous man. A nearer view of any such 'particular, though really little and trifling in it-'self, may serve the more powerfully to warm a 'generous mind to an emulation of their virtues, 'and a greater ardency of ambition to imitate their 'bright examples, if it comes duly tempered and 'prepared for the impression. But this I believe 'you will hardly think those to be, who are so far 'from entering into the sense and spirit of the an-'cients, that they do not yet understand their lan-'guage with any exactness.

'But

'But I have wandered from my purpoſe, which 'was only to deſire you to ſave, if poſſible, a fond 'Engliſh mother, and mother's *own* ſon, from be-'ing ſhewn a ridiculous ſpectacle through the moſt 'polite parts of *Europe*. Pray tell them, that tho' 'to be ſea-ſick, or jumbled in an outlandiſh ſtage-'coach, may perhaps be healthful for the conſti-'tution of the body, yet it is apt to cauſe ſuch a 'dizzineſs in young empty heads, as too often laſts 'their life-time.

'I am, SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'PHILIP HOMEBRED.'

'SIR, *Birchen-Lane.*

'I WAS married on *Sunday* laſt, and went peace-'ably to bed; but, to my ſurpriſe, was awaken-'ed the next morning by the thunder of a ſet of 'drums. Theſe warlike ſounds (methinks) are 'very improper in a marriage-concert, and give 'great offence; they ſeem to inſinuate, that the 'joys of this ſtate are ſhort, and that jars and diſ-'cord ſoon enſue. I fear they have been ominous 'to many matches, and ſometimes proved a pre-'lude to a battle in the honey-moon. A nod from 'you may huſh them; therefore pray, Sir, let 'them be ſilenced, that for the future none but 'ſoft airs may uſher in the morning of a bridal 'night, which will be a favour not only to thoſe 'who come after, but to me, who can ſtill ſub-'ſcribe myſelf

'Your moſt humble

'and moſt obedient ſervant,

'ROBIN BRIDEGROOM.'

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of that ſort of women whom the 'gayer part of our ſex are apt to call a Prude. 'But to ſhew them that I have very little regard to 'their raillery, I ſhall now be glad to ſee them all

'at

'at *The Amorous Widow*, or *The Wanton Wife*, 'which is to be acted for the benefit of Mrs. Por-'ter, on *Monday* the 28th instant. I assure you, 'I can laugh at an amorous widow, or wanton 'wife, with as little temptation to imitate them, as 'I could at any other vicious character. Mrs. Por-'ter obliged me so very much in the exquisite sense 'she seemed to have of the honourable sentiments 'and noble passions in the character of *Hermione*, 'that I shall appear in her behalf at a comedy, 'though I have no great relish for any entertain-'ments where the mirth is not seasoned with a 'certain severity, which ought to recommend it to 'people who pretend to keep reason and authority 'over all their actions.

'I am, SIR,

'Your frequent reader,

T 'ALTAMIRA.'

No. 365. TUESDAY, APRIL 29.

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus ——— VIRG. Georg. iii. ver. 272.

But most in spring; the kindly spring inspires
Reviving heat, and kindles genial fires.

THE author of the *Menagiana* acquaints us, that discoursing one day with several ladies of quality about the effects of the month of *May*, which infuses a kindly warmth into the earth, and all its inhabitants; the Marchioness of S——, who was one of the company, told him, *That though she should promise to be chaste in every month besides, she could not engage for herself in* May. As the beginning therefore of this month is now very near, I design this paper for a caveat to the fair sex, and publish it before *April* is quite out, that if any of them

them ſhould be caught tripping, they may not pretend they had not timely notice.

I am induced to this, being perſuaded the above-mentioned obſervation is as well calculated for our climate as for that of *France*, and that ſome of our *Britiſh* ladies are of the ſame conſtitution with the *French* Marchioneſs.

I ſhall leave it among phyſicians to determine what may be the cauſe of ſuch an anniverſary inclination; whether or no it is that the ſpirits, after having been as it were frozen and congealed by winter, are now turned looſe, and ſet a rambling; or that the gay proſpects of fields and meadows, with the courtſhip of the birds in every buſh, naturally unbend the mind and ſoften it to pleaſure; or that, as ſome have imagined, a woman is prompted by a kind of inſtinct to throw herſelf on a bed of flowers, and not to let thoſe beautiful couches which nature has provided lie uſeleſs. However it be, the effects of this month on the lower part of the ſex, who act without diſguiſe, are very viſible. It is at this time that we ſee the young wenches in a country pariſh dancing round a *May-pole*, which one of our learned antiquaries ſuppoſes to be a relic of a certain *Pagan* worſhip that I do not think fit to mention.

It is likewiſe on the firſt day of this month that we ſee the ruddy milk-maid exerting herſelf in a moſt ſprightly manner under a pyramid of ſilver tankards; and, like the virgin *Tarpeia*, oppreſſed by the coſtly ornaments which her benefactors lay upon her.

I need not mention the ceremony of the green gown, which is alſo particular to this gay ſeaſon.

The ſame periodical love-fit ſpreads through the whole ſex, as Mr *Dryden* well obſerves in his deſcription of this merry month.

For thee, ſweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,
If not the firſt, the faireſt of the year;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs.
The ſprightly *May* commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their ſleep;
Each gentle breaſt with kindly warmth ſhe moves,
Inſpires new flames, revives extinguiſh'd loves.

Accordingly, among the works of the great maſters in painting, who have drawn this genial ſeaſon of the year, we often obſerve *Cupids* confuſed with *Zephyrs* flying up and down promiſcuouſly in ſeveral parts of the picture. I cannot but add from my own experience, that about this time of the year love-letters come up to me in great numbers, from all quarters of the nation.

I received an epiſtle in particular by the laſt poſt from a *Yorkſhire* gentleman, who makes heavy complaints of one *Zelinda*, whom it ſeems he has courted unſucceſsfully theſe three years paſt. He tells me that he deſigns to try her this *May*, and if he does not carry his point, he will never think of her more.

Having thus fairly admoniſhed the female ſex, and laid before them the dangers they are expoſed to in this critical month, I ſhall, in the next place, lay down ſome rules and directions for their better avoiding thoſe calentures, which are ſo very frequent in this ſeaſon.

In the firſt place, I would adviſe them never to venture abroad in the fields, but in the company of a parent, a guardian, or ſome other diſcreet perſon. I have before ſhewn how apt they are to trip in a flowery-meadow, and ſhall further obſerve to them, that *Proſerpine* was out a Maying, when ſhe met with that fatal adventure, to which *Milton* alludes, when he mentions

—That

——That fair field
Of *Enna*, where *Proſerpine* gath'ring flow'rs,
Herſelf a fairer flow'r, by gloomy *Dis*
Was gather'd.——

Since I am going into quotations, I ſhall conclude this head with *Virgil*'s advice to young people, while they are gathering wild ſtrawberries and noſegays, that they ſhould have a care of the *Snake in the graſs*.

In the ſecond place, I cannot but approve thoſe preſcriptions, which our aſtrological phyſicians give in their almanacks for this month; ſuch as *a ſpare and ſimple diet, with the moderate uſe of phlebotomy*.

Under this head of abſtinence I ſhall alſo adviſe my fair readers, to be in a particular manner careful how they meddle with romances, chocolate, novels, and the like inflamers, which I look upon as very dangerous to be made uſe of during this great carnival of nature.

As I have often declared, that I have nothing more at heart than the honour of my dear countrywomen, I would beg them to conſider, whenever their reſolutions begin to fail them, that there are but one and thirty days of this ſoft ſeaſon, and that if they can but weather out this one month, the reſt of the year will be eaſy to them. As for that part of the fair ſex who ſtay in town, I would adviſe them to be particularly cautious how they give themſelves up to their moſt innocent entertainments. If they cannot forbear the playhouſe, I would recommend *tragedy* to them, rather than *comedy*; and ſhould think the *puppet-ſhow* much ſafer for them than the *opera*, all the while the ſun is in *Gemini*.

The reader will obſerve, that this paper is written for the uſe of thoſe ladies, who think it worth while to war againſt nature in the cauſe of honour. As for that abandoned crew, who do not think

virtue worth contending for, but give up their reputation at the firſt ſummons, ſuch warnings and premonitions are thrown away upon them. A proſtitute is the ſame eaſy creature in all months of the year, and makes no difference between *May* and *December*. X

No. 366. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æſtivâ recreatur aurâ,
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

HOR. Od. xxii. l. 1. ver. 17.

Set me where on ſome pathleſs plain
The ſwarthy *Africans* complain,
To ſee the chariot of the ſun
So near the ſcorching country run:
The burning zone, the frozen iſles,
Shall hear me ſing of *Celia*'s ſmiles;
All cold but in her breaſt I will deſpiſe,
And dare all heat but that of *Celia*'s eyes.

ROSCOMMON.

THERE are ſuch wild inconſiſtences in the thoughts of a man in love, that I have often reflected there can be no reaſon for allowing him more liberty than others poſſeſſed with phrenzy, but that his diſtemper has no malevolence in it to any mortal. That devotion to his miſtreſs kindles in his mind a general tenderneſs, which exerts itſelf towards every object as well as his fair one. When this paſſion is repreſented by writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain quaintneſſes and turns of imagination, which are apparently the work of a mind at eaſe; but the men of true taſte can eaſily diſtinguiſh the exertion of a mind which overflows with tender ſentiments, and the labour of one which is only deſcribing diſtreſs. In performances

formances of this kind, the moſt abſurd of all things is to be witty; every ſentiment muſt grow out of the occaſion, and be ſuitable to the circumſtances of the character. Where this rule is tranſgreſſed, the humble ſervant, in all the fine things he ſays, is but ſhewing his miſtreſs how well he can dreſs, inſtead of ſaying how well he loves. Lace and drapery is as much a man, as wit and turn is paſſion.

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'THE following verſes are a tranſlation of a '*Lapland* love-ſong, which I met with in *Scheffer*'s 'hiſtory of that country. I was agreeably ſur-'priſed to find a ſpirit of tenderneſs and poetry in 'a region which I never ſuſpected for delicacy. 'In hotter climates, though all together uncivilized, 'I had not wondered if I had found ſome ſweet 'wild notes among the natives, where they live in 'groves of oranges, and hear the melody of birds 'about them: But a *Lapland* lyric, breathing ſen-'timents of love and poetry, not unworthy old '*Greece* or *Rome*; a regular ode from a climate 'pinched with froſt, and curſed with darkneſs ſo 'great a part of the year; where it is amazing that 'the poor natives ſhould get food, or be tempted 'to propagate their ſpecies: This, I confeſs, ſeem-'ed a greater miracle to me, than the famous 'ſtories of their drums, their winds, and inchant-'ments.

'I am the bolder in commending this northern 'ſong, becauſe I have faithfully kept to the ſenti-'ments, without adding or diminiſhing; and pre-'tend to no greater praiſe from my tranſlation than 'they who ſmooth and clean the furs of that coun-'try which have ſuffered by carriage. The num-'bers in the original are as looſe and unequal as 'thoſe in which the *Britiſh* ladies ſport their *Pin-'daries*; and perhaps the faireſt of them might not

'think it a disagreeable present from a lover: But 'I have ventured to bind it in stricter measures, as 'being more proper for our tongue, tho' perhaps 'wilder graces may better suit the genius of the '*Laponian* language.

'It will be necessary to imagine, that the author 'of this song, not having the liberty of visiting his 'mistress at her father's house, was in hopes of 'spying her at a distance in the fields.

I.

THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist and clear the skies,
And bring my *Orra* to my eyes.

II.

Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough,
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

III.

My *Orra Moor*, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
Fast by the roots enrag'd I'll tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

IV.

Oh! could I ride the clouds or skies,
Or on the ravens pinions rise:
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way.

V.

My bliss too long my bride denies,
Apace the wasting summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Not storms or night shall keep me here.

VI.

VI.

What may for ſtrength with ſteel compare?
Oh! love has fetters ſtronger far:
By bolts of ſteel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

VII.

No longer then perplex thy breaſt,
When thoughts torment, the firſt are beſt;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to ſtay,
Away to *Orra*, haſte away.

'Mr SPECTATOR, *April* 10.

'I am one of thoſe deſpicable creatures called a 'Chambermaid, and have lived with a miſtreſs 'for ſome time, whom I love as my life, which 'has made my duty and pleaſure inſeparable. My 'greateſt delight has been in being employed about 'her perſon; and indeed ſhe is very ſeldom out of 'humour for a woman of her quality: But here 'lies my complaint, Sir; To bear with me is all 'the encouragement ſhe is pleaſed to beſtow upon 'me; for ſhe gives her caſt-off cloaths from me to 'others: Some ſhe is pleaſed to beſtow in the houſe 'to thoſe that neither want nor wear them, and 'ſome to hangers on, that frequent the houſe daily, 'who come dreſſed out in them. This, Sir, is a 'very mortifying ſight to me, who am a little ne-'ceſſitous for cloaths, and love to appear what I 'am, and cauſes an uneaſineſs, ſo that I cannot 'ſerve with that chearfulneſs as formerly; which 'my miſtreſs takes notice of, and calls envy and ill-'temper at ſeeing others preferred before me. My 'miſtreſs has a younger ſiſter lives in the houſe 'with her, that is ſome thouſands below her in 'eſtate, who is continually heaping her favours on 'her maid; ſo that ſhe can appear every *Sunday*, 'for the firſt quarter, in a freſh ſuit of cloaths of 'her miſtreſs's giving, with all other things ſuit-'able. All this I ſee without envying, but not

'without

'without wiſhing my miſtreſs would a little conſi-
'der what a diſcouragement it is to me to have
'my perquiſites divided between fawners and job-
'bers, which others enjoy entire to themſelves. I
'have ſpoke to my miſtreſs, but to little purpoſe;
'I have deſired to be diſcharged (for indeed I
'fret myſelf to nothing), but that ſhe anſwers with
'ſilence. I beg, Sir, your direction what to do,
'for I am fully reſolved to follow your counſel;
'who am

'Your admirer
'and humble ſervant,
'CONSTANTIA COMB-BRUSH.'

'I beg that you will put it in a better dreſs,
'and let it come abroad, that my miſtreſs, who is
'an admirer of your ſpeculations, may ſee it." T

No. 367. THURSDAY, MAY 1.

——Perituræ parcite chartæ.

JUV. Sat. 1. ver. 18.

In mercy ſpare us, when we do our beſt
To make as much waſte paper as the reſt.

I HAVE often pleaſed myſelf with conſidering the two kinds of benefits which accrue to the public from theſe my ſpeculations, and which, were I to ſpeak after the manner of logicians, I would diſtinguiſh into the *material* and the *formal*. By the latter I underſtand thoſe advantages which my readers receive, as their minds are either improved or delighted by theſe my daily labours; but having already ſeveral times deſcanted on my endeavours in this light, I ſhall at preſent wholly confine myſelf to the conſideration of the former. By the word *material* I mean thoſe benefits which ariſe to the public from theſe my ſpeculations, as they conſiſt

a conſiderable quantity of our paper manufacture, employ our artiſans in printing, and find buſineſs for great numbers of indigent perſons.

Our paper-manufacture takes into it ſeveral mean materials which could be put to no other uſe, and affords work for ſeveral hands in the collecting of them, which are incapable of any other employment. Thoſe poor retailers whom we ſee ſo buſy in every ſtreet, deliver in their reſpective gleanings to the merchant. The merchant carries them in loads to the paper-mill, where they paſs through a freſh ſet of hands, and give life to another trade. Thoſe who have mills on their eſtates, by this means, conſiderably raiſe their rents, and the whole nation is in a great meaſure ſupplied with a manufacture, for which formerly ſhe was obliged to her neighbours.

The materials are no ſooner wrought into paper, but they are diſtributed among the preſſes, where they again ſet innumerable artiſts at work, and furniſh buſineſs to another myſtery. From hence, accordingly as they are ſtained with news or politics, they fly through the town in *Poſt-Men*, *Poſt-Boys*, *Daily-Courants*, *Reviews*, *Medleys*, and *Examiners*. Men, women, and children, contend who ſhall be the firſt bearers of them, and get their daily ſuſtenance by ſpreading them. In ſhort, when I trace in my mind a bundle of rags to a quire of *Spectators*, I find ſo many hands employed in every ſtep they take through their whole progreſs, that while I am writing a *Spectator*, I fancy myſelf providing bread for a multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate ſome of my witty readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my paper, after it is thus printed and publiſhed, is ſtill beneficial to the public on ſeveral occaſions. I muſt confeſs I have lighted my pipe with my own works for this twelvemonth paſt: My landlady often ſends up her little daughter to deſire ſome of my old

old *Spectators*, and has frequently told me, that the paper they are printed on is the beſt in the world to wrap ſpice in. They likewiſe make a good foundation for a mutton-pye, as I have more than once experienced, and were very much ſought for laſt *Chriſtmas* by the whole neighbourhood.

It is pleaſant enough to conſider the changes that a linen fragment undergoes by paſſing through the ſeveral hands above-mentioned. The fineſt pieces of holland, when worn to tatters, aſſume a new whiteneſs more beautiful than their firſt, and often return in the ſhape of letters to their native country. A lady's ſhift may be metamorphoſed into billets-doux, and come into her poſſeſſion a ſecond time. A beau may peruſe his cravet after it is worn out, with greater pleaſure and advantage than ever he did in a glaſs. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having officiated for ſome years as a towel or a napkin, may by this means be raiſed from a dunghill, and become the moſt valuable piece of furniture in a prince's cabinet.

The politeſt nations of *Europe* have endeavoured to vie with one another for the reputation of the fineſt printing: Abſolute governments, as well as republics, have encouraged an art which ſeems to be the nobleſt and moſt beneficial that ever was invented among the ſons of men. The preſent King of *France*, in his purſuits after glory, has particularly diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the promoting of this uſeful art, inſomuch that ſeveral books have been printed in the *Louvre* at his own expence, upon which he ſets ſo great a value, that he conſiders them as the nobleſt preſents he can make to foreign princes and ambaſſadors. If we look into the commonwealths of *Holland* and *Venice*, we ſhall find that in this particular they have made themſelves the envy of the greateſt monarchies. *Elzevir* and *Aldus* are more frequently mentioned than any penſioner of the one or Doge of the other.

The

The ſeveral preſſes which are now in *England*, and the great encouragement which has been given to learning for ſome years laſt paſt, has made our own nation as glorious upon this account, as for its late triumphs and conqueſts. The new edition which is given us of *Cæſar*'s Commentaries, has already been taken notice of in foreign *Gazettes*, and is a work that does honour the *Engliſh* preſs. It is no wonder that an edition ſhould be very correct, which has paſſed through the hands of one of the moſt accurate, learned, and judicious writers this age has produced. The beauty of the paper, of the character, and of the ſeveral cuts with which this noble work is illuſtrated, makes it the fineſt book that I have ever ſeen; and is a true inſtance of the *Engliſh* genius, which, though it does not come the firſt into any art, generally carries it to greater heights than any other country in the world. I am particularly glad that this author comes from a *Britiſh* printing-houſe in ſo great a magnificence, as he is the firſt who has given us any tolerable account of our country.

My illiterate readers, if any ſuch there are, will be ſurpriſed to hear me talk of learning as the glory of a nation, and of printing as an art that gains reputation to a people among whom it flouriſhes. When men's thoughts are taken up with avarice and ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as great or valuable, which does not bring with it an extraordinary power or intereſt to the perſon who is concerned in it. But as I ſhall never ſink this paper ſo far as to engage with *Goths* and *Vandals*, I ſhall only regard ſuch kind of reaſoners with that pity which is due to ſo deplorable a degree of ſtupidity and ignorance. L

FRIDAY,

No. 368. Friday, May 2.

——Nos decebat
Lugere ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus,
Humanæ vitæ varia reputantes mala:
At qui labores morte finisset graves,
Omnes amicos laude et lætitia exequi.

Eurip. *apud* Tull.

When first an infant draws the vital air,
Officious grief shou'd welcome him to care:
But joy shou'd life's concluding scene attend,
And mirth be kept to grace a dying friend.

As the *Spectator* is in a kind a paper of news from the natural world, as others are from the busy and politic part of mankind, I shall translate the following letter written to an eminent *French* gentleman in this town from *Paris*, which gives us the exit of an heroine who is a pattern of patience and generosity.

'Sir, *Paris, April* 18. 1712.

'It is so many years since you left your native 'country, that I am to tell you the characters 'of your nearest relations as much as if you were 'an utter stranger to them. The occasion of this 'is to give you an account of the death of Madam 'de *Villacerfe*, whose departure out of this life I 'know not whether a man of your philosophy will 'call unfortunate or not, since it was attended 'with some circumstances as much to be desired as 'to be lamented. She was her whole life happy in 'an uninterrupted health, and was always honoured 'for an evenness of temper and greatness of mind. 'On the 10th instant that lady was taken with an 'indisposition which confined her to her chamber,

'but

'but was ſuch as was too ſlight to make her take 'a ſick-bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any 'ſatisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriouſly 'known that ſome years ago Monſieur *Feſteau*, one 'of the moſt conſiderable ſurgeons in *Paris*, was 'deſperately in love with this lady: Her quality pla-'ced her above any application to her on the ac-'count of his paſſion: But as woman always has 'ſome regard to the perſon whom ſhe believes to 'be her real admirer. She now took it in her head '(upon advice of her phyſicians to loſe ſome of her 'blood) to ſend for Monſieur *Feſteau* on that occa-'ſion. I happened to be there at that time, and 'my near relation gave me the privilege to be pre-'ſent. As ſoon as her arm was ſtripped bare, and 'he began to preſs it in order to raiſe the vein, his 'colour changed, and I obſerved him ſeized with 'a ſudden tremor, which made me take the liberty 'to ſpeak of it to my couſin with ſome apprehen-'ſion: She ſmiled, and ſaid, ſhe knew Mr *Feſteau* 'had no inclination to do her injury. He ſeemed 'to recover himſelf, and ſmiling alſo proceeded in 'his work. Immediately after the operation he 'cried out, that he was the moſt unfortunate of 'all men for that he had opened an artery inſtead of 'a vein. It is as impoſſible to expreſs the artiſt's 'diſtraction as the patient's compoſure. I will not 'dwell on little circumſtances, but go on to inform 'you, that within three days time it was thought 'neceſſary to take off her arm. She was ſo far 'from uſing *Feſteau* as it would be natural for one 'of a lower ſpirit to treat him, that ſhe would not 'let him be abſent from any conſultation about 'her preſent condition, and on every occaſion aſk-'ed whether he was ſatisfied in the meaſures that 'were taken about her. Before this laſt operation 'ſhe ordered her will to be drawn, and after ha-'ving been about a quarter of an hour alone, ſhe

'bid the ſurgeons, of whom poor *Feſteau* was one, 'go on in their work. I know not how to give 'you the terms of art, but there appeared ſuch 'ſymptoms after the amputation of her arm, that 'it was viſible ſhe could not live four and twenty 'hours. Her behaviour was ſo magnanimous 'through this whole affair, that I was particu-'larly curious in taking notice of what paſſed as 'her fate approached nearer and nearer, and took 'notes of what ſhe ſaid to all about her, particu-'larly word for word what ſhe ſpoke to Mr *Feſ-'teau*, which was as follows.

"Sir, you give me inexpreſſible ſorrow for the "anguiſh with which I ſee you overwhelmed. I "am removed to all intents and purpoſes from the "intereſts of human life, therefore I am to begin to "think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do "not conſider you as one by whoſe error I have "loſt my life; no, you are my benefactor, as you "have haſtened my entrance into a happy im-"mortality. This is my ſenſe of this accident; "but the world in which you live may have "thoughts of it to your diſadvantage; I have "therefore taken care to provide for you in my "will and have placed you above what you have "to fear from their ill-nature."

'While this excellent woman ſpoke theſe words, '*Feſteau* looked as if he received a condemnation 'to die, inſtead of a penſion for his life. Madam '*de Villacerfe* lived till eight of the clock the next 'night, and, though ſhe muſt have laboured under 'the moſt exquiſite torments, ſhe poſſeſſed her mind 'with ſo wonderful a patience, that one may rather 'ſay ſhe ceaſed to breathe than ſhe died at that hour. 'You who had not the happineſs to be perſonally 'known to this lady, have nothing but to rejoice 'in the honour you had of being related to ſo 'great merit; but we, who have loſt her conver-'ſation,

'fation, cannot ſo eaſily reſign our own happi-
'neſs by reflection upon hers.

'I am, Sir, your affectionate kinſman,

'and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

'PAUL REGNAUD.'

There hardly can be a greater inſtance of an heroic mind, than the unprejudiced manner in which this lady weighed this misfortune. The regard of life itſelf could not make her overlook the contrition of the unhappy man, whoſe more than ordinary concern for her was all his guilt. It would certainly be of ſingular uſe to human ſociety to have an exact account of this lady's ordinary conduct, which was crowned by ſo uncommon magnanimity. Such greatneſs was not to be acquired in the laſt article, nor is it to be doubted but it was a conſtant practice of all that is praiſe-worthy, which made her capable of beholding death, not as the diſſolution, but the conſummation of her life. T

No. 369. SATURDAY, MAY 3.

Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aures,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus——

HOR. Ars. Poet. ver. 180.

——What we hear moves leſs than what we ſee.

ROSCOMMON.

MILTON, after having repreſented in viſion the hiſtory of mankind to the firſt great period of nature, diſpatches the remaining part of it in narration. He has deviſed a very handſome reaſon for the angel's proceeding with *Adam* after this manner; though doubtleſs the true reaſon was the difficulty which the poet would have found to have ſhadowed out ſo mixed and complicated a ſtory in viſible

objects. I could wish, however, that the author had done it, whatever pains it might have cost him. To give my opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the history of mankind in vision, and part in narrative, is as if an history-painter should put in colours one half of his subject, and write down the remaining part of it. If *Milton*'s poem flags any where, it is in this narration, where in some places the author has been so attentive to his divinity, that he has neglected his poetry. The narration, however, rises very happily on several occasions, where the subject is capable of poetical ornaments, as particularly in the confusion which he describes among the builders of *Babel*, and in his short sketch of the plagues of *Egypt*. The storm of hail and fire, with the darkness that overspread the land for three days, are described with great strength. The beautiful passage which follows is raised upon noble hints in scripture:

——Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart; and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart; but still as ice
More harden'd after thaw: Till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd the sea
Swallows him with his host; but them lets pass
As on dry land between two crystal walls;
Aw'd by the rod of *Moses* so to stand
Divided——

The *River-Dragon* is an allusion to the crocodile which inhabits the *Nile* from whence *Egypt* derives her plenty. This alusion is taken from that sublime passage in *Ezekiel*; *Thus saith the Lord God, Behold I am against thee,* Pharoh *king of* Egypt, *the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself.* *Milton* has given us another very noble and poetical image in the same description,

tion, which is copied almoſt word for word out of the hiſtory of *Moſes*.

All night he will purſue, but his approach
Darkneſs defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his hoſt,
And craze their chariot-wheels: When by command
Moſes once more his potent rod extends
Over the ſea; the ſea his rod obeys:
On their embattl'd ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war———

As the principal deſign of this *Epiſode* was to give *Adam* an idea of the holy Perſon who was to reinſtate human nature in that happineſs and perfection from which it had fallen, the poet confines himſelf to the line of *Abraham*, from whence the *Meſſiah* was to deſcend. The angel is deſcribed as ſeeing the patriarch actually travelling towards the *Land of Promiſe*, which gives a particular livelineſs to this part of the narration.

I ſee him, but thou canſt not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, his native ſoil.
Ur of *Chaldea*, paſſing now the ford
To *Haran*, after him a cumb'rous train
Of herds and flocks, and num'rous ſervitude;
Not wand'ring poor but truſting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I ſee his tents
Pitch'd about *Shechem*, and the neighb'ring plain
Of *Moreh*; there by promiſe he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land;
From *Hamath* northward to the deſert ſouth;
(Things by their names I call, tho' yet unnam'd.)

As *Virgil*'s viſion in the ſixth *Æneid* probably gave *Milton* the hint of this whole *Epiſode*, the laſt line is a tranſlation of that verſe where *Anchiſes*

mentions the names of places, which they were to bear hereafter.

Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc ſunt ſide nomine terræ.

The poet has very finely repreſented the joy and gladneſs of heart which riſes in *Adam* upon the diſcovery of the *Meſſiah*. As he ſees his day at a diſtance through types and ſhadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the redemption of man compleated, and *Paradiſe* again renewed, he breaks forth in a rapture and tranſport;

O goodneſs infinite, goodneſs immenſe!
That all this good of evil ſhall produce, &c.

I have hinted in my ſixth paper on *Milton*, that an heroic poem, according to the opinion of the beſt critics, ought to end happily, and leave the mind of the reader, after having conducted it thro' many doubts and fears, ſorrows and diſquietudes, in a ſtate of tranquillity and ſatisfaction. *Milton*'s fable, which had ſo many other qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this particular. It is here, therefore, that the poet has ſhewn a moſt exquiſite judgment, as well as the fineſt invention, by finding out a method to ſupply this natural defect in his ſubject. Accordingly he leaves the adverſary of mankind, in the laſt view which he gives of him, under the loweſt ſtate of mortification and diſappointment. We ſee him chewing aſhes, grovelling in the duſt, and loaden with ſupernumerary pains and torments. On the contrary, our two firſt parents are comforted by dreams and viſions, cheared with promiſes of ſalvation, and, in a manner, raiſed to a greater happineſs than that which they had forfeited: In ſhort, *Satan* is repreſented miſerable in the height of his triumphs, and *Adam* triumphant in the height of miſery.

Milton's poem ends very nobly. The laſt ſpeeches of *Adam* and the archangel are full of moral and inſtructive

inſtructive ſentiments. The ſleep that fell upon *Eve*, and the effects it had in quieting the diſorders of her mind, produces the ſame kind of conſolation in the reader, who cannot peruſe the laſt beautiful ſpeech which is aſcribed to the mother of mankind, without a ſecret pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

Whence thou return'ſt, and whither went'ſt, I know;
For God is alſo in ſleep, and dreams adviſe,
Which he hath ſent propitious, ſo me great good
Preſaging, ſince with ſorrow and heart's diſtreſs
Wearied I fell aſleep: But now lead on;
In me is no delay: With thee to go,
Is to ſtay here; without thee here to ſtay,
Is to go hence unwilling: Thou to me
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art baniſh'd hence.
This farther conſolation yet ſecure
I carry hence; tho' all by me is loſt,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchſafed,
By me the promis'd ſeed ſhall all reſtore.

The following lines, which conclude the poem, riſe in a moſt glorious blaze of poetical images and expreſſions.

Heliodorus in his *Æthiopicks* acquaints us, that the motions of the gods differs from that of mortals, as the former do not ſtir their feet, nor proceed ſtep by ſtep, but ſlide o'er the ſurface of the earth by an uniform ſwimming of the whole body. The reader may obſerve with how poetical a deſcription *Milton* has attributed the ſame kind of motion to the angels who were to take poſſeſſion of *Paradiſe*.

So ſpake our mother *Eve*, and *Adam* heard
Well pleas'd, but anſwered not; for now too nigh
Th' archangel ſtood; and from the other hill
To their fix'd ſtation, all in bright array
The cherubim deſcended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as ev'ning miſt
Ris'n from a river o'er the mariſh glides,

And

And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet.——

The author helped his invention in the following passage, by reflecting on the behaviour of the angel, who, in holy writ, has the conduct of *Lot* and his family. The circumstances drawn from that relation are very gracefully made use of on this occasion.

In either hand the hasting angel caught
Our lingring parents, and to th' eastern gate
Led them direct; and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; them disappear'd,
They looking back, &c.

The scene which our first parents are surprised with, upon their looking back on *Paradise*, wonderfully strikes the reader's imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the tears they shed on that occasion.

They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of *Paradise*, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them, where to chuse
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

If I might presume to offer at the smallest alteration in this divine work, I should think the poem would end better with the passage here quoted, than with the two verses which follow:

They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through *Eden* took their solitary way.

These two verses, though they have their beauty, fall

fall very much below the foregoing paſſage, and renew in the mind of the reader that anguiſh which was pretty well laid by that conſideration;

The world was all before them, where to chuſe
Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide.

The number of books in *Paradiſe Loſt* is equal to thoſe of the *Æneid*. Our author, in his firſt edition, had divided his poem into ten books, but afterwards broke the ſeventh and eleventh each of them into two different books, by the help of ſome ſmall additions. This ſecond diviſion was made with great judgment, as any one may ſee who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the ſake of ſuch a chimerical beauty as that of reſembling *Virgil* in this particular, but for the more juſt and regular diſpoſition of this great work.

Thoſe who have read *Boſſu*, and many of the critics who have written ſince his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular moral which is inculcated in *Paradiſe Loſt*. Though I can by no means think with the laſt-mentioned *French* author, that an epic writer firſt of all pitches upon a certain moral, as the ground-work and foundation of his poem, and afterwards finds out a ſtory to it: I am, however, of opinion, that no juſt heroic poem ever was or can be made, from whence one great moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in *Milton* is the moſt univerſal and moſt uſeful that can be imagined: It is in ſhort this, *That obedience to the will of God makes men happy, and that diſobedience makes them miſerable.* This is viſibly the moral of the principal fable, which turns upon *Adam* and *Eve*, who continued in *Paradiſe* while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as ſoon as they had tranſgreſſed. This is likewiſe the moral of the principal epiſode, which ſhews us how an innumerable multitude of angels fell from their ſtate of bliſs, and

were

were caſt into hell upon their diſobedience. Beſides this great moral, which my be looked upon as the ſoul of the fable, there are an infinity of under-morals which are to be drawn from the ſeveral parts of the poem, and which makes this work more uſeful and inſtructive than any other poem in any language.

Thoſe who have criticiſed on the *Odyſſey*, the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months and days contained in the action of each of thoſe poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in *Milton*, he will find that from *Adam*'s firſt appearance in the fourth book, to his expulſion from *Paradiſe* in the twelfth, the author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is deſcribed in the three firſt books, as it does not paſs within the regions of nature, I have before obſerved that it is not ſubject to any calculations of time.

I have now finiſhed my obſervations on a work which does an honour to the *Engliſh* nation. I have taken a general view of it under theſe four heads, the fable, the characters, the ſentiments, and the language, and made each of them the ſubject of a particular paper. I have, in the next place, ſpoken of the cenſures which our author may incur under each of theſe heads, which I have confined to two papers, though I might have enlarged the number, if I had been diſpoſed to dwell on ſo ungrateful a ſubject. I believe, however, that the ſevereſt reader will not find any little fault in heroic poetry, which this author has fallen into, that does not come under one of thoſe heads among which I have diſtributed his ſeveral blemiſhes. After having thus treated at large of *Paradiſe Loſt*, I could not think it ſufficient to have celebrated this poem in the whole, without deſcending to particulars. I have therefore beſtowed a paper upon each book,

and

and endeavoured not only to prove that the poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties, and to determine wherein they conſiſt. I have endeavoured to ſhew how ſome paſſages are beautified by being ſublime, others by being ſoft, others by being natural; which of them are recommended by the paſſion, which by the moral, which by the ſentiment, and which by the expreſſion. I have likewiſe endeavoured to ſhew how the genius of the poet ſhines by a happy invention, a diſtant alluſion, or a judicious imitation; how he has copied or improved *Homer* or *Virgil*, and raiſes his own imaginations by the uſe which he has made of ſeveral poetical paſſages in Scripture. I might have inſerted alſo ſeveral paſſages of *Taſſo*, which our author has imitated; but as I do not look upon *Taſſo* to be a ſufficient voucher, I would not perplex my reader with ſuch quotations, as might do more honour to the *Italian* than the *Engliſh* poet. In ſhort, I have endeavoured to particularize thoſe innumerable kinds of beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are eſſential to poetry, and which may be met with in the works of this great author. Had I thought, at my firſt engaging in this deſign, that it would have led me to ſo great a length, I believe I ſhould never have entered upon it; but the kind reception which it has met with among thoſe whoſe judgments I have a value for, as well as the uncommon demands which my bookſeller tells me have been made for theſe particular diſcourſes, gives me no reaſon to repent of the pains I have been at in compoſing them. L

MONDAY,

No. 370. Monday, May 5.

Totus mundus agit hiſtrionem.

Many of my fair readers, as well as very gay and well-received perſons of the other ſex, are extremely perplexed at the *Latin* ſentences at the head of my ſpeculations; I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with tranſlations of each of them: However, I have to-day taken down from the top of the ſtage in *Drury-Lane* a bit of *Latin* which often ſtands in their view, and ſignifies that *The whole world acts the Player*. It is certain that if we look all around us, and behold the different employments of mankind, you hardly ſee one who is not, as the player is, in an aſſumed character. The lawyer, who is vehement and loud in a cauſe wherein he knows he has not the truth of the queſtion on his ſide, is a player as to the perſonated part, but incomparably meaner than he as to the proſtitution of himſelf for hire; becauſe the pleader's falſehood introduces injuſtice, the player feigns for no other end but to divert or inſtruct you. The divine, whoſe paſſions tranſport him to ſay any thing with any view but promoting the intereſts of true piety and religion, is a player with a ſtill greater imputation of guilt, in proportion to his depreciating a character more ſacred. Conſider all the different purſuits and employments of men, and you will find half their actions tend to nothing elſe but diſguiſe and impoſture; and all that is done, which proceeds not from a man's very ſelf, is the action of a player. For this reaſon it is that I make ſo frequent mention of the ſtage: It is, with me, a matter of the higheſt conſideration what parts are well or ill-performed, what paſſions or ſentiments are indulged or cultivated, and conſequently what manners

manners and cuſtoms are transfuſed from the ſtage to the world, which reciprocally imitate each other. As the writers of epic poems introduce ſhadowy perſons, and repreſent vices and virtues under the characters of men and women; ſo I, who am a SPECTATOR in the world, may perhaps ſometimes make uſe of the names of the actors on the ſtage, to repreſent or admoniſh thoſe who tranſact affairs in the world. When I am commending *Wilks* for repreſenting the tenderneſs of a huſband and a father in *Macbeth*, the contrition of a reformed prodigal in *Harry* the fourth, the winning emptineſs of a young man of good-nature and wealth in *The Trip to the Jubilee*, the officiouſneſs of an artful ſervant in *The Fox*: When thus I celebrate *Wilks*, I talk to all the world who are engaged in any of thoſe circumſtances. If I were to ſpeak of merit neglected, miſapplied or miſunderſtood, might not I ſay *Eaſtcourt* has a great capacity? But it is not the intereſt of others who bear a figure on the ſtage that his talents were underſtood; it is their buſineſs to impoſe upon him what cannot become him, or keep out of his hands any thing in which he would ſhine. Were one to raiſe a ſuſpicion of himſelf in a man who paſſes upon the world for a fine thing, in order to alarm him, one might ſay, if Lord *Foppington* was not on the ſtage, (*Cibber* acts the falſe pretenſions to a genteel behaviour ſo very juſtly) he would have in the generality of mankind more that would admire than deride him. When we come to characters directly comical, it is not to be imagined what effect a well-regulated ſtage would have upon mens manners. The craft of an uſurer, the abſurdity of a rich fool, the aukward roughneſs of a fellow of half courage, the ungraceful mirth of a creature of half wit, might be for ever put out of countenance by proper parts for *Dogget*. *Johnſon*, by acting *Corbacchio* the other night, muſt have given all who ſaw him a thorough

deteſtation of aged avarice. The petulancy of a peeviſh old fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the ingenious Mr *William Penkethman* in *The Fop's Fortune*; where, in the character of *Don Cholerick Snap Shorto de Teſty*, he anſwers no queſtions but to thoſe whom he likes, and wants no account of any thing from thoſe he approves. Mr *Penkethman* is alſo maſter of as many faces in the dumb ſcene as can be expected from a man in his circumſtances of being ready to periſh out of fear and hunger: He wonders throughout the whole ſcene very maſterly, without neglecting his victuals. If it be, as I have heard it ſometimes mentioned, a great qualification of the world to follow buſineſs and pleaſure too, what is it in the ingenious Mr *Penkethman* to repreſent a ſenſe of pleaſure and pain at the ſame time; as you may ſee him do this evening?

As it is certain that a ſtage ought to be wholly ſuppreſſed, or judiciouſly encouraged, while there is one in the nation, men turned for regular pleaſure cannot employ their thoughts more uſefully, for the diverſion of mankind, than by convincing them that it is in themſelves to raiſe this entertainment to the greateſt height. It would be a great improvement, as well as embelliſhment to the theatre, if dancing were more regarded, and taught to all the actors. One who has the advantage of ſuch an agreeable girliſh perſon as Mrs *Bicknell*, joined with her capacity of imitation, could in proper geſture and motion repreſent all the decent characters of female life. An amiable modeſty in one aſpect of a dancer, an aſſumed confidence in another, a ſudden joy in another, a falling off with an impatience of being beheld, a return towards the audience with an unſteady reſolution to approach them, and a well-acted ſolicitude to pleaſe, would revive in the company all the fine touches of mind raiſed in obſerving all the objects of affection and paſſion

they

they had before beheld. Such elegant entertainments as theſe would poliſh the town into judgment in their gratifications; and delicacy in pleaſure is the firſt ſtep people of condition take in reformation from vice. Mrs *Pickhell* has the only capacity for this ſort of dancing of any on the ſtage; and I dare ſay all who ſee her performance to-morrow night, when ſure the romp will do her beſt for her own benefit, will be of my mind. T

No. 371. TUESDAY, MAY 6.

Jamne igitur laudas quod de ſapientibus unus
Ridebat?——— Juv. Sat. x. ver. 28.

And ſhall the Sage * your approbation win,
Whoſe laughing features wore a conſtant grin?

I SHALL communicate to my reader the following letter for the entertainment of this day.

'SIR,

'YOU know very well that our nation is more 'famous for that ſort of men who are called *Whims* 'and *Humouriſts*, than any other country in the 'world; for which reaſon it is obſerved, that our '*Engliſh* comedy excels that of all other nations in 'the novelty and variety of its characters.

'Among thoſe innumerable ſets of *Whims* which 'our country produces, there are none whom I 'have regarded with more curioſity than thoſe who 'have invented any particular kind of diverſion for 'the entertainment of themſelves or their friends. 'My letter ſhall ſingle out thoſe who take delight 'in ſorting a company that has ſomething of bur-'leſque and ridicule in its appearance. I ſhall

* Democritus.

'make myſelf underſtood by the following example. 'One of the wits of the laſt age, who was a man 'of a good eſtate, though he never laid out his 'money better than in a jeſt. As he was one year 'at the *Bath*, obſerving that in the great confluence of fine people, there were ſeveral among 'them with long chins, a part of the viſage by 'which he himſelf was very much diſtinguiſhed, he 'invited to dinner half a ſcore of theſe remarkable 'perſons who had their mouths in the middle of 'their faces. They had no ſooner placed themſelves about the table, but they began to ſtare upon one another, not being able to imagine what 'had brought them together. Our *Engliſh* proverb 'ſays,

'Tis merry in the hall,
When beards wag all.

'It proved ſo in the aſſembly I am now ſpeaking 'of, who ſeeing ſo many peaks of faces agitated 'with eating, drinking and diſcourſe, and obſerving all the chins that were preſent meeting together very often over the centre of the table, every 'one grew ſenſible of the jeſt, and came into it 'with ſo much good-humour, that they lived in 'ſtrict friendſhip and alliance from that day forward.

'The ſame gentleman ſome time after packed 'together a ſet of Oglers, as he called them, 'conſiſting of ſuch as had an unlucky caſt in their 'eyes. His diverſion on this occaſion was to ſee 'the croſs-bows, miſtaken ſigns, and wrong connivances that paſſed amidſt ſo many broken and 'refracted rays of ſight.

'The third feaſt which this merry gentleman 'exhibited was to the Stammerers, whom he got 'together in a ſufficient body to fill his table. He 'had ordered one of his ſervants, who was placed 'behind a ſcreen, to write down their table-talk,

'which

'which was very eaſy to be done without the help 'of ſhort-hand. It appears by the notes which 'were taken, that though their converſation never 'fell, there were not about twenty words ſpoken 'during the firſt courſe; that upon ſerving up the 'ſecond, one of the company was a quarter of an 'hour in telling them, that the ducklings and a-'ſparagus were very good; and that another took 'up the ſame time in declaring himſelf of the ſame 'opinion. This jeſt did not, however, go off ſo 'well as the former; for one of the gueſts being a 'brave man, and fuller of reſentment than he 'knew how to expreſs, went out of the room, and 'ſent the facetious inviter a challenge in writing, 'which, though it was afterwards dropped by the 'interpoſition of friends, put a ſtop to theſe ludi-'crous entertainments.

'Now, Sir, I dare ſay you will agree with me, 'that as there is no moral in theſe jeſts, they ought 'to be diſcouraged, and looked upon rather as 'pieces of unluckineſs than wit. However, as it is 'natural for one man to refine upon the thought 'of another, and impoſſible for any ſingle perſon, 'how great ſoever his parts may be, to invent an 'art, and bring it to its utmoſt perfection; I ſhall 'here give an account of an honeſt gentleman 'of my acquaintance, who, upon hearing the cha-'racter of the wit above-mentioned, has himſelf 'aſſumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the 'benefit of mankind. He invited half a dozen of 'his friends one day to dinner, who were each of 'them famous for inſerting ſeveral redundant 'phraſes in their diſcourſe, as, *d'ye hear me, d'ye 'ſee, that is, and ſo Sir.* Each of the gueſts mak-'ing frequent uſe of his particular elegance, ap-'peared ſo ridiculous to his neighbour, that he 'could not but reflect upon himſelf as appearing 'equally ridiculous to the reſt of the company: 'By this means, before they had ſat long together,

'every one talking with the greateſt circumſpec-
'tion, and carefully avoiding his favourite exple-
'tive, the converſation was cleared of its redun-
'dancies, and had a greater quantity of ſenſe,
'though leſs of ſound in it.

'The ſame well-meaning gentleman took occa-
'ſion, at another time, to bring together ſuch of
'his friends as were addicted to a fooliſh habitual
'cuſtom of ſwearing. In order to ſhew them the
'abſurdity of the practice, he had recourſe to the
'invention above-mentioned, having placed an *A-*
'*manuenſis* in a private part of the room. After
'the ſecond bottle, when men open their minds
'without reſerve, my honeſt friend began to take
'notice of the many ſonorous but unneceſſary
'words that had paſſed in his houſe ſince their ſit-
'ting down at table, and how much good conver-
'ſation they had loſt by giving way to ſuch ſuper-
'fluous phraſes. What a tax, ſays he, would they
'have raiſed for the poor, had we put the laws in
'execution upon one another? Every one of them
'took this gentle reproof in good part. Upon
'which he told them, that knowing their conver-
'ſation would have no ſecrets in it, he had order-
'ed it to be taken down in writing, and for the
'humour-ſake would read it to them, if they plea-
'ſed. There were ten ſheets of it, which might
'have been reduced to two, had there not been
'thoſe abominable interpolations I have before
'mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold blood,
'it looked rather like a conference of fiends than
'of men. In ſhort, every one trembled at himſelf
'upon hearing calmly what he had pronounced
'amidſt the heat and inadvertency of diſcourſe.

'I ſhall only mention another occaſion wherein
'he made uſe of the ſame invention to cure a dif-
'ferent kind of men, who are the peſts of all po-
'lite converſation, and murder time as much as
'either of the two former, though they do it more
'innocently;

'innocently; I mean that dull generation of ſto-
'ry-tellers. My friend got together about half
'a dozen of his acquaintance, who were infec-
'ted with this ſtrange malady. The firſt day one
'of them, ſitting down entered upon the ſiege
'of *Namur*, which laſted till four o'clock, their
'time of parting. The ſecond day a *North-Bri-*
'*tain* took poſſeſſion of the diſcourſe, which it was
'impoſſible to get out of his hands ſo long as the
'company ſtaid together. The third day was en-
'groſſed after the ſame manner by a ſtory of the
'ſame length. They at laſt began to reflect upon
'this barbarous way of treating one another, and
'by this means awakened out of that lethargy,
'with which each of them had been ſeized for ſe-
'veral years.

'As you have ſomewhere declared that extra-
'ordinary and uncommon characters of mankind
'are the game which you delight in, and as I look
'upon you to be the greateſt ſportſman, or, if you
'pleaſe, the *Nimrod* among the ſpecies of writers,
'I thought this diſcovery would not be unaccept-
'able to you.

'I am,

'SIR, *&c.*

WEDNESDAY,

No. 372. Wednesday, May 7.

——Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli.
Ovid. Met. i. ver. 758.

To hear an open ſlander, is a curſe;
But not to find an anſwer, is a worſe.
Dryden.

'Mr Spectator, *May* 6. 1712.

'I Am ſexton of the pariſh of *Covent-Garden*, 'and complained to you ſome time ago, that as 'I was tolling into prayers at eleven in the morn- 'ing, crouds of people of quality haſtened to aſ- 'ſemble at a puppet-ſhow on the other ſide of the 'garden. I had, at the ſame time, a very great 'diſeſteem for Mr *Powell* and his little thoughtleſs 'commonwealth, as if they had inticed the gentry 'into thoſe wandrings: But let that be as it will, 'I am now convinced of the honeſt intentions of 'the ſaid Mr *Powell* and company; and ſend this 'to acquaint you, that he has given all the profits 'which ſhall ariſe to-morrow night by his play to 'the uſe of the poor charity-children of this pariſh. 'I have been informed, Sir, that in *Holland* all 'perſons who ſet up any ſhow, or act any ſtage- 'play, be the actors either of wood and wire, or 'fleſh and blood, are obliged to pay out of their 'gain ſuch a proportion to the honeſt and indu- 'ſtrious poor in the neighbourhood: By this means 'they make diverſion and pleaſure pay a tax to la- 'bour and induſtry. I have been told alſo, that 'all the time of *Lent*, in Roman-catholic countries, 'the perſons of condition adminiſtred to the ne- 'ceſſities of the poor, and attended the beds of la- 'zars and diſeaſed perſons. Our Proteſtant ladies

'and

'and gentlemen are so much to seek for proper 'ways of passing time, that they are obliged to '*Punchinello* for knowing what to do with them-'selves. Since the case is so, I desire only you 'would intreat our people of quality, who are not 'to be interrupted in their pleasure, to think of 'the practice of any moral duty, that they would 'at least fine for their sins, and give something to 'these poor children; a little out of their luxury 'and superfluity would atone, in some measure, 'for the wanton use of the rest of their fortunes. 'It would not, methinks, be amiss, if the ladies, 'who haunt the cloisters and passages of the play-'house, were upon every offence obliged to pay to 'this excellent institution of schools of charity: This 'method would make offenders themselves do ser-'vice to the public. But, in the mean time, I de-'sire you would publish this voluntary reparation 'which Mr *Powell* does our parish, for the noise he 'has made in it by the constant rattling of coaches, 'drums, trumpets, triumphs, and battles. The 'destruction of *Troy* adorned with highland dances, 'are to make up the entertainment of all who are 'so well disposed as not to forbear a light enter-'tainment, for no other reason but that it is to do 'a good action.

'I am, SIR,
'Your most humble servant,
'RALPH BELFRY.'

'I am credibly informed, that all the insinuati-'ons which a certain writer made against Mr *Powell* 'at the *Bath*, are false and groundless.'

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'MY employment, which is that of a broker, 'leading me often into taverns about the *Exchange*, 'has given me occasion to observe a certain enor-'mity, which I shall here submit to your animad-'versions. In three or four of these taverns, I 'have,

'have, at different times, taken notice of a pre-
'cise set of people with grave countenances, short
'wigs, black clothes, or dark camblet trimmed
'with black, and mourning gloves and hatbands,
'who meet on certain days at each tavern succes-
'sively, and keep a sort of moving club. Having
'often met with their faces, and observed a cer-
'tain slinking way in their dropping in one after
'another, I had the curiosity to enquire into their
'character, being the rather moved to it by their
'agreeing in the singularity of their dress; and I
'find upon due examination, they are a knot of
'parish-clerks, who have taken a fancy to one ano-
'ther, and perhaps settle the bills of mortality
'over their half-pints. I have so great a value
'and veneration for any who have but even an as-
'senting *Amen* in the service of religion, that I am
'afraid lest these persons should incur some scandal
'by this practice; and would therefore have them,
'without raillery, advise to send the Florence and
'pullets home to their own houses, and not pre-
'tend to live as well as the overseers of the poor.

'I am, SIR,

'Your most humble servant,

'HUMPHRY TRANSFER.'

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'I WAS last *Wednesday* night at a tavern in the
'city, among a set of men who call themselves
'the *Lawyers-Club*. You must know, Sir, this
'club consists only of attorneys; and at this meet-
'ing every one proposes the cause he has then in
'hand to the board, upon which each member
'gives his judgment according to the experience
'he has met with. If it happens that any one puts
'a case of which they have had no precedent, it is
'noted down by their clerk *Will Gorsequil*, (who re-
'gisters all their proceedings) that one of them
'may go the next day with it to a counsel. This

'in-

'indeed is commendable, and ought to be the prin-
'cipal end of their meeting; but had you been
'there to have heard them relate their methods
'of managing a cauſe, their manner of drawing
'out their bills, and, in ſhort, their arguments up-
'on the ſeveral ways of abuſing their clients, with
'the applauſe that is given to him who has done
'it moſt artfully, you would before now have given
'your remarks on them. They are ſo conſcious
'that their diſcourſes ought to be kept ſecret, that
'they are very cautious of admitting any perſon
'who is not of their profeſſion. When any who
'are not of the law are let in, the perſon who in-
'troduces him, ſays he is a very honeſt gentleman,
'and he is taken in, as their cant is, to pay coſts.
'I am admitted upon the recommendation of one
'of their principals, as *a very honeſt, good-natured*
'*fellow*, that will never be in a plot, and only de-
'ſires to drink his bottle, and ſmoke his pipe. You
'have formerly remarked upon ſeveral ſorts of
'clubs; and as the tendency of this is only to in-
'creaſe fraud and deceit, I hope you will pleaſe to
'take notice of it.

'I am, (with reſpect)

T 'Your humble ſervant,

'H. R.'

No. 373. THURSDAY, MAY 8.

Fallit enim vitium ſpecie virtutis et umbra.
JUV. Sat. xiv. ver. 109.

Vice oft is hid in virtue's fair diſguiſe,
And in her borrowed form eſcapes inquiring eyes.

MR *Locke*, in his treatiſe of human underſtanding, has ſpent two chapters upon the abuſe of

of words. The firſt and moſt palpable abuſe of words, he ſays, is, when they are uſed without clear diſtinct ideas: The ſecond, when we are ſo inconſtant and unſteady in the application of them, that we ſometimes uſe them to ſignify one idea, ſometimes another. He adds, that the reſult of our contemplations and reaſonings, while we have no preciſe ideas fixed to our words, muſt needs be very confuſed and abſurd. To avoid this inconvenience, more eſpecially in moral diſcourſes, where the ſame word ſhould conſtantly be uſed in the ſame ſenſe, he earneſtly recommends the uſe of definitions. *A definition*, ſays he, *is the only way whereby the preciſe meaning of moral words can be known*. He therefore accuſes thoſe of great negligence, who diſcourſe of moral things with the leaſt obſcurity in the terms they make uſe of, ſince upon the fore-mentioned ground he does not ſcruple to ſay, that he thinks *Morality is capable of demonſtration as well as the Mathematics*.

I know no two words that have been more abuſed by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than thoſe two, *modeſty* and *aſſurance*. To ſay, ſuch a one is a *modeſt Man*, ſometimes indeed paſſes for a good character; but at preſent is very often uſed to ſignify a ſheepiſh awkward fellow, who has neither good-breeding, politeneſs, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, *A man of aſſurance*, though at firſt is only denoted a perſon of a free and open carriage, is now very uſually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a bluſh.

I ſhall endeavour therefore in this eſſay to reſtore theſe words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of *modeſty* from being confounded with that of *ſheepiſhneſs*, and to hinder *impudence* from paſſing for *aſſurance*.

If I was put to define *modeſty*, I would call it, *the reflection*

reflection of an ingenious mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he cenſures himſelf, or fancies that he is expoſed to the cenſure of others.

For this reaſon a man truly modeſt is as much ſo when he is alone as in company, and as ſubject to a bluſh in his cloſet, as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any inſtance of modeſty with which I am ſo well pleaſed, as that celebrated one of the young prince, whoſe father, being a tributary king to the *Romans*, had ſeveral complaints laid againſt him before the ſenate, as a tyrant and oppreſſor of his ſubjects. The prince went to *Rome* to defend his father, but coming into the ſenate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was ſo oppreſſed when it came to his turn to ſpeak, that he was unable to utter a word. The ſtory tells us that the fathers were more moved at this inſtance of modeſty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the moſt pathetic oration; and, in ſhort, pardoned the guilty father for this early promiſe of virtue in the ſon.

I take *aſſurance* to be *the faculty of poſſeſſing a man's ſelf*, or *of ſaying and doing indifferent things without any uneaſineſs or emotion in the mind.* That which generally gives a man aſſurance is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all a mind fixed and determined in itſelf to do nothing againſt the rules of honour and decency. An open and aſſured behaviour is the natural conſequence of ſuch a reſolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time miſinterpreted, retires within himſelf, and from a conſciouſneſs of his own integrity, aſſumes force enough to deſpiſe the little cenſures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cheriſh and encourage in

himſelf the modeſty and aſſurance I have here mentioned.

A man without aſſurance is liable to be made uneaſy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converſes with. A man without modeſty is loſt to all ſenſe of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the prince above-mentioned poſſeſſed both theſe qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without aſſurance he would never have undertaken to ſpeak before the moſt auguſt aſſembly in the world; without modeſty he would have pleaded the cauſe he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever ſo ſcandalous.

From what has been ſaid, it is plain, that modeſty and aſſurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the ſame perſon. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compoſe what we endeavour to expreſs when we ſay a *modeſt aſſurance*; by which we underſtand the juſt mean between baſhfulneſs and impudence.

I ſhall conclude with obſerving, that as the ſame man may be both modeſt and aſſured, ſo it is alſo poſſible for the ſame perſon to be both impudent and baſhful.

We have frequent inſtances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a ſentence without confuſion, can voluntarily commit the greateſt villanies, or the moſt indecent actions.

Such a perſon ſeems to have made a reſolution to do ill even in ſpite of himſelf, and in defiance of all thoſe checks and reſtraints his temper and complection ſeem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to eſtabliſh this maxim, That the practice of *virtue* is the moſt proper method to give a man a becoming aſſurance in his words and actions. *Guilt* always

ſeeks

ſeeks to ſhelter itſelf in one of the extremes, and is ſometimes attended with both. X

No. 374. FRIDAY, MAY 9.

Nil actum reputans ſi quid ſupereſſet agendum.
Luc. lib. ii. ver. 657.

He reckons not the paſt, while ought remain'd
Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd.
ROWE.

THERE is a fault, which, though common, wants a name. It is the very contrary to procraſtination: As we loſe the preſent hour by delaying from day to day to execute what we ought to do immediately; ſo moſt of us take occaſion to ſit ſtill and throw away the time in our poſſeſſion by retroſpect on what is paſt, imagining we have already acquitted ourſelves and eſtabliſhed our characters in the ſight of mankind. But when we thus put a value upon ourſelves for what we have already done any further than to explain ourſelves in order to aſſiſt our future conduct, that will give us an over-weening opinion of our merit to the prejudice of our preſent induſtry. The great rule, methinks, ſhould be to manage the inſtant in which we ſtand, with fortitude, equanimity and moderation, according to mens reſpective circumſtances. If our paſt actions reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our own ſevere reflections ſo effectually as by a contrary behaviour. If they are praiſeworthy, the memory of them is of no uſe but to act ſuitably to them. Thus a good preſent behaviour is an implicit repentance for any miſcarriage in what is paſt; but preſent ſlackneſs will not make up for paſt activity. Time has ſwallowed up all that we contemporaries did yeſterday, as irrevo-

cably as it has the actions of the antediluvians: But we are again awake, and what ſhall we do to-day, to-day which paſſes while we are yet ſpeaking? Shall we remember the folly of laſt night, or reſolve upon the exerciſe of virtue to-morrow? Laſt night is certainly gone, and to-morrow may never arrive. This inſtant make uſe of. Can you oblige any man of honour and virtue? Do it immediately. Can you viſit a ſick friend? Will it revive him to ſee you enter, and ſuſpend your own eaſe and pleaſure to comfort his weakneſs, and hear the impertinences of a wretch in pain? Do not ſtay to take coach, but be gone. Your miſtreſs will bring ſorrow, and your bottle madneſs: Go to neither—Such virtues and diverſions as theſe are mentioned, becauſe they occur to all men. But every man is ſufficiently convinced, that to ſuſpend the uſe of the preſent moment, and reſolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable folly. What I attempted to conſider, was the miſchief of ſetting ſuch a value upon what is paſt, as to think we have done enough. Let a man have filled all the offices of life with the higheſt dignity till yeſterday, and begin to live only to himſelf to-day, he muſt expect he will in the effects upon his reputation be conſidered as the man who died yeſterday. The man who diſtinguiſhes himſelf from the reſt, ſtands in a preſs of people; thoſe before him intercept his progreſs, and thoſe behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. *Caſar*, of whom it was ſaid, *that he thought nothing done while there was any thing left for him to do*, went on in performing the greateſt exploits, without aſſuming to himſelf a privilege of taking reſt upon the foundation of the merit of his former actions. It was the manner of that glorious captain to write down what ſcenes he paſſed through, but it was rather to keep his affairs in method, and capable of a clearer review in caſe they ſhould be examined by others, than that he built

built a renown upon any thing that was paſt. I ſhall produce two fragments of his, to demonſtrate that it was his rule of life to ſupport himſelf rather by what he ſhould perform, than what he had done already. In the tablet which he wore about him the ſame year in which he obtained the battle of *Pharſalia*, there were found theſe looſe notes for his own conduct: It is ſuppoſed, by the circumſtances they alluded to, that they might be ſet down the evening of the ſame night.

'My part is now but begun, and my glory muſt 'be ſuſtained by the uſe I make of this victory; 'otherwiſe my loſs will be greater than that of '*Pompey*. Our perſonal reputation will riſe or fall 'as we bear our reſpective fortunes. All my pri'vate enemies among the priſoners ſhall be ſpared. 'I will forget this, in order to obtain ſuch another 'day. *Trebutius* is aſhamed to ſee me: I will go 'to his tent and be reconciled in private. Give 'all the men of honour, who take part with me, 'the terms I offered before the battle. Let them 'owe this to their friends who have been long in 'my intereſts. Power is weakened by the full uſe 'of it, but extended by moderation. *Galbinius* is 'proud, and will be ſervile in his preſent fortune: 'Let him wait. Send for *Stertinius*: He is modeſt, 'and his virtue is worth gaining. I have cooled 'my heart with reflection, and am fit to rejoice 'with the army to-morrow. He is a popular ge'neral who can expoſe himſelf like a private man 'during a battle; but he is more popular who 'can rejoice but like a private man after a victo'ry.'

What is particularly proper for the example of all who pretend to induſtry in the purſuit of honour and virtue, is, that this hero was more than ordinarily ſollicitous about his reputation, when a common mind would have thought itſelf in ſecurity, and given itſelf a looſe to joy and triumph. But tho'

this is a very great inſtance of his temper, I muſt confeſs I am more taken with his reflections, when he retired to his cloſet in ſome diſturbance upon the repeated ill omens of *Calphurnia*'s dream the night before his death. The literal tranſlation of that fragment ſhall conclude this paper.

'Be it ſo then. If I am to die to-morrow, that 'is what I am to do to-morrow: It will not be 'then, becauſe I am willing it ſhould be then; 'nor ſhall I eſcape it, becauſe I am unwilling. It 'is in the Gods when, but in myſelf how I ſhall 'die. If *Calphurnia*'s dreams are fumes of indi-'geſtion, how ſhall I behold the day after to-mor-'row? If they are from the Gods, their admoni-'tion is not to prepare me to eſcape from their de-'cree, but to meet it. I have lived to a fulneſs of 'days and of glory: What is there that *Cæſar* has 'not done with as much honour as ancient heroes? '*Cæſar* has not yet died; *Cæſar* is prepared to 'die.'

T

SATURDAY,

No. 375. Saturday, May 2.

Non poſſidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum: rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus ſapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejuſque Letho flagitium timet.

Hor. Od. ix. l. iv. ver. 45.

We barbarouſly call them bleſt,
Who are of largeſt tenements poſſeſt,
While ſwelling coffers break their owner's reſt.
More truly happy thoſe, who can
Govern that little empire, man:
Who ſpend their treaſure, freely as 'twas giv'n
By the large bounty of indulgent Heav'n:
Who, in a fix'd, unalterable ſtate,
Smile at the doubtful tide of fate,
And ſcorn alike her friendſhip and her hate:
Who poiſon leſs than falſehood fear,
Loth to purchaſe life ſo dear.

Stepney

I Have more than once had occaſion to mention a noble ſaying of *Seneca* the philoſopher, That a virtuous perſon ſtruggling with misfortunes, and riſing above them, is an object on which the Gods themſelves may look down with delight. I ſhall therefore ſet before my reader a ſcene of this kind of diſtreſs in private life, for the ſpeculation of this day.

An eminent citizen, who had lived in good faſhion and credit, was, by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modeſty uſually attending faultleſs poverty, which made him rather chuſe to reduce his manner of living to his preſent circumſtances,

circumſtances, than ſolicit his friends in order to ſupport the ſhew of an eſtate when the ſubſtance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of ſenſe and virtue, behaved herſelf on this occaſion with uncommon decency, and never appeared ſo amiable in his eyes as now. Inſtead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune ſhe had brought, or the many great offers ſhe had refuſed for his ſake, ſhe redoubled all the inſtances of her affection, while her huſband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints that he had ruined the beſt woman in the world. He ſometimes came home at a time when ſhe did not expect him, and ſurpriſed her in tears, which ſhe endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of chearfulneſs to receive him. To leſſen their expence, their eldeſt daughter, (whom I ſhall call *Amanda*) was ſent into the country, to the houſe of an honeſt farmer, who had married a ſervant of the family. This young woman was apprehenſive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what paſſed from time to time in her father's affairs. *Amanda* was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when the Lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's houſe as he followed his country ſports, fell paſſionately in love with her. He was a man of great generoſity, but from a looſe education had contracted an hearty averſion to marriage. He therefore entertained a deſign upon *Amanda*'s virtue, which at preſent he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never ſuſpected his intenſions, was pleaſed with his perſon; and having obſerved his growing paſſion for her, hoped by ſo advantageous a match ſhe might quickly be in a capacity of ſupporting her impoveriſhed relations. One day as he called to ſee her he found her in tears over a letter ſhe had juſt received from her friend, which gave an account that her

her father had lately been ſtripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with ſome difficulty found out the cauſe of her grief, took this occaſion to make her a propoſal. It is impoſſible to expreſs *Amanda*'s confuſion, when ſhe found his pretenſions were not honourable. She was now deſerted of all her hopes, and had no power to ſpeak; but ruſhing from him in the utmoſt diſturbance, locked herſelf up in her chamber. He immediately diſpatched a meſſenger to her father with the following letter:

'SIR,

'I HAVE heard of your misfortune, and have 'offered your daughter, if ſhe will live with me, 'to ſettle on her four hundred pounds a-year, 'and to lay down the ſum for which you are now 'diſtreſſed. I will be ſo ingenious as to tell you 'that I do not intend marriage: But if you are 'wiſe, you will uſe your authority with her not 'to be too nice, when ſhe has an opportunity of 'ſaving you and your family, and of making her-'ſelf happy.

'I am, &c.'

This letter came to the hands of *Amanda*'s mother; ſhe opened and read it with great ſurpriſe and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herſelf to the meſſenger, but deſiring him to call again the next morning, ſhe wrote to her daughter as follows:

'Deareſt Child,

'YOUR father and I have juſt now received 'a letter from a gentleman who pretends love to 'you, with a propoſal that inſults our misfortunes, 'and would throw us to a lower degree of miſery 'than any thing which is come upon us. How 'could this barbarous man think that the tender-'eſt of parents would be tempted to ſupply their

'want

'want by giving up the beſt of children to infamy 'and ruin? It is a mean and cruel artifice to make 'this propoſal at a time when he thinks our neceſ- 'ſities muſt compel us to any thing; but we will 'not eat the bread of ſhame; and therefore we 'charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the 'ſnare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pi- 'tying us: It is not ſo bad as you have perhaps 'been told. All things will yet be well, and I 'ſhall write my child better news.

'I have been interrupted. I know not how I 'was moved to ſay things would mend. As I was 'going on I was ſtartled by the noiſe of one that 'knocked at the door, and hath brought us an un- 'expected ſupply of a debt which had long been 'owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is ſome 'days I have lived almoſt without ſupport, having 'conveyed what little money I could raiſe to your 'poor father. Thou wilt weep to think where 'he is, yet be aſſured he will be ſoon at liberty. 'That cruel letter would have broke his heart, but 'I have concealed it from him. I have no com- 'panion at preſent beſides little *Fanny*, who ſtands 'watching my looks as I write, and is crying for 'her ſiſter: She ſays ſhe is ſure you are not well, 'having diſcovered that my preſent trouble is about 'you. But do not think I would thus repeat my 'ſorrows, to grieve thee. No, it is to intreat thee 'not to make them unſupportable, by adding what 'would be worſe than all. Let us bear chearfully 'an affliction which we have not brought on our- 'ſelves, and remember there is a Power who can 'better deliver us out of it, than by the loſs of 'thy innocence. Heaven preſerve my dear child.

'Thy affectionate mother ——'

The meſſenger, notwithſtanding he promiſed to deliver this letter to *Amanda*, carried it firſt to his maſter,

maſter, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himſelf. His maſter was impatient to know the ſucceſs of his propoſal, and therefore broke open the letter privately to ſee the contents. He was not a little moved at ſo true a picture of virtue in diſtreſs: But at the ſame time was infinitely ſurpriſed to find his offers rejected. However, he reſolved not to ſuppreſs the letter, but carefully ſealed it up again, and carried it to *Amanda*. All his endeavours to ſee her were in vain, till ſhe was aſſured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that ſhe ſhould read it without leaving the room. While ſhe was peruſing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepeſt attention: Her concern gave a new ſoftneſs to her beauty, and when ſhe burſt into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her ſorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and was reſolved to make reparation for having been the occaſion of it. My reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee the ſecond epiſtle which he now wrote to *Amanda*'s mother.

'MADAM,

'I AM full of ſhame, and will never forgive myſelf, if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted; nor could any thing, but my being a ſtranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I ſhall endeavour to make you amends, as a ſon. You cannot be unhappy while *Amanda* is your daughter: Nor ſhall be, if any thing can prevent it, which is in the power of,

'MADAM,

'Your moſt obedient

'humble ſervant ——.'

This

This letter he ſent by his ſteward, and ſoon after went up to town himſelf, to complete the generous act he had now reſolved on. By his friendſhip and aſſiſtance *Amanda*'s father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married *Amanda*, and enjoyed the double ſatisfaction of having reſtored a worthy family to their former proſperity, and of making himſelf happy by an alliance to their virtues.

No. 376. MONDAY, MAY 12.

———*Pavone ex Pythagoreo.*

PERS. Sat. vi. ver. 11.

From the Pythagorean peacock.

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE obſerved that the officer you ſome time 'ago appointed as inſpector of ſigns has not 'done his duty ſo well as to give you an account 'of very many ſtrange occurrences in the public 'ſtreets which are worthy of, but have eſcaped 'your notice. Among all the oddneſſes which I 'have ever met with, that which I am now telling 'you gave me moſt delight. You muſt have ob'ſerved that all the criers of the ſtreet attract the 'attention of the paſſengers, and of the inhabitants 'in the ſeveral parts, by ſomething very particular 'in their tone itſelf, in the dwelling upon a note, 'or elſe making themſelves wholly unintelligible by 'a ſcream. The perſon I am ſo delighted with 'has nothing to ſell, but very gravely receives 'the bounty of the people, for no other merit but 'the homage they pay to his manner of ſignifying 'to them that he wants a ſubſidy. You muſt, 'ſure, have heard ſpeak of an old man, who walks 'about the city, and that part of the ſuburbs 'which lies beyond the Tower, performing the of-

'fice

'fice of a *Day-Watchman*, followed by a gooſe, 'which bears the bob of his ditty, and confirms 'what he ſays with a Quack, quack. I gave little 'heed to the mention of this known circumſtance, 'till being the other day in thoſe quarters, I paſ-'ſed by a decreiped old fellow with a pole in his 'hand, who juſt then was bawling out, Half an 'hour after one o'clock, and immediately a dirty 'gooſe behind him made her reſponſe, Quack, 'quack. I could not forbear attending this grave 'proceſſion for the length of half a ſtreet, with no 'ſmall amazement to find the whole place ſo fami-'liarly acquainted with a melancholy midnight voice 'at noon-day, giving them the hour, and exhort-'ing them of the departure of time, with a bounce 'at their doors. While I was full of this no-'velty, I went into a friend's houſe, and told 'him how I was divert with their whimſical mo-'nitor, and his equipage. My friend gave me the 'hiſtory; and interrupted my commendation of 'the man, by telling me the livelihood of theſe 'two animals is purchaſed rather by the good parts 'of the gooſe than of the leader: For it ſeems the 'Peripatetic who walked before her was a watch-'man in that neighbourhood; and the gooſe of 'herſelf, by frequent hearing his tone, out of her 'natural vigilance, not only obſerved, but anſwer-'ed it very regularly from time to time. The 'watchman was ſo affected with it, that he bought 'her, and has taken her in partner, only altering 'their hours of duty from night to day. The 'town has come into it, and they live very com-'fortably. This is the matter of fact: Now I de-'ſire you, who are a profound philoſopher, to 'conſider this alliance of inſtinct and reaſon. Your 'ſpeculation may turn very naturally upon the 'force the ſuperior part of mankind may have up-'on the ſpirits of ſuch as, like this watchman, may 'be very near the ſtandard of geeſe. And you

'may add to this practical observation, how in all 'ages and times the world has been carried away 'by odd unaccountable things, which one would 'think would pass upon no creature which had 'reason; and, under the symbol of this goose, 'you may enter into the manner and method of 'leading creatures, with their eyes open, through 'thick and thin, for they know not what, they 'know not why.

'All which is humbly submitted to your Specta-'torial wisdom, by,

'SIR,

'Your most humble servant,

'MICHAEL GANDER.'

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE for several years had under my care the 'government and education of young ladies, which 'trust I have endeavoured to discharge with due 'regard to their several capacities and fortunes: 'I have left nothing undone to imprint in every 'one of them an humble courteous mind, accom-'pained with a graceful becoming mein, and have 'made them pretty much acquainted with the 'household part of family affairs; but still I find 'there is something very much wanting in the 'air of my ladies different from what I observe in 'those that are esteemed your fine-bred women. 'Now, Sir, I must own to you, I never suffered 'my girls to learn to dance; but since I have read 'your discourse of dancing, where you have de-'scribed the beauty and spirit there is in regular 'motion, I own myself your convert, and resolve 'for the future to give my young ladies that ac-'complishment. But upon imparting my design 'to their parents, I have been made very uneasy, 'for some time, because several of them have de-'clared, that if I did not make use of the master 'they recommended, they would take away their

'children.

'children. There was Colonel *Jumper*'s lady, a 'colonel of the trainbands, that has a great intereſt 'in her pariſh; ſhe recommends Mr *Trott* for the 'prettieſt maſter in town, that no man teaches a 'jig like him, that ſhe has ſeen him riſe ſix or ſe-'ven capers together with the greateſt eaſe imagi-'nable, and that his ſcholars twiſt themſelves more 'ways than the ſcholars of any maſter in town: 'Beſides there is Madam *Prim*, an alderman's la-'dy, recommends a maſter of her own name, but 'ſhe declares he is not of their family, yet a very 'extraordinary man in his way; for, beſides a very 'ſoft air he has in dancing, he gives them a parti-'cular behaviour at a tea-table, and in preſenting 'their ſnuff-box, to twirl, ſlip, or flirt a fan, and 'how to place patches to the beſt advantage, either 'for fat or lean, long or oval faces: For my lady 'ſays, there is more in theſe things than the world 'imagines. But I muſt confeſs the major part of 'thoſe I am concerned with, leave it to me. I 'deſire therefore, according to the incloſed direc-'tion, you would ſend your correſpondent who 'has writ to you on that ſubject to my houſe. If 'proper application this way can give innocence 'new charms, and make virtue legible in the coun-'tenance, I ſhall ſpare no charge to make my ſcho-'lars in their very features and limbs bear wit-'neſs how careful I have been in the other parts 'of their education.

'I am, SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'RACHAEL WATCHFUL.'

No. 377. Tuesday, May 13.

Quid quiſque vitet, nunquam homini ſatis
Cautum eſt in horas ———

Hor. Od. xiii. l. 2. ver. 13.

What each ſhou'd fly, is ſeldom known;
We, unprovided, are undone.

Creech.

Love was the mother of poetry, and ſtill produces among the moſt ignorant and barbarous, a thouſand imaginary diſtreſſes and poetical complaints. It makes a footman talk like *Oroondatet*, and converts a brutal ruſtic into a gentle ſwain. The moſt ordinary plebeian or mechanic in love, bleeds and pines away with a certain elegance and tenderneſs of ſentiments which this paſſion naturally inſpires.

Theſe inward languiſhings of a mind infected with this ſoftneſs, have given birth to a phraſe which is made uſe of by all the melting tribe, from the higheſt to the loweſt, I mean that of *dying for love*.

Romances, which owe their very being to this paſſion, are full of theſe metaphorical deaths. Heroes and heroines, knights, ſquires, and damſels, are all of them in a dying condition. There is the ſame kind of mortality in our modern tragedies, where every one gaſps, faints, bleeds and dies. Many of the poets, to deſcribe the execution which is done by this paſſion, repreſent the fair ſex as *baſiliſks* that deſtroy with their eyes; but I think Mr *Cowley* has, with greater juſtneſs of thought, compared a beautiful woman to a *porcupine* that ſends an arrow from every part.

I have often thought, that there is no way ſo effectual for the cure of this general infirmity, as a man's

man's reflecting upon the motives that produce it. When the paſſion proceeds from the ſenſe of any virtue or perfection in the perſon beloved, I would by no means diſcourage it; but, if a man conſiders that all his heavy complaints of wounds and deaths ariſe from ſome little affectations of coquetry, which are improved into charms by his own fond imagination, the very laying before himſelf the cauſe of his diſtemper, may be ſufficient to effect the cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the ſeveral bundles of letters which I have received from dying people, and compoſed out of them the following bill of mortality, which I ſhall lay before my reader without any further preface, as hoping that it may be uſeful to him in diſcovering thoſe ſeveral places where there is moſt danger, and thoſe fatal arts which are made uſe of to deſtroy the heedleſs and unwary.

Lyſander, ſlain at a puppet-ſhow on the third of *September*.

Thirſis, ſhot from a caſement in *Piccadilly*.

T. S. wounded by *Zelinda*'s ſcarlet ſtockings, as ſhe was ſtepping out of a coach.

Will. Simple, ſmitten at the opera by the glance of an eye that was aimed at one who ſtood by him.

Tho. Vainlove, loſt his life at a ball.

Tim. Tattle, killed by the tap of a fan on his left ſhoulder by *Coquetilla*, as he was talking careleſsly with her in a bow-window.

Sir *Simon Softly*, murdered at the play-houſe in *Drury-Lane* by a frown.

Philander, mortally wounded by *Cleora*, as ſhe was adjuſting her tucker.

Ralph Gapely, Eſq; hit by a random ſhot at the ring.

F. R. caught his death upon the water, *April* the 1ſt.

W. W. killed by an unknown hand, that was playing with the glove off upon the ſide of the front-box in *Drury-Lane*.

Sir *Chriſtopher Crazy*, Bart. hurt by the bruſh of a whalebone petticoat.

Sylvius, ſhot through the ſticks of a fan at St. *James*'s church.

Damon, ſtruck through the heart by a diamond necklace.

Thomas Truſty, *Francis Gooſequill*, *William Meanwell*, *Edward Callow*, Eſqrs; ſtanding in a row, fell all four at the ſame time, by an ogle of the widow *Trapland*.

Tom Rattle, chancing to tread upon a lady's tail as he came out of the play-houſe, ſhe turned full upon him, and laid him dead upon the ſpot.

Dick Taſteleſs, ſlain by a bluſh from the Queen's box in the third act of *The Trip to the Jubilee*.

Samuel Felt, haberdaſher, wounded in his walks to *Iſlington*, by Mrs *Suſanna Croſſtitch*, as ſhe was clambering over a ſtile.

R. F, *T. W*, *S. I*, *M. P*, *&c.* put to death in the laſt birth-day maſſacre.

Roger Blinko, cut off in the twenty-firſt year of his age by a whitewaſh.

Muſidorus, ſlain by an arrow that flew out of a dimple in *Belinda*'s left cheek.

Ned Courtly, preſenting *Flavia* with her glove (which ſhe had dropped on purpoſe) ſhe received it, and took away his life with a courtſey.

John Goſſelin having received a ſlight hurt from a pair of blue eyes, as he was making his eſcape was diſpatched by a ſmile.

Strephon, killed by *Clarinda* as ſhe looked down into the pit.

Charles Careleſs, ſhot flying by a girl of fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her head upon him out of a coach.

Joſiah

Joſiah Wither, aged threeſcore and three, ſent to his long home by *Elizabeth Jetwell*, ſpinſter.

Jack Freelove, murdered by *Meliſſa* in her hair.

William Wiſeacre, gent. drowned in a flood of tears by *Moll Common*.

John Pleadwell, Eſq; of the *Middle Temple*, barriſter at law, aſſaſſinated in his chamber the 6th inſtant by *Kitty Sly*, who pretended to come to him for his advice. I

No. 378. WEDNESDAY, MAY 14.

Aggredere, O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores.
VIRG. Ecl. iv. ver. 48.

Mature in years, to ready honours move.
DRYDEN.

I WILL make no apology for entertaining the reader with the following poem, which is written by a great genius, a friend of mine, in the country, who is not aſhamed to employ his wit in the praiſe of his Maker.

MESSIAH:

A ſacred Eclogue, compoſed of ſeveral paſſages of *Iſaiah* the Prophet.

Written in imitation of Virgil's POLLIO.

YE nymphs of *Solyma!* begin the ſong,
To heav'nly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains, and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* maids,
Delight no more——O thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd *Iſaiah*'s hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun,
A *virgin* ſhall conceive, a *virgin* bear a ſon! *
From *Jeſſe*'s root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th'

* Iſaiah, Cap. xi. ver. 1.

Th' æthereal ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour, *
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
The ſick and weak, the healing plant ſhall aid, †
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade,
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and antient fraud ſhall fail;
Returning juſtice life aloft her ſcale; ‡
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robb'd Innocence from heav'n deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe the expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious babe, be born!
See nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring, §
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:
See lofty *Lebanon* his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance,
See ſpicy clouds from lowly *Sharon* riſe,
And *Carmel*'s flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſert cheers; ‖
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears;
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo Earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys riſe!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The SAVIOUR comes! by antient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind behold! **
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray, ††
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day.
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forgo,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe;
No ſigh, no murmur, the wide world ſhall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.

* Iſaiah, cap. xlv. v. 8.
† Cap. xxv. v. 4.
‡ Cap. ix. v. 7.
§ Cap. xxxv. v. 2.
‖ Cap. xl. v. 3, 4.
** Cap. xlii. v. 11.
†† Cap. xxxv. v. 5, 6.

In

In adamantine chains ſhall death be bound, *
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care, †
Seeks freſheſt paſtures and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms:
Mankind ſhall thus his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age, ‡
No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe, §
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plow-ſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful ſon ‖
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd ſire begun:
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren deſerts with ſurpriſe **
Sees lillies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe,
And ſtarts amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear:
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn, ††
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn:
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palm ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead, ‡‡
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead!
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpent's lick the pilgrim's feet:

* Iſaiah xxxv. v. 8.
† Cap. xl. v. 11.
‡ Cap. ix. v. 6.
§ Cap. ii. v. 4.
‖ Cap. lxv. v. 21, 22.
** Cap. xxxv. v. 1. 7.
†† Cap. xli. v. 19. and Cap. lv. v. 13.
‡‡ Cap. xi. v. 6, 7, 8.

The

The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake;
Pleas'd, the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue and pointleſs ſting
ſhall play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial *Salem* * riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race † thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons and daughters yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous ‡ nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of § *Sabaan* ſprings!
For thee *Idume*'s ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in *Ophir*'s mountain's glow.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the riſing ſun ‖ ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning *Cynthea* fill her ſilver horn,
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: The LIGHT HIMSELF ſhall
ſhine
Reveal'd, and GOD's eternal day be thine!
The ſeas ** ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd *His* word, *His* ſaving pow'r remains:
Thy *Realm* for ever laſts, thy own *Meſſiah* reigns!

T

* Cap. lx. v. 1.
† Cap. lx. v. 4.
‡ Cap. lx. v. 3.
§ Cap. lx. v. 6.
‖ Cap. lx. v. 19, 20.
** Cap. li. v. 6. and Cap. liv. v. 10.

THURSDAY,

No. 379. THURSDAY, MAY 15.

Scire tuum nihil eſt, niſi te ſcire hoc ſciat alter.
PERS. Sat. i. ver. 27.

——Science is not ſcience till reveal'd.
DRYDEN.

I HAVE often wondered at that ill-natured poſition which has been ſometimes maintained in the ſchools, and is compriſed in an old *Latin* verſe, namely, that *A man's knowledge is worth nothing, if he communicates what he knows to any one beſides.* There is certainly no more ſenſible pleaſure to a good-natured man, than if he can by any means gratify or inform the mind of another. I might add, that this virtue naturally carries its own reward along with it, ſince it is almoſt impoſſible it ſhould be exerciſed without the improvement of the perſon who practiſes it. The reading of books, and the daily occurrences of life, are continually furniſhing us with matter for thought and reflection. It is extremely natural for us to deſire to ſee ſuch our thoughts put into the dreſs of words, without which indeed we can ſcarce have a clear and diſtinct idea of them ourſelves: When they are thus clothed in expreſſions, nothing ſo truly ſhews us whether they are juſt or falſe, as thoſe effects which they produce in the minds of others.

I am apt to flatter myſelf, that, in the courſe of theſe my ſpeculations, I have treated of ſeveral ſubjects, and laid down many ſuch rules for the conduct of a man's life, which my readers were either wholly ignorant of before, or which at leaſt thoſe few who were acquainted with them looked upon as ſo many ſecrets they had found out for the conduct of themſelves, but were reſolved never to have made public.

I am

I am the more confirmed in this opinion from my having received ſeveral letters, wherein I am cenſured for having proſtituted learning to the embraces of the vulgar, and made her, as one of my correſpondents phraſes it, a common ſtrumpet: I am charged by another with laying open the *Arcana* or ſecrets of prudence, to the eyes of every reader.

The narrow ſpirit which appears in the letters of theſe my correſpondents is the leſs ſurpriſing, as it has ſhewn itſelf in all ages: There is ſtill extant an epiſtle written by *Alexander the Great* to his tutor *Ariſtotle*, upon that philoſopher's publiſhing ſome part of his writings; in which the prince complains of his having made known to all the world thoſe ſecrets in learning which he had before communicated to him in private lectures; concluding, *That he had rather excel the reſt of mankind in knowledge than in power.*

Louiſa de Padilla, a lady of great learning, and counteſs of *Aranda*, was in like manner angry with the famous *Gratian*, upon his publiſhing his treatiſe of the *Diſcreto*; wherein ſhe fancied that he had laid open thoſe maxims to common readers, which ought only to have been reſerved for the knowledge of the great.

Theſe objections are thought by many of ſo much weight, that they often defend the above-mentioned authors, by affirming they have affected ſuch an obſcurity in their ſtile and manner of writing, that though every one may read their works, there will be but very few who can comprehend their meaning.

Perſius, the *Latin* ſatiriſt, affected obſcurity for another reaſon; with which, however, Mr *Cowley* is ſo offended, that, writing to one of his friends, You, ſays he, tell me, that you do not know whether *Perſius* be a good poet or no, becauſe you cannot underſtand him; for which very reaſon I affirm that he is not ſo.

However,

However, this art of *writing unintelligibly* has been very much improved, and followed by ſeveral of the moderns, who, obſerving the general inclination of mankind to dive into a ſecret, and the reputation many have acquired by concealing their meaning under obſcure terms and phraſes, reſolve, that they may be ſtill more abſtruſe, to write without any meaning at all. This art, as it is at preſent practiſed by many eminent authors, conſiſts in throwing ſo many words at a venture into different periods, and leaving the curious reader to find out the meaning of them.

The *Egyptains*, who made uſe of hieroglyphicks to ſignify ſeveral things, expreſſed a man who confined his knowledge and diſcoveries altogether within himſelf, by the figure of a dark lanthorn cloſed on all ſides, which, though it was illuminated within, afforded no manner of light or advantage to ſuch as ſtood by it. For my own part, as I ſhall from time to time communicate to the public whatever diſcoveries I happen to make, I ſhould much rather be compared to an ordinary lamp, which conſumes and waſtes itſelf for the benefit of every paſſenger.

I ſhall conclude this paper with the ſtory of *Roſicrucius*'s ſepulchre. I ſuppoſe I need not inform my readers that this man was the author of the *Roſicrucian* ſect, and that his diſciples ſtill pretend to new diſcoveries which they are never to communicate to the reſt of mankind.

A certain perſon having occaſion to dig ſomewhat deep in the ground, where this philoſopher lay interred, met with a ſmall door having a wall on each ſide of it. His curioſity, and the hopes of finding ſome hidden treaſure, ſoon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately ſurpriſed by a ſudden blaze of light, and diſcovered a very fair vault: At the upper end of it was a ſtatue of a man in armour ſitting by a table, and lean-

ing on his left arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no ſooner ſet one foot within the vault than the ſtatue, erecting itſelf from its leaning poſture, ſtood bolt upright; and, upon the fellow's advancing another ſtep, lifted up the truncheon in his right hand. The man ſtill ventured a third ſtep, when the ſtatue with a furious blow broke the lamp into a thouſand pieces, and left his gueſt in a ſudden darkneſs.

Upon the report of this adventure, the country people ſoon came with lights to the ſepulchre, and diſcovered that the ſtatue, which was made of braſs was nothing more than a piece of clock-work; that the floor of the vault was all looſe, and underlaid with ſeveral ſprings, which, upon any man's entering naturally produced that which had happened.

Roſicrucius, ſay his diſciples, made uſe of this method, to ſhew the world that he had re-invented the ever-burning lamps of the ancients, though he was reſolved no one ſhould reap any advantage from the diſcovery. X

No. 380. FRIDAY, MAY 16.

Rivalem patienter habe———

OVID. Ars. Am. l. ii. ver. 538.

With patience bear a rival in thy love.

'SIR, *Thurſday, May* 8, 1712.

'THE character you have in the world of being the lady's philoſopher, and the pretty 'advice I have ſeen you give to others in your 'papers, makes me addreſs myſelf to you in this 'abrupt manner, and to deſire your opinion 'what in this age a woman may call a lover. 'I have had lately a gentleman that I thought

'made

'made pretenſions to me, inſomuch that moſt of 'my friends took notice of it, and thought we 'were really married; in which I did not take much 'pains to undeceive them, and eſpecially a young 'gentlewoman of my particular acquaintance who 'was then in the country. She coming to town, 'and ſeeing our intimacy ſo great, ſhe gave her-'ſelf the liberty of taking me to talk concerning 'it: I ingenuouſly told her we were not married, 'but I did not know what might be the event. 'She ſoon got acquainted with the gentleman, 'and was pleaſed to take upon her to examine 'him about it. Now, whether a new face had 'made a greater conqueſt than the old, I will 'leave you to judge: But I am informed that he 'utterly denied all pretenſions to courtſhip, but 'withal profeſſed a ſincere friendſhip for me; but 'whether marriages are propoſed by way of friend-'ſhip or not, is what I deſire to know, and what 'I may really call a lover. There are ſo many 'who talk in a language fit only for that character, 'and yet guard themſelves againſt ſpeaking in di-'rect terms to the point, that it is impoſſible to di-'ſtinguiſh between courtſhip and converſation. I 'hope you will do me juſtice both upon my lover 'and my friend, if they provoke me further: In 'the mean time I carry it with ſo equal a behavi-'our, that the nymph and the ſwain too are migh-'tily at a loſs; each believes I, who know them 'both well, think myſelf revenged in their love to 'one another, which creates an irreconcileable jea-'louſy. If all comes right again, you ſhall hear 'further from,

'Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant,

'MIRTILLA.'

'Mr SPECTATOR, *April* 28. 1712.

'YOUR obſervations on perſons that have be-'haved themſelves irreverently at church, I doubt

'not have had a good effect on ſome that have read 'them: But there is another fault which has hi-'therto eſcaped your notice, I mean of ſuch per-'ſons as are very zealous and punctual to perform 'an ejaculation that is only preparatory to the ſer-'vice of the church, and yet neglect to join in the 'ſervice itſelf. There is an inſtance of this in a 'friend of WILL HONEYCOMB's, who ſits oppo-'ſite to me: He ſeldom comes in till the prayers 'are about half over, and when he has entered his 'ſeat (inſtead of joining with the congregation) he 'devotely holds his hat before his face for three or 'four moments, then bows to all his acquaintance, 'ſits down, takes a pinch of ſnuff, (if it be the 'evening-ſervice perhaps a nap) and ſpends the re-'maining time ſurveying the congregation. Now, 'Sir, what I would deſire is that you will animad-'vert a little on this gentleman's practice. In my 'opinion, this gentleman's devotion, cap-in-hand, 'is only a compliance to the cuſtom of the place, 'and goes no further than a little eccleſiaſtical good-'breeding. If you will not pretend to tell us the 'motives that bring ſuch triflers to ſolemn aſſem-'blies, yet let me deſire that you will give this let-'ter a place in your paper, and I ſhall remain,

'Sir, your obliged humble ſervant.

'J. S.'

'MR SPECTATOR, *May the 5th.*

'THE converſation at a club, of which I am a 'member, laſt night falling upon vanity and the 'deſire of being admired, put me in mind of re-'lating how agreeably I was entertained at my 'own door laſt *Thurſday*, by a clean freſh-coloured 'girl, under the moſt elegant and the beſt furniſh-'ed-milk-pail I had ever obſerved. I was glad of 'ſuch an opportunity of ſeeing the behaviour of a 'coquette in low life, and how ſhe received the

'extraor-

'extraordinary notice that was taken of her; which 'I found had affected every muſcle of her face in 'the ſame manner as it does the feature of a firſt-'rate toaſt at a play, or in an aſſembly. This hint 'of mine made the diſcourſe turn upon the ſenſe 'of pleaſure; which ended in a general reſolution 'that the milk-maid enjoys her vanity as exquiſite-'ly as the woman of quality. I think it would not 'be an improper ſubject for you to examine this 'frailty, and trace it to all conditions of life, which 'is recommended to you as an occaſion of obliging 'many of your readers, among the reſt,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'T. B.'

'SIR,

'COMING laſt week into a coffee-houſe not far 'from the *Exchange*, with my baſket under my 'arm, a *Jew* of conſiderable note, as I am in-'formed, takes half a dozen oranges of me, and at 'the ſame time ſlides a guinea into my hand; I 'made him a courtſy and went my way: He fol-'lowed me, and finding I was going about my bu-'ſineſs, he came up with me, and told me plainly, 'that he gave me the guinea with no other intent 'but to purchaſe my perſon for an hour. Did you 'ſo, Sir? ſays I: You gave it me then to make me 'be wicked: I'll keep it to make me honeſt. How-'ever, not to be in the leaſt ungrateful, I promiſe 'you I'll lay it out in a couple of rings, and wear 'them for your ſake. I am ſo juſt, Sir, beſides, as 'to give every body that aſks how I came by theſe 'rings this account of my benefactor; but to ſave 'me the trouble of telling my tale over and over 'again, I humbly beg the favour of you ſo to tell 'it once for all, and you will extremely oblige

'Your humble ſervant,

May 12. 1712. 'BETTY LEMON.'

'SIR, *St Bride's, May* 15. 1712.

'IT is a great deal of pleasure to me, and I dare 'say will be no less satisfaction to you, that I have 'an opportunity of informing you, that the gen'tlemen and others of the parish of St *Bride's*, 'have raised a charity-school of fifty girls, as be'fore of fifty boys. You were so kind to recom'mend the boys to the charitable world, and the 'other sex hope you will do them the same favour 'in *Friday's Spectator* for *Sunday* next, when they 'are to appear with their humble airs at the parish'church of *St Bride's*. Sir, the mention of this 'may possibly be serviceable to the children; and 'sure no one will omit a good action attended with 'no expence.

'I am, SIR,

'Your very humble servant,

T 'The SEXTON.'

No. 381. SATURDAY, MAY 17.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia, moriture Deli.

HOR. Od. iii. lib. ii. ver. 1.

Be calm, my *Delius*, and serene,
However fortune change the scene:
In thy most dejected state,
Sink not underneath the weight:
Nor yet when happy days begin,
And the full tide comes rolling in,
Lest a fierce unruly joy
The settl'd quiet of thy mind destroy. ANON.

I HAVE always preferred chearfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit

habit of the mind. Mirth is ſhort and tranſient chearfulneſs fixed and permanent. Thoſe are often raiſed into the greateſt tranſports of mirth, who are ſubject to the greateſt depreſſions of melancholy: On the contrary, chearfulneſs, though it does not give the mind ſuch an exquiſite gladneſs, prevents us from falling into any depths of ſorrow. Mirth is like a flaſh of lightning, that breaks thro' a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; chearfulneſs keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a ſteady and perpetual ſerenity.

Men of auſtere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and diſſolute for a ſtate of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and inſolence of heart that is inconſiſtent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greateſt dangers. Writers of this complexion have obſerved, that the ſacred Perſon who was the great pattern of perfection was never ſeen to laugh.

Chearfulneſs of mind is not liable to any of theſe exceptions; it is of a ſerious and compoſed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the preſent ſtate of humanity, and is very conſpicuous in the characters of thoſe who are looked upon as the greateſt philoſophers among the heathens, as well as among thoſe who have been deſervedly eſteemed as ſaints and holy men among Chriſtians.

If we conſider chearfulneſs in three lights, with regard to ourſelves, to thoſe we converſe with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itſelf on each of theſe accounts. The man who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only eaſy in his thoughts, but a perfect maſter of all the powers and faculties of his ſoul: His imagination is always clear, and his judgment undiſturbed: His temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in ſolitude. He comes with

with a reliſh to all thoſe goods which nature has provided for him, taſtes all the pleaſures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of thoſe accidental evils which may befal him.

If we conſider him in relation to the perſons with whom he converſes, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A chearful mind is not only diſpoſed to be affable and obliging, but raiſes the ſame good-humour in thoſe who come within its influence. A man finds himſelf pleaſed he does not know why, with the chearfulneſs of his companion: It is like a ſudden ſunſhine that awakens a ſecret delight in the mind without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendſhip and benevolence towards the perſon who has ſo kindly an effect upon it.

When I conſider this chearful ſtate of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a conſtant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward chearfulneſs is an implicit praiſe and thankſgiving to Providence under all its diſpenſations. It is a kind of acquieſcence in the ſtate wherein we are placed, and a ſecret approbation of the Divine Will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things which, in my opinion, can reaſonably deprive us of this chearfulneſs of heart. The firſt of theſe is the ſenſe of guilt. A man who lives in a ſtate of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenneſs or tranquillity of mind which is the health of the ſoul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Chearfulneſs in an ill man deſerves a harder name than language can furniſh us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madneſs.

Atheiſm, by which I mean a diſbelief of a Supreme Being, and conſequently of a future ſtate, under whatſoever titles it ſhelters itſelf, may likewiſe

wiſe very reaſonably deprive a man of this chearfulneſs of temper. There is ſomething ſo particularly gloomy and offenſive to human nature in the proſpect of non-exiſtence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is poſſible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is ſo little to be doubted, that it is almoſt the only truth we are ſure of, and ſuch a truth as we may meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, ſpleen, and cavil: It is indeed no wonder that men who are uneaſy to themſelves, ſhould be ſo to the reſt of the world; and how is it poſſible for a man to be otherwiſe than uneaſy in himſelf, who is in danger every moment of loſing his entire exiſtence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheiſt have therefore no pretence to chearfulneſs, and would act very unreaſonably ſhould they endeavour after it. It is impoſſible for any one to live in good-humour, and enjoy his preſent exiſtence, who is apprehenſive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miſerable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned theſe two great principles, which are deſtructive of chearfulneſs in their own nature, as well as in right reaſon, I cannot think of any other that ought to baniſh this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and ſickneſs, ſhame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itſelf, conſidering the ſhortneſs of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deſerve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with chearfulneſs of heart. The toſſing of a tempeſt does not diſcompoſe him, which he is ſure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uſes his beſt endeavours to live according

cording to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of chearfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improveable faculties, which, in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness: The consciousness of such a Being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of chearfulness to a good mind, is its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to, when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise

likewiſe add thoſe little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than ſupport it; and eſtabliſh in us ſuch an even and chearful temper, as makes us pleaſing to ourſelves, to thoſe with whom we converſe, and to him whom we were made to pleaſe. I

No. 382. MONDAY, MAY 19.

Habes confitentem reum. TULL.

The accuſed confeſſes his guilt.

I OUGHT not to have neglected a requeſt of one of my correſpondents ſo long as I have; but I dare ſay I have given him time to add practice to profeſſion. He ſent me ſome time ago a bottle or two of excellent wine to drink the health of a gentleman who had by the penny-poſt advertiſed him of an egregious error in his conduct. My correſpondent received the obligation from an unknown hand with the candour which is natural to an ingenious mind; and promiſes a contrary behaviour in that point for the future: He will offend his monitor with no more errors of that kind, but thanks him for his benevolence. This frank carriage makes me reflect upon the amiable atonement a man makes in an ingenuous acknowledgment of a fault: All ſuch miſcarriages as flow from an inadvertency are more than repaid by it; for reaſon, though not concerned in the injury, employs all its force in the atonement. He that ſays, he did not deſign to diſoblige you in ſuch an action, does as much as if he ſhould tell you, that though the circumſtance which diſpleaſed was never in his thoughts, he has that reſpect for you, that he is unſatisfied till it is wholly out of yours. It muſt be confeſſed, that when an acknowledgment of an offence

offence is made out of poorneſs of ſpirit, and not conviction of heart, the circumſtance is quite different: But in the caſe of my correſpondent, where both the notice is taken and the return made in private, the affair begins and ends with the higheſt grace on each ſide. To make the acknowledgment of a fault in the higheſt manner graceful, it is lucky when the circumſtances of the offender place him above any ill conſequences from the reſentment of the perſon offended. A Dauphin of *France* upon a review of the army, and a command of the King to alter the poſture of it by a march of one of the wings, gave an improper order to an officer at the head of a brigade, who told his Higneſs, he preſumed he had not received the laſt orders, which were to move a contrary way. The Prince, inſtead of taking the admonition which was delivered in a manner that accounted for his error with ſafety to his underſtanding, ſhaked a cane at the officer; and with the return of opprobrious language perſiſted in his own orders. The whole matter came neceſſarily before the King, who commanded his ſon, on foot, to lay his right hand on the gentleman's ſtirrup, as he ſat on horſeback in ſight of the whole army, and aſk his pardon. When the Prince touched his ſtirrup, and was going to ſpeak, the officer with an incredible agility, threw himſelf on the earth, and kiſſed his feet.

The body is very little concerned in the pleaſure or ſufferings of ſouls truly great; and the reparation, when an honour was deſigned this ſoldier, appeared as much too great to be born by his gratitude, as the injury was intolerable to his reſentment.

When we turn our thoughts from theſe extraordinary occurrences into common life, we ſee an ingenuous kind of behaviour not only make up for faults committed, but in a manner expiate them in the very commiſſion. Thus many things wherein a man has preſſed too far, he implicitely excuſes, by

by owning, *This is a treſpaſs; you will pardon my confidence: I am ſenſible I have no pretenſion to this favour*, and the like. But commend me to thoſe gay fellows about town who are directly impudent, and make up for it no otherwiſe than by calling themſelves ſuch, and exulting in it. But this ſort of carriage which prompts a man againſt rules to urge what he has a mind to, is pardonable only when you ſue for another. When you are confident in preference of yourſelf to others of equal merit, every man that loves virtue and modeſty ought, in defence of thoſe qualities, to oppoſe you: But without conſidering the morality of the thing, let us at this time behold only the natural conſequence of candour when we ſpeak of ourſelves.

The SPECTATOR writes often in an elegant, often in an argumentative, and often in a ſublime ſtile, with equal ſucceſs; but how would it hurt the reputed author of that paper to own, that of the moſt beautiful pieces under his title, he is barely the publiſher? There is nothing but what a man really performs, can be an honour to him; what he takes more than he ought in the eye of the world, he loſes in the conviction of his own heart, and a man muſt loſe his conſciouſneſs, that is, his very ſelf, before he can rejoice in any falſehood without inward mortification.

Who has not ſeen a very criminal at the bar, when his counſel and friends have done all that they could for him in vain, prevail upon the whole aſſembly to pity him, and his judge to recommend his caſe to the mercy of the throne, without offering any thing new in his defence, but that he, whom before we wiſhed convicted, became ſo out of his own mouth, and took upon himſelf all the ſhame and ſorrow we were juſt before preparing for him? The great oppoſition to this kind of candour, ariſes from the unjuſt idea people ordinarily have of what we call a high ſpirit. It is far from

greatneſs of ſpirit to perſiſt in the wrong in any thing, nor is it a diminution of greatneſs of ſpirit to have been in the wrong: Perfection is not the attribute of man, therefore he is not degraded by the acknowledgment of an imperfection: But it is the work of little minds to imitate the fortitude of great ſpirits on worthy occaſions, by obſtinacy in the wrong. This obſtinacy prevails ſo far upon them, that they make it extend to the defence of faults in their very ſervants. It would ſwell this paper to too great a length, ſhould I inſert all the quarrels and debates which are now on foot in this town; where one party, and in ſome caſes both, is ſenſible of being on the faulty ſide, and have not ſpirit enough to acknowledge it. Among the ladies the caſe is very common, for there are very few of them who know that it is to maintain a true and high ſpirit, to throw away from it all which itſelf diſapproves, and to ſcorn ſo pitiful a ſhame, as that which diſables the heart from acquiring a liberality of affections and ſentiments. The candid mind, by acknowledging and diſcarding its faults, has reaſon and truth for the foundation of all its paſſions and deſires, and conſequently is happy and ſimple; the diſingenuous ſpirit, by indulgence of one unacknowledged error, is intangled with an after-life of guilt, ſorrow and perplexity. T

No. 383. TUESDAY, MAY 20.

Criminibus debent hortos.——

Juv. Sat. i. ver. 75.

A beauteous garden, but by vice maintain'd.

AS I was ſitting in my chamber and thinking on a ſubject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and

and upon the opening of it, a loud chearful voice enquiring whether the Philoſopher was at home. The child who went to the door anſwered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir ROGER's voice; and that I had promiſed to go with him on the water to *Spring-Garden*, in caſe it proved a good evening. The Knight put me in mind of my promiſe from the bottom of the ſtair-caſe, but told me that if I was ſpeculating he would ſtay below till I had done. Upon my coming down I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herſelf, who is a notable pratting goſſip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleaſed with his ſtroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

We were no ſooner come to the *Temple*-ſtairs, but we were ſurrounded with a croud of watermen offering us their reſpective ſervices. Sir ROGER, after having looked about him very attentively, ſpied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, *You muſt know*, ſays Sir ROGER, *I never make uſe of any body to row me, that has not either loſt a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few ſtrokes of his oar than not employ an honeſt man that has been wounded in the Queen's ſervice. If I was a lord or a biſhop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden-leg.*

My old friend, after having ſeated himſelf, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very ſober man, always ſerves for balaſt on theſe occaſions, we made the beſt of our way for *Vaux-hall*. Sir ROGER obliged the waterman to give us the hiſtory of his right leg, and hearing that he had left it at *La Hogue*, with many particulars which paſſed in that glorious action, the Knight in

the triumph of his heart made ſeveral reflections on the greatneſs of the *Britiſh* nation; as, that one *Engliſhman* could beat three *Frenchmen*; that we could never be in danger of Popery ſo long as we took care of our fleet; that the *Thames* was the nobleſt river in *Europe*, that *London-Bridge* was a greater piece of work, than any of the ſeven wonders of the world; with many other honeſt prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true *Engliſhman*.

After ſome ſhort pauſe, the old Knight turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a ſurvey of this great metropolis, bid me obſerve how thick the city was ſet with churches, and that there was ſcarce a ſingle ſteeple on this ſide *Temple-bar*. *A moſt heatheniſh ſight!* ſays Sir ROGER: *There is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the proſpect; but church-work is ſlow, church-work is ſlow!*

I do not remember I have any where mentioned in Sir ROGER's character, his cuſtom of ſaluting every body that paſſes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the ſame time it renders him ſo popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice Knight of the ſhire. He cannot forbear this exerciſe of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to ſeveral boats that paſſed by us upon the water; but to the Knight's great ſurpriſe, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, inſtead of returning the civility, aſked us, what queer old putt we had in the boat, and whether he was not aſhamed to go a wenching at his years? with a great deal of the like *Thames* ribbaldry. Sir ROGER ſeemed a little ſhocked at firſt, but at length aſſuming a face

of

of magiſtracy, told us, *That if he were a* Middleſex *Juſtice, he would make ſuch vagrants know that her Majeſty's ſubjects were no more to be abuſed by water than by land.*

We were now arrived at *Spring-Garden*, which is exquiſitely pleaſant at this time of the year. When I conſidered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that ſung upon the trees, and the looſe tribe of people that walked under their ſhades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of *Mahometan* paradiſe. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his houſe in the country, which his chaplain uſed to call an aviary of nightingales. *You muſt underſtand*, ſays the Knight, *there is nothing in the world that pleaſes a man in love ſo much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr* Spectator! *the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myſelf, and thought on the widow by the muſic of the nightingale!* He here fetched a deep ſigh, and was falling into a fit of muſing, when a maſk, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the ſhoulder, and aſked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the Knight being ſtartled at ſo unexpected a familiarity, and diſpleaſed to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her, *She was a wanton baggage*, and bid her go about her buſineſs.

We concluded our walk with a glaſs of *Burton* ale, and a ſlice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourſelves, the Knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow ſtared upon him at the oddneſs of the meſſage, and was going to be ſaucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend thinking himſelf obliged, as a member of the *Quorum*, to animadvert upon the morals of the

place, told the miſtreſs of the houſe, who ſat at the bar, that he ſhould be a better cumſtomer to her garden, if there were more nightingales, and fewer ſtrumpets. L.

No. 384. WEDNESDAY, MAY 21.

"Hague, May 24. N. S. The ſame republican "hands who have ſo often ſince the Chevalier *de* "*St George*'s recovery killed him in our public "prints, have now reduced the young Dauphin "of *France* to that deſperate condition of weak- "neſs, and death itſelf, that it is hard to conjec- "ture what method they will take to bring him "to life again. Mean time we are aſſured by a "very good hand from *Paris*, that on the 20th "inſtant, this young prince was as well as ever "he was known to be ſince the day of his birth. "As for the other, they are now ſending his ghoſt, "we ſuppoſe, (for they never had the modeſty to "contradict their aſſertions of his death) to *Com-* "*mercy* in *Lorrain*, attended only by four gentle- "men and a few domeſtics of little conſidera- "tion." The baron *de Bothmar* having delivered in his credentials to qualify him as an ambaſſador to this State, (an *office* to which his greateſt ene- mies will acknowledge them to be equal) is gone to *Utrecht*, whence he will proceed to *Hanover*, but not ſtay long at that court, for fear the peace ſhould be made during his *lamented* abſence.

Poſt-Boy, May 20.

I Should be thought not able to read, ſhould I over- look ſome excellent pieces lately come out. My Lord Biſhop of St Aſaph *has juſt now publiſhed ſome ſer- mons, the preface to which ſeems to me to determine a great point. He has, like a good man and a good chriſtian, in oppoſition to all the flattery and baſe ſub- miſſion of falſe friends to princes, aſſerted, that chriſ- tianity*

tianity left us where it found us as to our civil rights. The preſent entertainment ſhall conſiſt only of a ſentence out of the Poſt-boy, *and the ſaid preface of the Lord of St* Aſaph. *I ſhould think it a little odd if the author of the* Poſt-boy, *ſhould with impunity call men republicans for a gladneſs on report of the death of the* Pretender; *and treat Baron* Bothmar, *the miniſter of* Hanover, *in ſuch a manner as you ſee in my motto. I muſt own, I think every man in* England *concerned to ſupport the ſucceſſion of that family.*

'THE publiſhing a few ſermons, whilſt I live, 'the lateſt of which was preached about eight 'years ſince, and the firſt above ſeventeen, will 'make it very natural for people to enquire into 'the occaſion of doing ſo; and to ſuch I do very 'willingly aſſign theſe following reaſons.

'Firſt, from the obſervations I have been able 'to make for theſe many years laſt paſt, upon our 'public affairs, and from the natural tendency of 'ſeveral principles and practices, that have of late 'been ſtudiouſly revived, and from what has fol-'lowed thereupon. I could not help both fearing 'and preſaging, that theſe nations would ſome 'time or other, if ever we ſhould have an enter-'priſing prince upon the throne, of more ambi-'tion than virtue, juſtice and true honour, fall 'into the way of all other nations, and loſe their '*Liberty*.

'Nor could I help foreſeeing to whoſe charge a 'great deal of this dreadful miſchief, whenever it 'ſhould happen, would be laid, whether juſtly or 'unjuſtly, was not my buſineſs to determine; but I 'reſolved for my own particular part, to deliver 'myſelf, as well as I could, from the reproaches 'and the curſes of poſterity, my publickly declaring 'to all the world, that although, in the conſtant 'courſe of my miniſtry, I have never failed on 'proper occaſions to recommend, urge, and inſiſt

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'upon the loving, honouring, and reverencing the 'prince's perſon, and holding it, according to the 'laws, inviolable and ſacred; and paying all obe-'dience and ſubmiſſion to the laws, though never 'ſo hard and inconvenient to private people: Yet 'did I never think myſelf at liberty, or authoriſed 'to tell the people, that either *Chriſt*, St *Peter*, 'or St *Paul*, or any other holy writer, had, by 'any doctrine delivered by them, ſubverted the '*Laws* and *Conſtitutions* of the country in which 'they lived, or put them in a worſe condition, 'with reſpect to their civil liberties, than they 'would have been had they not been Chriſtians. I 'ever thought it a moſt impious blaſphemy againſt 'that holy religion, to father any thing upon it 'that might encourage tyranny, oppreſſion, or in-'juſtice in a prince, or that eaſily tended to make 'a free and happy people *ſlaves* and *miſerable*. No: 'People may make themſelves as wretched as they 'will, but let not God be called into that wicked 'party. When force and violence, and hard ne-'ceſſity have brought the yoke of ſervitude upon a 'people's neck, religion will ſupply them with a 'patient and ſubmiſſive ſpirit under it till they can 'innocently ſhake it off; but certainly religion ne-'ver puts it on. This always was, and this at pre-'ſent is, my judgment of theſe matters: And I 'would be tranſmitted to poſterity (for the little 'ſhare of time ſuch names as mine can live) under 'the character of one who loved his country, and 'would be thought a *good Engliſhman*, as well as 'a *good Clergyman*.

'This character I thought would be tranſmitted 'by the following ſermons, which were made for, 'and preached in a private audience, when I could 'think of nothing elſe but doing my duty on the 'occaſions that were then offered by God's provi-'dence, without any manner of deſign of making 'them public: And for that reaſon I give them

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'now as they were then delivered; by which I 'hope to ſatisfy thoſe people who have objected a 'change of principles to me, as if I were not now 'the ſame man I formerly was. I never had but 'one opinion of theſe matters; and that I think is 'ſo reaſonable and well-grounded, that I believe I 'never can have any other.

'Another reaſon of my publiſhing theſe ſermons 'at this time is, that I have a mind to do myſelf 'ſome honour by doing what honour I could to 'the memory of two moſt excellent princes, and 'who have very highly deſerved at the hands of 'all the people of theſe dominions, who have any 'true value for the *Proteſtant Religion*, and the '*Conſtitution* of the *Engliſh Government*, of which 'they were the great *deliverers* and *defenders*. I 'have lived to ſee their illuſtrious names very 'rudely handled, and the great benefits they did 'this nation treated ſlightly and contemptuouſly. 'I have lived to ſee our deliverance from *Arbitrary 'power* and *popery*, traduced and vilified by ſome 'who formerly thought it was their greateſt merit, 'and made it part of ther boaſt and glory, to have 'had a little hand and ſhare in bringing it about; 'and others, who, without it, muſt have lived in 'exile, poverty, and miſery, meanly diſclaiming it, 'and uſing ill the *glorious inſtruments* thereof. 'Who could expect ſuch a requital of ſuch merit? 'I have, I own it, an ambition of exempting myſelf 'from the number of *unthankful* people: And as 'I loved and honoured thoſe great princes living, 'and lamented over them when dead, ſo I would 'gladly raiſe them up a monument of praiſe as laſt-'ing as any thing of mine can be; and I chuſe to 'do it at this time, when it is ſo unfaſhionable a 'thing to ſpeak honourably of them.

'The ſermon that was preached upon the Duke 'of *Glouceſter*'s death was printed quickly after, 'and is now, becauſe the ſubject was ſo ſuitable, join-

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'ed to the others. The loſs of that moſt promiſing 'and hopeful prince was, at that time, I ſaw, un-'ſpeakably great; and many accidents have ſince 'convinced us, that it could not have been over-'valued. That precious life, had it pleaſed God 'to have prolonged it the uſual ſpace, had ſaved 'us many fears and jealouſies, and dark diſtruſts, 'and prevented many alarms, that have long kept 'us, and will keep us ſtill waking and uneaſy. 'Nothing remained to comfort and ſupport us un-'der this heavy ſtroke, but the neceſſity it brought 'the King and nation under of ſettling the *ſucceſſion* 'in the houſe of HANOVER, and giving it an '*hereditary right* by *act of Parliament*, as long as 'it continues *Proteſtant*. So much good did God, 'in his merciful Providence, produce from a miſ-'fortune, which we could never otherwiſe have 'ſufficiently deplored.

'The fourth ſermon was preached upon the 'Queen's *acceſſion* to the throne, and the firſt year 'in which that day was ſolemnly obſerved, (for, by 'ſome accident or other, it had been overlooked 'the year before;) and every one will ſee without 'the date of it, that it was preached very early in 'this reign, ſince I was able only to *promiſe* and '*preſage* its future glories and ſucceſſes, from the 'good appearances of things, and the happy turn 'our affairs began to take; and could not then 'count up the victories and triumphs that, for ſe-'ven years after, made it, in the Prophet's lan-'guage, *a name and a praiſe among all the people of 'the earth*. Never did ſeven ſuch years together 'paſs over the head of any *Engliſh* monarch, nor 'cover it with ſo much honour: The crown and 'ſcepter ſeemed to be the *Queen*'s leaſt ornaments; 'thoſe other princes wore in common with her, 'and her great perſonal virtues were the ſame be-'fore and ſince; but ſuch was the fame of her ad-'miniſtration of affairs at home, ſuch was the re-

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'putation of her wiſdom and felicity in chuſing mi-
'niſters, and ſuch was then eſteemed their faith-
'fulneſs and zeal, their diligence and great abilities
'in executing her commands; to ſuch a height of
'military glory did her great *general* and her *ar-*
'*mies* carry the *Britiſh* name abroad; ſuch was the
'harmony and concord betwixt her and her *allies*,
'and ſuch was the bleſſing of God upon all her
'counſels and undertakings, that I am as ſure as
'hiſtory can make us, no Prince of ours ever was
'ſo proſperous and ſucceſsful, ſo beloved, eſteem-
'ed, and honoured by their ſubjects and their
'friends, nor near ſo formidable to their enemies.
'We were, as all the world imagined then, juſt en-
'tering on the ways that promiſed to lead to ſuch a
'peace, as would have anſwered all the prayers of
'our religious Queen, the care and vigilance of an
'able miniſtry, the payments of a willing and moſt
'obedient people, as well as all the glorious toils
'and hazards of the ſoldiery; when God, for our
'ſins, permitted *the ſpirit of Diſcord* to go forth,
'and, by troubling ſore the camp, the city, and
'the country, (and oh that it had altogether ſpared
'the places ſacred to his worſhip!) to ſpoil for a
'time, this beautiful and pleaſing proſpect, and
'give us in its ſtead, I know not what ——Our
'enemies will tell the reſt with pleaſure. It will
'become me better to pray to God to reſtore us to
'the power of obtaining ſuch a peace, as will be to
'his glory, the ſafety, honour, and the welfare of
'the Queen and her dominions, and the general
'ſatisfaction of all her high and mighty allies.'

May 2. 1712. T

THURSDAY,

No. 385. THURSDAY, MAY 22.

———*Theſea pectora juncta fide.*
OVID. Triſt. l. i. El. 3. ver. 66.

Breaſts that with ſympathizing ardour glow'd,
And holy friendſhip, ſuch as *Theſeus* vow'd.

I INTEND the paper for this day as a looſe eſſay upon *Friendſhip*, in which I ſhall throw my obſervation together without any ſet form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often ſaid on this ſubject.

Friendſhip *is a ſtrong and habitual inclination in two perſons to promote the good and happineſs of one another*. Though the pleaſures and advantages of friendſhip have been largely celebrated by the beſt moral writers, and are conſidered by all as great ingredients of human happineſs, we very rarely meet with the practice of this virtue in the world.

Every man is ready to give in a long catalogue of thoſe virtues and good qualities he expects to find in the perſon of a friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourſelves.

Love and eſteem are the firſt principles of friendſhip which always is imperfect where either of theſe two is wanting.

As, on the one hand, we are ſoon aſhamed of loving a man whom we cannot eſteem; ſo, on the other, though we are truly ſenſible of a man's abilities, we can never raiſe ourſelves to the warmths of friendſhip, without an affectionate good-will towards his perſon.

Friendſhip immediately baniſhes envy under all its diſguiſes. A man who can once doubt whether he ſhould rejoice in his friend's being happier than himſelf, may depend upon it that he is an utter ſtranger to this virtue.

There

There is ſomething in friendſhip ſo very great and noble, that in thoſe fictitious ſtories which are invented to the honour of any particular perſon, the authors have thought it as neceſſary to make their hero a friend as a lover. *Achilles* has his *Patroclus*, and *Æneas* his *Achates*. In the firſt of theſe inſtances we may obſerve, for the reputation of the ſubject I am treating of, that *Greece* was almoſt ruined by the hero's love, but was preſerved by his friendſhip.

The character of *Achates* ſuggeſts to us an obſervation we may often make on the intimacies of great men, who frequently chuſe their companions rather for the qualities of the heart than thoſe of the head, and prefer fidelity in an eaſy inoffenſive complying temper to thoſe endowments which make a much greater figure among mankind. I do not remember that *Achates*, who is repreſented as the firſt favourite, either gives his advice, or ſtrikes a blow through the whole *Æneid*.

A friendſhip which makes the leaſt noiſe, is very often moſt uſeful: For which reaſon I ſhould prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

Atticus, one of the beſt men of ancient *Rome*, was a very remarkable inſtance of what I am here ſpeaking. This extraordinary perſon, amidſt the civil wars of his country, when he ſaw the deſigns of all parties equally tended to the ſubverſion of liberty, by conſtantly preſerving the eſteem and affection of both the competitors, found means to ſerve his friends on either ſide: And while he ſent money to young *Marius*, whoſe father was declared an enemy of the commonwealth, he was himſelf one of *Sylla*'s chief favourites, and always near that general.

During the war between *Ceſar* and *Pompey*, he ſtill maintained the ſame conduct. After the death of *Ceſar*, he ſent money to *Brutus* in his troubles, and did a thouſand good offices to *Antony*'s wife

and friends, when that party ſeemed ruined. Laſtly, even in that bloody war between *Antony* and *Auguſtus*, *Atticus* ſtill kept his place in both their friendſhips; inſomuch that the firſt, ſays *Cornelius Nepos*, whenever he was abſent from *Rome* in any part of the empire, writ punctually to him what he was doing; what he read, and whither he intended to go; and the latter gave him conſtantly an exact account of all his affairs.

A likeneſs of inclinations in every particular is ſo far from being requiſite to form a benevolence in two minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we ſhall find ſome of the firmeſt friendſhips to have been contracted between perſons of different humours; the mind being often pleaſed with thoſe perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own accompliſhments. Beſides that a man in ſome meaſure ſupplies his own defects, and fancies himſelf at ſecond hand poſſeſſed of thoſe good qualities and endowments, which are in the poſſeſſion of him who in the eye of the world is looked on as his *other ſelf*.

The moſt difficult province in friendſhip is the letting a man ſee his faults and errors, which ſhould, if poſſible, be ſo contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him not ſo much to pleaſe ourſelves as for his own advantage. The reproaches therefore of a friend ſhould always be ſtrictly juſt, and not too frequent.

The violent deſire of pleaſing in the perſon reproved, may otherwiſe change into a deſpair of doing it, while he finds himſelf cenſured for faults he is not conſcious of. A mind that is ſoftened and humanized by friendſhip, cannot bear frequent reproaches; either it muſt quite ſink under the oppreſſion, or abate conſiderably of the value and eſteem it had for him who beſtows them.

The

The proper buſineſs of friendſhip is to inſpire life and courage; and a ſoul thus ſupported, outdoes itſelf; whereas, if it be unexpectedly deprived of theſe ſuccours, it droops and languiſhes.

We are in ſome meaſure more inexcuſable if we violate our duties to a friend, than to a relation: Since the former ariſe from a voluntary choice, the latter from a neceſſity to which we could not give our own conſent.

As it has been ſaid on one ſide, that a man ought not to break with a faulty friend, that he may not expoſe the weakneſs of his choice; it will doubtleſs hold much better with reſpect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having loſt ſo valuable a treaſure which was once in his poſſeſ-

ſion.

No. 386. FRIDAY, MAY 23.

Cum triſtibus ſevere, cum remiſſis jucunde, cum ſenibus gravitur, cum juventute comiter vivere.

TULL.

THE piece of *Latin* on the head of this paper is part of a character extremely vicious, but I have ſet down no more than may fall in with the rules of juſtice and honour. *Cicero* ſpoke it of *Catiline*, who, he ſaid, *lived with the ſad ſeverely, with the chearful agreeably, with the old gravely, with the young pleaſantly*; he added, *with the wicked boldly, with the wanton laſciviouſly*. The two laſt inſtances of his complaiſance I forbear to conſider, having it in my thoughts at preſent only to ſpeak of obſequious behaviour as it ſits upon a companion in pleaſure, not a man of deſign and intrigue. To vary with every humour in this manner cannot be agreeable, except it comes from a man's own temper and natural complexion; to do it out of an

ambition to excel that way, is the moſt fruitleſs and unbecoming proſtitution imaginable. To put on an artful part to obtain no other end but an unjuſt praiſe from the undiſcerning, is of all endeavours the moſt deſpicable. A man muſt be ſincerely pleaſed to become pleaſure, or not to interrupt that of others: For this reaſon it is a moſt calamitous circumſtance, that many people who want to be alone, or ſhould be ſo, will come into converſation. It is certain that all men, who are the leaſt given to reflection, are ſeized with an inclination that way; when, perhaps, they had rather be inclined to company: But indeed they had better go home, and be tired with themſelves, than force themſelves upon others to recover their good humour. In all this the caſe of communicating to a friend a ſad thought or difficulty, in order to relieve a heavy heart, ſtands excepted; but what is here meant is, that a man ſhould always go with inclination to the turn of the company he is going into, or not pretend to be of the party. It is certainly a very happy temper to be able to live with all kinds of diſpoſitions, becauſe it argues a mind that lies open to receive what is pleaſing to others, and not obſtinately bent on any particularity of its own.

This is it which makes me pleaſed with the character of my good acquaintance *Acaſto*. You meet him at the tables and converſations of the wiſe, the impertinent, the grave, the frolic, and the witty; and yet his own character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one ſect of men; but *Acaſto* has natural good ſenſe, good nature, and diſcretion, ſo that every man enjoys himſelf in his company; and though *Acaſto* contributes nothing to the entertainment, he never was at a place where he was not welcome a ſecond time. Without theſe ſubordinate good qualities of *Acaſto*, a man of wit and learning would be painful to the generality of mankind, inſtead of being pleaſing.

Witty

Witty men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as ſuch, and by that means grow the worſt companions imaginable; they deride the abſent, or rally the preſent, in a wrong manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a man till he is uneaſy in his ſeat, or ungracefully diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of the company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to ſay, the true art of being agreeable in company, (but there can be no ſuch thing as art in it) is to appear well-pleaſed with thoſe you are engaged with, and rather to ſeem well-entertained, than to bring entertainment to others. A man thus diſpoſed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good companion, but eſſentially is ſuch, and in all the parts of his converſation has ſomething friendly in his behaviour, which conciliates mens minds more than the higheſt ſallies of wit or ſtarts of humour can poſſibly do. The feebleneſs of age in a man of this turn, has ſomething which ſhould be treated with reſpect, even in a man no otherwiſe venerable. The forwardneſs of youth, when it proceeds from alacrity, and not inſolence, has alſo its allowances. The companion, who is formed for ſuch by nature, gives to every character of life its due regards, and is ready to account for their imperfections, and receive their accompliſhments as if they were his own. It muſt appear that you receive law from, and not give it to your company, to make you agreeable.

I remember *Tully*, ſpeaking, I think, of *Antony*, ſays, That *in eo facetiæ, erant quæ nullo arte tradi poſſunt: He had a witty mirth which could be acquired by no art.* This quality muſt be of the kind of which I am now ſpeaking; for all ſorts of behaviour, which depend upon obſervation and knowledge of life, is to be acquired; but that which no one can deſcribe, and is apparently the act of nature, muſt be every where prevalent, becauſe every thing it meets is a fit occaſion to exert it; for he

who follows nature, can never be improper or unſeaſonable.

How unaccountable then muſt their behaviour be, who, without any manner of conſideration of what the company they have juſt now entered are upon, give themſelves the air of a meſſenger, and make as diſtinct relations of the occurrences they laſt met with, as if they had been diſpatched from thoſe they talk to, to be punctually exact in a report of thoſe circumſtances: It is unpardonable to thoſe who are met to enjoy one another, that a freſh man ſhall pop in, and give us only the laſt part of his own life, and put a ſtop to ours during the hiſtory. If ſuch a man comes from *'Change*, whether you will or not, you muſt hear how the ſtocks go; and though you are ever ſo intently employed on a graver ſubject, a young fellow of the other end of the town will take his place, and tell you, Mrs Such-a-one is charmingly handſome, becauſe he juſt now ſaw her. But I think I need not dwell on this ſubject, ſince I have acknowledged there can be no rules for excelling this way; and precepts of this kind fare like rules for writing poetry, which, it is ſaid, may have prevented ill poets, but never made good ones. T

No. 387. Saturday, May 24.

Quid pure tranquillet———

Hor. Ep. xviii. l. 1. ver. 102.

What calms the breaſt, and makes the mind ſerene.

IN my laſt *Saturday*'s paper I ſpoke of chearfulneſs as it is a *moral* habit of the mind, and accordingly mentioned ſuch moral motives as are apt to cherith and keep alive this happy temper in the ſoul

ſoul of man; I ſhall now conſider chearfulneſs in its *natural* ſtate, and reflect on thoſe motives to it, which are indifferent either as to virtue or vice.

Chearfulneſs is, in the firſt place, the beſt promoter of health. Repinings and ſecret murmurs of heart give imperceptible ſtrokes to thoſe delicate fibres of which the vital parts are compoſed, and wear out the machine inſenſibly; not to mention thoſe violent ferments which they ſtir up in the blood, and thoſe irregular diſturbed motions which they raiſe in the animal ſpirits. I ſcarce remember, in my own obſervation, to have met with many old men, or with ſuch who (to uſe our *Engliſh* phraſe) *wear well*, that had not at leaſt a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and chearfulneſs of heart. The truth of it is, health and chearfulneſs mutually beget each other; with this difference that we ſeldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain chearfulneſs, but very often ſee chearfulneſs where there is no great degree of health.

Chearfulneſs bears the ſame friendly regard to the mind as to the body: It baniſhes all anxious care and diſcontent, ſooths and compoſes the paſſions, and keeps the ſoul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this laſt conſideration, I ſhall here take notice, that the world in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raiſe and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we conſider the world in its ſubſerviency to man, one would think it was made for our uſe; but if we conſider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleaſure. The ſun, which is as the great ſoul of the univerſe, and produces all the neceſſaries of life, has a particular influence in chearing the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Thoſe ſeveral living creatures which are made for our

our ſervice or ſuſtenance at the ſame time, either fill the woods with their muſic, furniſh us with game, or raiſe pleaſing ideas in us by the delightfulneſs of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreſhing to the imagination as to the ſoil through which they paſs.

There are writers of great diſtinction, who have made it an argument for providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being ſuch a right mixture of light and ſhade that it comforts and ſtrengthens the eye inſtead of weakening or grieving it. For this reaſon ſeveral painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to eaſe the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philoſopher accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, overpower and diſſipate the animal ſpirits which are employed in ſight: on the contrary, thoſe that are more obſcure do not give the animal ſpirits a ſufficient exerciſe; whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in ſuch a due proportion, that they give the animal ſpirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the ſtruggle in a juſt balance, excite a very pleaſing and agreeable ſenſation. Let the cauſe be what it will, the effect is certain, for which reaſon the poets aſcribe to this particular colour the epithet of *chearful*.

To conſider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are at the ſame time both uſeful and entertaining, we find that the moſt important parts in the vegetable world, are thoſe which are the moſt beautiful. Theſe are the ſeeds by which the ſeveral races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or bloſſoms. Nature ſeems to hide her principal deſign, and to be induſtrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while ſhe is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preſervation.

vation. The husbandman, after the same manner is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden, or landscape, and making every thing smile about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but the harvest, and increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this chearfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing, that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheared and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a chearful temper, as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently show us that Providence did not design

ſign this world ſhould be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man ſhould be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this chearfulneſs of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are obſerved to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our iſland, and often conveys herſelf to us in an eaſterly wind. A celebrated *French* noveliſt, in oppoſition to thoſe who began their romances with the flowery ſeaſon of the year, enters on his hiſtory thus: *In the gloomy month of* November, *when the people of* England *hang and drown themſelves, a diſconſolate lover walked out into the fields*, &c.

Every one ought to fence againſt the temper of his climate or conſtitution, and frequently to indulge in himſelf thoſe conſiderations which may give him a ſerenity of mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully againſt thoſe little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them will produce a ſatiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happineſs.

At the ſame time that I would engage my reader to conſider the world in its moſt agreeable lights, I muſt own there are many evils which naturally ſpring up amidſt the entertainments that are provided for us; but theſe, if rightly conſidered, ſhould be far from overcaſting the mind with ſorrow, or deſtroying that chearfulneſs of temper which I have been recommending. This interſperſion of evil with good, and pain with pleaſure, in the works of nature, is very truly aſcribed by Mr *Locke*, in his Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, to a moral reaſon, in the following words:

Beyond all this, we may find another reaſon why *God hath ſcattered up and down* ſeveral degrees of pleaſure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, *and blended them together, in almoſt all*

all that our thoughts and ſenſes have to do with; that we finding imperfection, diſſatisfaction, and want of complete happineſs in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to ſeek it in the enjoyment of Him, with whom there is fulneſs of joy, and at whoſe right hand are pleaſures for evermore. L.

No. 388. MONDAY, MAY 26.

——Tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior: ſanctos auſus recludere fontes.
VIRG. Georg. ii. ver. 174.

For thee I dare unlock the ſacred ſpring,
And arts diſclos'd by ancient ſages ſing.

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'IT is my cuſtom, when I read your papers, to 'read over the quotations in the authors from 'whence you take them: As you mentioned a paſ-'ſage lately out of the ſecond chapter of *Solomon's* '*Song*, it occaſioned my looking into it; and upon 'reading it, I thought the ideas ſo exquiſitely ſoft 'and tender, that I could not help making this pa-'raphraſe of it; which, now it is done, I can as 'little forbear ſending to you. Some marks of 'your approbation which I have already received, 'have given me ſo ſenſible a taſte of them, that I 'cannot forbear endeavouring after them, as often 'as I can with any appearance of ſucceſs.

'I am, SIR,

'Your moſt obedient humble ſervant.'

The Second Chapter of *Solomon's Song*.

I.

As when in *Sharon's* field the bluſhing roſe
Does its chaſte boſom to the morn diſcloſe,

Whilſt

Whilſt all around the *Zephyrs* bear
The fragrant odours thro' the air:
Or as the lily in the ſhady vale,
Does o'er each flow'r with beauteous pride prevail,
And ſtands with dews and kindeſt ſun-ſhine bleſt,
In fair pre-eminence, ſuperior to the reſt:
So, if my love, with happy influence, ſhed
His eyes bright ſun-ſhine on his lover's head,
Then ſhall the roſe of *Sharon*'s field,
And whiteſt lilies to my beauties yield.
Then faireſt flow'rs with ſtudious art combine,
The roſes with the lilies join,
And their united charms are leſs than mine.

II.

As much as faireſt lilies can ſurpaſs
A thorn in beauty, or in height the graſs,
So does my love among the virgins ſhine,
Adorn'd with graces more than half divine;
Or as a tree, that, glorious to behold,
Is hung with apples all of ruddy gold,
Heſperian fruit; and beautifully high,
Extends its branches to the ſky;
So does my love the virgin's eyes invite:
'Tis he alone can fix their wand'ring ſight,
Among ten thouſand eminently bright.

III.

Beneath his pleaſing ſhade
My wearied limbs at eaſe I laid,
And on his fragrant boughs reclin'd my head.
I pull'd the golden fruit with eager haſte;
Sweet was the fruit, and pleaſing to the taſte:
With ſparkling wine he crown'd the bowl,
With gentle ecſtacies he fill'd my ſoul;
Joyous we ſat beneath the ſhady grove,
And o'er my head he hung the banners of his love.

IV.

I faint! I die! my labouring breaſt
Is with the mighty weight of love oppreſt;

I feel

I feel the fire poſſeſs my heart,
And pain convey'd to ev'ry part.
Thro' all my veins the paſſion flies,
My feeble ſoul forſakes its place,
A trembling faintneſs ſeals my eyes,
And paleneſs dwells upon my face:
Oh! let my love with pow'rful odours ſtay,
My fainting loveſick ſoul, that dies away;
One hand beneath me let him place,
With t'other preſs me in a chaſte embrace.

V.

I charge you, nymphs of *Sion*, as you go
Arm'd with the ſounding quiver and the bow,
Whilſt thro' the loneſome woods you rove,
You ne'er diſturb my ſleeping love.
Be only gentle *Zephyrs* there,
With downy wings to fan the air;
Let ſacred ſilence dwell around,
To keep off each intruding ſound:
And when the balmy ſlumber leaves his eyes,
May he to joys unknown till then ariſe.

VI.

But ſee! he comes! with what majeſtic gait
He onward bears his lovely ſtate!
Now thro' the lattice he appears,
With ſofteſt words diſpels my fears;
Ariſe, my fair one, and receive
All the pleaſures love can give,
For now the ſullen winter's paſt,
No more we fear the northern blaſt;
No ſtorms nor threat'ning clouds appear,
No falling rains deform the year.
My love admits of no delay,
Ariſe, my fair, and come away.

VII.

Already, ſee! the teeming earth
Brings forth the flow'rs, her beauteous birth,

The dews, and ſoft-deſcending ſhow'rs
Nurſe the new-born tender flow'rs.
Hark! the birds melodious ſing,
And ſweetly uſher in the ſpring.
Cloſe by his fellow ſits the dove,
And, billing, whiſpers her his love.
The ſpreading vines with bloſſoms ſwell,
Diffuſing round a grateful ſmell,
Ariſe, my fair one, and receive
All the bleſſings love can give:
For love admits of no delay,
Ariſe, my fair, and come away.

VIII.

As to its mate the conſtant dove
Flies thro' the covert of the ſpicy grove,
So let us haſten to ſome lonely ſhade,
There let me ſafe in thy lov'd arms be laid,
Where no intruding hateful noiſe
Shall damp the ſound of thy melodious voice;
Where I may gaze, and mark each beauteous grace:
For ſweet thy voice, and lovely is thy face.

IX.

As all of me, my love, is thine,
Let all of thee be ever mine.
Among the lilies we will play,
Fairer, my love, thou art than they;
Till the purple morn ariſe,
And balmy ſleep forſake thine eyes;
Till the gladſome beams of day
Remove the ſhades of night away;
Then, when ſoft ſleep ſhall from thy eyes depart,
Riſe like the bounding roe, or luſty hart,
Glad to behold the light again,
From *Bether*'s mountains darting o'er the plain.

T

No. 389. Tuesday, May 27.

——Meliora pii docuere parentes. Hor.

Their pious ſires a better leſſen taught.

Nothing has more ſurpriſed the learned in *England*, than the price which a ſmall book, intitled *Spaccio della Beſtia triomfante*, bore in a late auction. This book was ſold for thirty pound. As it was written by one *Jordanus Brunus*, a profeſt atheiſt, with a deſign to depreciate religion, every one was apt to fancy from the extravagant price it bore, that there muſt be ſomething in it very formidable.

I muſt confeſs that, happening to get the ſight of one of them myſelf, I could not forbear peruſing it with this apprehenſion; but found there was ſo very little danger in it, that I ſhall venture to give my readers a fair account of the whole plan upon which this wonderful treatiſe is built.

The author pretends that *Jupiter* once upon a time reſolved on a reformation of the conſtellations: For which purpoſe having ſummoned the ſtars together, he complains to them of the great decay of the worſhip of the Gods, which he thought ſo much the harder, having called ſeveral of thoſe celeſtial bodies by the names of the heathen deities, and by that means made the heavens as it were a book of the pagan theology. *Momus* tells him that this is not to be wondered at, ſince there were ſo many ſcandalous ſtories of the deities; upon which the author takes occaſion to caſt reflections upon all other religions, concluding, that *Jupiter*, after a full hearing, diſcarded the deities out of heaven, and called the ſtars by the names of the moral virtues.

This ſhort fable, which has no pretence in it to

reaſon or argument, and but a very ſmall ſhare of wit, has however recommended itſelf wholly by its impiety, to thoſe weak men, who would diſtinguiſh themſelves by the ſingularity of their opinions.

There are two conſiderations which have been often urged againſt atheiſts, and which they never yet could get over. The firſt is, that the greateſt and moſt eminent perſons of all ages have been againſt them, and always complied with the public forms of worſhip eſtabliſhed in their reſpective countries, when there was nothing in them either derogatory to the honour of the Supreme Being, or prejudicial to the good of mankind.

The *Platos* and *Ciceros* among the ancients; the *Bacons*, the *Boyles*, and the *Lockes*, among our own countrymen, are all inſtances of what I have been ſaying, not to mention any of the divines, however celebrated, ſince our adverſaries challenge all thoſe, as men who have too much intereſt in this caſe to be impartial evidences.

But what has been often urged as a conſideration of much more weight, is, not only the opinion of the better ſort, but the general conſent of mankind to this great truth; which I think could not poſſibly have come to paſs, but from one of the three following reaſons; either that the idea of a God is innate and coexiſtent with the mind itſelf; or that this truth is ſo very obvious, that it is diſcovered by the firſt exertion of reaſon in perſons of the moſt ordinary capacities; or, laſtly, that it has been delivered down to us through all ages by a tradition from the firſt man.

The athieſts are equally confounded, to which ever of theſe three cauſes we aſſign it; they have been ſo preſſed by this laſt argument from the general conſent of mankind, that after great ſearch and pains they pretend to have found out a nation

on of atheiſts, I mean that polite people the *Hottentots*.

I dare not ſhock my readers with a deſcription of the cuſtoms and manners of theſe barbarians, who are in every reſpect ſcarce one degree above brutes, having no language among them but a confuſed *gabble*, which is neither well underſtood by themſelves or others.

It is not however to be imagined how much the atheiſts have gloried in theſe their good friends and allies.

If we boaſt of a *Socrates* or a *Seneca*, they may now confront them with theſe great philoſophers the *Hottentots*.

Though even this point has, not without reaſon, been ſeveral times controverted, I ſee no manner of harm it could do religion, if we ſhould entirely give them up this elegant part of mankind.

Methinks nothing more ſhews the weakneſs of their cauſe, than that no diviſion of their fellow creatures join with them, but thoſe among whom they themſelves own reaſon is almoſt defaced, and who have little elſe but their ſhape, which can intitle them to any place in the ſpecies.

Beſides theſe poor creatures, there have now and then been inſtances of a few crazed people in ſeveral nations, who have denied the exiſtence of a Deity.

The catalogue of theſe is however very ſhort; even *Vanini*, the moſt celebrated champion for the cauſe, profeſſed before his judges, that he believed the exiſtence of a God, and taking up a ſtraw which lay before him on the ground, aſſured them that alone was ſufficient to convince him of it; alledging ſeveral arguments to prove that it was impoſſible nature alone could create any thing.

I was the other day reading an account of *Caſimir Lyſzinſki*, a gentleman of *Poland*, who was

convicted and executed for this crime. The manner of his punishment was very particular. As ſoon as his body was burnt, his aſhes were put into a cannon, and ſhot into the air towards *Tartary*.

I am apt to believe, that if ſomething like this method of puniſhment ſhould prevail in *England*, ſuch is the natural good ſenſe of the *Britiſh* nation that whether we rammed an atheiſt whole into a great gun, or pulverized our infidels, as they do in *Poland*, we ſhould not have many charges.

I ſhould, however, propoſe, while our ammunition laſted, that inſtead of *Tartary*, we ſhould always keep two or three cannons ready pointed towards the Cape of *Good-Hope*, in order to ſhoot our unbelievers into the country of the *Hottentots*.

In my opinion, a ſolemn judicial death is too great an honour for an atheiſt, though I muſt allow the method of exploding him, as it is practiſed in this ludicrous kind of martyrdom, has ſomething in it proper enough to the nature of his offence.

There is indeed a great objection againſt this manner of treating them. Zeal for religion is of ſo active a nature, that it ſeldom knows where to reſt; for which reaſon, I am afraid, after having diſcharged our atheiſts, we might poſſibly think of ſhooting off our ſectaries; and as one does not foreſee the viciſſitude of human affairs, it might one time or other come to a man's own turn to fly out of the mouth of a demi-culverin.

If any of my readers imagine that I have treated theſe gentlemen in too ludicrous a manner, I muſt confeſs, for my own part, I think reaſoning againſt ſuch unbelievers upon a point that ſhocks the common ſenſe of mankind, is doing them too great an honour, giving them a figure in the eye of the world, and making people fancy that they have more in them than they really have.

As

As for thoſe perſons who have any ſcheme of religious worſhip, I am for treating ſuch with the utmoſt tenderneſs, and ſhould endeavour to ſhew them their errors with the greateſt temper and humanity; but as theſe miſcreants are for throwing down religion in general, for ſtripping mankind of what themſelves own is of excellent uſe in all great ſocieties, without once offering to eſtabliſh any thing in the room of it: I think the beſt way of dealing with them, is to retort their own weapons upon them, which are thoſe of ſcorn and mockery. X

No. 390. WEDNESDAY, MAY 28.

Non pudenda ſed non faciendo id quod non decet impudentiæ nomen effugere debemus. TULL.

The way to avoid the reputation of impudence, is not to be aſhamed of what we do, but never to do what we ought to be aſhamed of.

MANY are the epiſtles I receive from ladies extremely afflicted that they lie under the obſervation of ſcandalous people, who love to defame their neighbours, and make the unjuſteſt interpretation of innocent and indifferent actions. They deſcribe their own behaviour ſo unhappily, that there indeed lies ſome cauſe of ſuſpicion upon them. It is certain, that there is no authority for perſons who have nothing elſe to do, to paſs away hours of converſation upon the miſcarriages of other people; but ſince they will do ſo, they who value their reputation ſhould be cautious of appearances to their diſadvantage. But very often our young women, as well as the middle-aged and the gay part of thoſe growing old, without entering into a formal league for that purpoſe to a woman, agree

agree upon a ſhort way to preſerve their characters, and go on in a way that at beſt is only not vicious. The method is, when an ill-natured or talkative girl has ſaid any thing that bears hard upon ſome part of another's carriage, this creature, if not in any of their little cabals, is run down for the moſt cenſorious dangerous body in the world. Thus they guard their reputation rather than their modeſty; as if guilt lay in being under the imputation of a fault, and not in a commiſſion of it. *Orbicilla* is the kindeſt poor thing in the town, but the moſt bluſhing creature living: It is true, ſhe has not loſt the ſenſe of ſhame, but ſhe has loſt the ſenſe of innocence. If ſhe had more confidence, and never did any thing which ought to ſtain her cheeks, would ſhe not be much more modeſt without that ambiguous ſuffuſion, which is the livery both of guilt and innocence? Modeſty conſiſts in being conſcious of no ill, and not in being aſhamed of having done it. When people go upon any other foundation than the truth of their own hearts for the conduct of their actions, it lies in the power of ſcandalous tongues to carry the world before them, and make the reſt of mankind fall in with the ill, for fear of reproach. On the other hand, to do what you ought, is the ready way to make calumny either ſilent or ineffectually malicious. *Spencer*, in his *Fairy Queen*, ſays admirably to young ladies under the diſtreſs of being defamed;

The beſt, ſaid he, that I can you adviſe,
  Is to avoid th' occaſion of the ill;
For when the cauſe, whence evil doth ariſe,
  Removed is, th' effect ſurceaſeth ſtill.
Abſtain from pleaſure, and reſtrain your will,
  Subdue deſire, and bridle looſe delight:
Uſe ſcanted diet, and forbear your fill:
  Shun ſecrecy, and talk in open ſight:
So ſhall you ſoon repair your preſent evil plight.

Inſtead

Inſtead of this care over their words and actions, recommended by a poet in old Queen *Beſs*'s days, the modern way is to do and ſay what you pleaſe, and yet be the *prettieſt ſort of woman in the world*. If fathers and brothers will defend a lady's honour, ſhe is quite as ſafe as in her own innocence. Many of the diſtreſſed, who ſuffer under the malice of evil tongues, are ſo harmleſs that they are every day they live aſleep till twelve at noon; concern themſelves with nothing but their own perſons till two; take their neceſſary food between that time and four; viſit, go to the play; and ſit up at cards, till towards the enſuing morn; And the malicious world ſhall draw concluſions from innocent glances, ſhort whiſpers, or pretty familiar ralleries with faſhionable men, that theſe fair ones are not as rigid as veſtals. It is certain, ſay theſe goodeſt creatures very well, that virtue does not conſiſt in conſtrained behaviour and wrey faces, that muſt be allowed; but there is a decency in the aſpect and manner of ladies contracted from a habit of virtue, and from general reflections that regard a modeſt conduct, all which may be underſtood, though they cannot be deſcribed. A young woman of this ſort claims an eſteem mixed with affection and honour, and meets with no defamation; or, if ſhe does, the wild malice is overcome with an undiſturbed perſeverance in her innocence. To ſpeak freely, there are ſuch coveys of coquettes about this town, that if the peace were not kept by ſome impertinent tongues of their own ſex, which keep them under ſome reſtraint, we ſhould have no manner of engagement upon them to keep them in any tolerable order.

As I am a SPECTATOR, and behold how plainly one part of womankind balance the behaviour of the other, whatever I may think of tale-bearers or ſlanderers, I cannot wholly ſuppreſs them, no more than a general would diſcourage ſpies. The ene-

my

my would eaſily ſurpriſe him whom they knew had no intelligence of their motions. It is ſo far otherwiſe with me, that I acknowledge I permit a ſhe-ſlanderer or two in every quarter of the town, to live in the characters of coquettes, and take all the innocent freedoms of the reſt, in order to ſend me information of the behaviour of their reſpective ſiſterhoods.

But as the matter of reſpect to the world, which looks on, is carried on, methinks it is ſo very eaſy to be what is in the general called virtuous, that it need not coſt one hour's reflection in a month to preſerve that appellation. It is pleaſant to hear the pretty rogues talk of virtue and vice to each other: She is the lazieſt creature in the world, but I muſt confeſs ſtrictly virtuous; the peeviſheſt huſſy breathing, but, as to her virtue, ſhe is without blemiſh: She has not the leaſt charity for any of her acquaintance, but I muſt allow her rigidly virtuous. As the unthinking part of the male world call every man a man of honour who is not a coward; ſo the croud of the other ſex terms every woman who will not be a wench, virtuous. T

No. 391. Thursday, May 29.

——Non tu prece poſcis emaci,
Quæ niſi ſeductus nequeas committere divis:
At bona pars procerum tacita libabit acerra.
Haud cuivis promptum eſt, murmurque humileſque
ſuſurros
Tollere de templis; et aperto vivere voto.
Mens bona, fama, fides; hæc clare, et ut audiat
hoſpes.
Illa ſibi introrſum, et ſub lingua immurmurat: O ſi
Ebullit patrui præclarum funus! Et O ſi
Sub raſtro crepet argenti mihi ſeria dextro
Hercule! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus hæres
Impello, expungam!——— Pers. Sat. ii. ver. 3.

——Thy pray'rs the teſt of heav'n will bear;
Nor need'ſt thou take the gods aſide, to hear:
While others, e'en the mighty men of *Rome*,
Big ſwell'd with miſchief, to the temples come;
And in low murmurs, and with coſtly ſmoke,
Heav'ns help, to proſper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the Gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for ſhame, conceal.
Give me good fame, ye Powers, and make me
juſt:
Thus much the rogue to public ears will truſt.
In private them—When wilt thou, mighty *Jove*,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
Or——O thou thund'rer's ſon, great *Hercules*,
That once thy bounteous deity would pleaſe
To guide my rake, upon the chinking ſound
Of ſome vaſt treaſure, hidden under ground?
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o'th' head!
I ſhould poſſeſs th' eſtate if he were dead.

Dryden.

WHERE *Homer* repreſents *Phœnix*, the tutor of *Achilles*, as perſuading his pupil to lay aſide

ſide his reſentments, and give himſelf up to the intreaties of countrymen, the poet, in order to make him ſpeak in character, aſcribes to him a ſpeech full of thoſe fables and allegories which old men take delight in relating, and which are very proper for inſtruction. "The Gods, (ſays he,) ſuffer themſelves to be prevailed upon by intreaties. "When mortals have offended them by their "tranſgreſſions, they appeaſe them by vows and "ſacrifices. You muſt know, *Achilles*, that prayers are the daughters of *Jupiter*. They are "crippled by frequent kneeling, have their faces "full of cares and wrinkles, and their eyes always "caſt towards heaven. They are conſtant attendants on the goddeſs *Ate*, and march behind her. "This goddeſs walks forward with a bold and "haughty air, and being very light of foot, runs "through the whole earth, grieving and afflicting "the ſons of men. She gets the ſtart of prayers, "who always follow her, in order to heal thoſe "perſons whom ſhe wounds. He who honours "theſe daughters of *Jupiter*, when they draw "near to him, receives great benefits from them; "but as for him who rejects them, they intreat "their father to give his orders to the goddeſs "*Ate*, to puniſh him for his hardneſs of heart." This noble allegory needs but little explanation; for, whether the goddeſs *Ate* ſignifies injury, as ſome have explained it; or guilt in general, as others; or divine juſtice, as I am the more apt to think, the interpretation is obvious enough.

I ſhall produce another heathen fable relating to prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would think by ſome paſſages in it, that it was compoſed by *Lucian*, or at leaſt by ſome author who has endeavoured to imitate his way of writing; but as diſſertations of this nature are more curious than uſeful, I ſhall give my reader the fable.

ble, without any further inquiries after the author of it.

" *Menippus* the philoſopher was a ſecond time " taken up into heaven by *Jupiter*, when, for his " entertainment, he lifted up a trap-door that " was placed by his footſtool. At its riſing, there " iſſued through it ſuch a din of cries as aſtoniſhed " the philoſopher. Upon his aſking what they " meant, *Jupiter* told him they were the pray- " ers that were ſent up to him from the " earth. *Menippus* amidſt the confuſion of voices, " which was ſo great, that nothing leſs than the " ear of *Jove* could diſtinguiſh them, heard the " words, *riches*, *honour* and *long life*, repeated to " ſeveral different tones and languages. When " the firſt hubbub of ſounds was over, the trap- " door being left open, the voices came up more " ſeparate and diſtinct. The firſt prayer was a " very odd one, it came from *Athens*, and deſired " *Jupiter* to increaſe the wiſdom and the beard of " his humble ſupplicant. *Menippus* knew it by " the voice to be the prayer of his friend *Licander* " the philoſopher. This was ſucceeded by the " petition of one who had juſt laden a ſhip, and " promiſed *Jupiter*, if he took care of it, and re- " turned it home again full of riches, he would " make him an offering of a ſilver cup. *Jupiter* " thanked him for nothing; and bending down " his ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a " voice complaining to him of the cruelty of an " *Epheſian* widow, and begging him to breed com- " paſſion in her heart. This, ſays *Jupiter*, is a " very honeſt fellow. I have received a great deal " of incenſe from him; I will not be ſo cruel to " him as not to hear his prayers. He was then in- " terrupted with a whole volley of vows, which " were made for the health of a tyrannical prince " by his ſubjects, who prayed for him in his pre- " ſence. *Menippus* was ſurpriſed, after having

" liſtened to prayers offered up with ſo much ar-
" dour and devotion, to hear low whiſpers from
" the ſame aſſembly, expoſtulating with *Jove* for
" ſuffering ſuch a tyrant to live, and aſking him
" how his thunder could lie idle? *Jupiter* was ſo
" offended at theſe prevaricating raſcals, that he
" took down the firſt vows, and puffed away the
" laſt. The philoſopher ſeeing a great cloud mount-
" ing upwards, and making its way directly to the
" trap-door, inquired of *Jupiter* what it meant.
" This, ſays *Jupiter*, is the ſmoke of a whole he-
" catomb that is offered me by the general of an
" army, who is very importunate with me to let
" him cut off an hundred thouſand men that are
" drawn up in array againſt him: What does the
" impudent wretch think I ſee in him, to believe I
" will make a ſacrifice of ſo many mortals as good
" as himſelf, and all this to his glory, forſooth?
" But hark, ſays *Jupiter*, there is a voice I never
" heard but in time of danger; it is a rogue that
" is ſhipwrecked in the *Ionian* ſea: I ſaved him on
" a plank but three days ago, upon his promiſe to
" mend his manners; the ſcoundrel is not worth a
" groat, and yet has the impudence to offer me a
" temple, if I will keep him from ſinking.——
" But yonder, ſays he, is a ſpecial youth for you,
" he deſires me take his father, who keeps a great
" eſtate from him, out of the miſeries of human
" life. The old fellow ſhall live till he makes his
" heart ache, I can tell him that for his pains.
" This was followed by the ſoft voice of a pious la-
" dy, deſiring *Jupiter* that ſhe might appear amia-
" ble and charming in the ſight of her emperor.
" As the philoſopher was reflecting on this extra-
" ordinary petition, there blew a gentle wind thro'
" the trap-door, which he at firſt miſtook for a
" gale of *Zephyrs*, but afterwards found to be
" a breeze of ſighs: They ſmelt ſtrong of flowers
" and incenſe, and were ſucceeded by moſt paſ-
" ſionate

" ſionate complaints of wounds and torments, fires " and arrows, cruelty, deſpair and death. *Me-* " *nippus* fancied that ſuch lamentable cries aroſe " from ſome general execution, or from wretches " lying under the torture; but *Jupiter* told him " that they came up to him from the iſle of *Pa-* " *phos*, and that he every day received complaints " of the ſame nature, from that whimſical tribe of " mortals called Lovers. I am ſo trifled with, ſays " he, by this generation of both ſexes, and find it " ſo impoſſible to pleaſe them, whether I grant or " refuſe their petitions, that I ſhall order a weſtern " wind for the future to intercept them in their " paſſage, and blow them at random upon the " earth. The laſt petition I heard was from a very " aged man of near an hundred years old, begging " but for one year more of life, and then promiſ- " ing to die contented. This is the rareſt old fel- " low! ſays *Jupiter*. He has made this prayer to " me for above twenty years together. When he " was but fifty years old, he deſired only that he " might live to ſee his ſon ſettled in the world: I " granted it. He then begged the ſame favour for " his daughter, and afterwards that he might ſee " the education of a grandſon: When all this " was brought about, he puts up a petition that he " might live to finiſh a houſe he was building. In " ſhort he is an unreaſonable old cur, and never " wants an excuſe; I will hear no more of him. " Upon which he flung down the trap-door in a " paſſion, and was reſolved to give no more au- " diences that day."

Notwithſtanding the levity of this fable, the moral of it very well deſerves our attention, and is the ſame with that which has been inculcated by *Socrates* and *Plato*, not to mention *Juvenal* and *Perſius*, who have each of them made the fineſt ſatire in their whole works upon this ſubject. The vanity of mens wiſhes, which are the natural prayers of

the mind, as well as many of thoſe ſecret devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are ſufficiently expoſed by it. Among other reaſons for ſet forms of prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the folly and extravagance of mens deſires may be kept within due bounds, and not break out in abſurd and ridiculous petitions on ſo great and ſolemn an occaſion. I

No. 392. FRIDAY, MAY 30.

Per ambages et miniſteria deorum
Præcipitandus eſt liber ſpiritus. PETRON.

By fable's aid ungovern'd fancy ſoars,
And claims the miniſtry of heav'nly pow'rs.

To the SPECTATOR.

The tranſformation of Fidelio *into a looking-glaſs.*

'I WAS lately at a tea-table, where ſome young 'ladies entertained the company with a relation 'of a coquette in the neighbourhood, who had 'been diſcovered practiſing before her glaſs. To 'turn the diſcourſe, which from being witty grew 'to be malicious, the matron of the family took 'occaſion, from the ſubject, to wiſh that there 'were to be found amongſt men ſuch faithful mo-'nitors to dreſs the mind by, as we conſult to a-'dorn the body. She added, that if a ſincere 'friend were miraculouſly changed into a looking-'glaſs, ſhe ſhould not be aſhamed to aſk its advice 'very often. This whimſical thought worked ſo 'much upon my fancy the whole evening, that it 'produced a very odd dream.

'Methought that as I ſtood before my glaſs, the 'image of a youth, of an open and ingenuous aſpect,

'appeared

'appeared in it; who, with a ſmall ſhrill voice, 'ſpoke in the following manner.

'The looking-glaſs you ſee was heretofore a 'man, even I the unfortunate *Fidelio*. I had two 'brothers, whoſe deformity in ſhape was made up by 'the clearneſs of their underſtanding: It muſt be 'owned, however, that (as it generally happens) 'they had each a perverſeneſs of humour ſuitable 'to their diſtortion of body. The eldeſt, whoſe 'belly ſunk in monſtrouſly, was a great coward; 'and though his ſplenetic contracted temper made 'him take fire immediately, he made objects that 'beſet him appear greater than they were. The 'ſecond, whoſe breaſt ſwelled into a bold relievo, 'on the contrary, took great pleaſure in leſſening 'every thing, and was perfectly the reverſe of his 'brother. Theſe oddneſſes pleaſed company once 'or twice, but diſguſted when often ſeen; for 'which reaſon the young gentlemen were ſent 'from court to ſtudy mathematics at the Univer-'ſity.

'I need not acquaint you that I was very well 'made, and reckoned a bright polite gentleman. 'I was the confident and darling of all the fair; 'and if the old and ugly ſpoke ill of me, all the 'world knew it was becauſe I ſcorned to flatter 'them. No ball, no aſſembly, was attended till I 'had been conſulted. *Flavia* coloured her hair 'before me, *Celia* ſhewed me her teeth, *Panthea* 'heaved her boſom, *Cleora* brandiſhed her dia-'monds; I have ſeen *Cloe*'s foot, and tied artifi-'cially the garters of *Rhodope*.

'It is a general maxim, that thoſe who dote up-'on themſelves, can have no violent affection for 'another: But, on the contrary, I found that the 'womens paſſion for me roſe in proportion to the 'love they bore to themſelves. This was verified 'in my amour with *Narciſſa*, who was ſo conſtant 'to me, that it was pleaſantly ſaid, had I been lit-

'tle enough ſhe would have hung me at her girdle. 'The moſt dangerous rival I had, was a gay empty 'fellow, who, by the ſtrength of a long intercourſe 'with *Narciſſa*, joined to his natural endowments 'had formed himſelf into a perfect reſemblance 'with her. I had been diſcarded, had ſhe not ob-'ſerved that he frequently aſked my opinion about 'matters of the laſt conſequence: This made me 'ſtill more conſiderable in her eye.

'Though I was eternally careſſed by the ladies, 'ſuch was their opinion of my honour, that I was 'never envied by the men. A jealous lover of '*Narciſſa* one day thought he had caught her in 'an amorous converſation; for though he was at 'ſuch a diſtance that he could hear nothing, he 'imagined ſtrange things from her airs and geſ-'tures. Sometimes with a ſerene look ſhe ſtepped 'back in a liſtening poſture, and brightened into 'an innocent ſmile. Quickly after ſhe ſwelled into 'an air of majeſty and diſdain, then kept her eyes 'half ſhut after a languiſhing manner, then cover-'ed her bluſhes with her hand, breathed a ſigh, 'and ſeemed ready to ſink down. In ruſhed the 'furious lover; but how great was his ſurpriſe to 'ſee no one there but the innocent *Fidelio*, with his 'back againſt the wall betwixt two windows.

'It were endleſs to recount all my adventures. 'Let me haſten to that which coſt me my life, and '*Narciſſa* her happineſs.

'She had the misfortune to have the ſmall-pox, 'upon which I was expreſsly forbid her ſight, it 'being apprehended that it would increaſe her diſ-'temper, and that I ſhould infallibly catch it at the 'firſt look. As ſoon as ſhe was ſuffered to leave 'her bed, ſhe ſtole out of her chamber, and found 'me all alone in an adjoining apartment. She ran 'with tranſport to her darling, and without mix-'ture of fear, leſt I ſhould diſlike her. But oh 'me! what was her fury when ſhe heard me ſay

'I

'I was afraid and ſhocked at ſo loathſome a ſpecta-
'cle. She ſtepped back, ſwollen with rage, to ſee
'if I had the inſolence to repeat it. I did, with
'this addition, that her ill-timed paſſion had in-
'creaſed her uglineſs. Enraged, inflamed, diſtrac-
'ted, ſhe ſnatched a bodkin, and with all her force
'ſtabbed me to the heart. Dying, I preſerved my
'ſincerity, and expreſſed the truth, tho' in broken
'words; and by reproachful grimaces to the laſt I
'mimicked the deformity of my murderess.

'*Cupid*, who always attends the fair, and pitied
'the fate of ſo uſeful a ſervant as I was, obtained
'of the *Deſtinies* that my body ſhould be made in-
'corruptible, and retain the qualities my mind had
'poſſeſſed. I immediately loſt the figure of a man,
'and became ſmooth, poliſhed, and bright, and to
'this day am the firſt favourite of the ladies.' T

No. 393. SATURDAY, MAY 31.

Neſcio qua præter ſolitum dulcedine læti.
VIRG. Georg. i. ver. 412.

Unuſual ſweetneſs purer joys inſpires.

LOOKING over the letters that have been ſent me, I chanced to find the following one, which I received about two years ago from an ingenious friend who was then in *Denmark*.

'Dear SIR, *Copenhagen, May* 1. 1710.

'The ſpring with you has already taken poſſeſ-
'ſion of the fields and woods: Now is the ſea-
'ſon of ſolitude, and of moving complaints upon
'trival ſufferings: Now the griefs of lovers be-
'gin to flow, and their wounds to bleed afreſh. I
'too, at this diſtance from the ſofter climates,
'am not without my diſcontents at preſent. You,
'perhaps,

'perhaps, may laugh at me for a moſt romantick 'wretch, when I have diſcloſed to you the occa- 'ſion of my uneaſineſs; and yet I cannot help 'thinking my unhappineſs real, in being confined 'to a region which is the very reverſe of *Paradiſe*. 'The ſeaſons here are all of them unpleaſant, and 'the country quite deſtitute of rural charms. I 'have not heard a bird ſing, nor a brook murmur, 'nor a breeze whiſper, neither have I been bleſt 'with the ſight of a flowery meadow theſe two 'years. Every wind here is a tempeſt, and every 'water a turbulent ocean. I hope when you re- 'flect a little, you will not think the grounds of 'my complaint in the leaſt frivolous and unbe- 'coming a man of ſerious thought; ſince the love 'of woods, of fields and flowers, of rivers and 'fountains, ſeems to be a paſſion implanted in our 'natures, the moſt early of any, even before the 'fair ſex had a being.

'I am, SIR, &c.'

Could I tranſport myſelf with a wiſh from one country to another, I ſhould chuſe to paſs my winter in *Spain*, my ſpring in *Italy*, my ſummer in *England*, and my autumn in *France*. Of all theſe ſeaſons there is none that can vie with the ſpring for beauty and delightfulneſs. It bears the ſame figure among the ſeaſons of the year, that the morning does among the diviſions of the day, or youth among the ſtages of life. The *Engliſh* ſummer is pleaſanter than that of any other country in *Europe*, on no other account but becauſe it has a greater mixture of ſpring in it. The mildneſs of our climate with thoſe frequent refreſhments of dews and rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual chearfulneſs in our fields, and fill the hotteſt months of the year with a lively verdure.

In the opening of the ſpring, when all nature begins to recover herſelf, the ſame animal pleaſure which

which makes the birds ſing, and the whole brute creation rejoice, riſes very ſenſibly in the heart of man. I know none of the poets who have obſerved ſo well as *Milton* thoſe ſecret overflowings of gladneſs which diffuſe themſelves through the mind of the beholder, upon ſurveying the gay ſcenes of nature: He has touched upon it twice or thrice in his *Paradiſe Loſt*, and deſcribes it very beautifully under the name of vernal delight, in that paſſage where he repreſents the Devil himſelf as almoſt ſenſible of it.

Bloſſoms and fruits at once of golden hue
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mixt;
On which the Sun more glad impreſs'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath ſhower'd the earth; ſo lovely ſeem'd
That landſcape: And of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight, and joy able to deprive
All ſadneſs but deſpair, &c.

Many authors have written on the vanity of the creature, and repreſented the barrenneſs of every thing in this world, and its incapacity of producing any ſolid or ſubſtantial happineſs. As diſcourſes of this nature are very uſeful to the ſenſual and voluptuous; thoſe ſpeculations which ſhew the bright ſide of things, and lay forth thoſe innocent entertainments which are to be met with among the ſeveral objects that encompaſs us, are no leſs beneficial to men of dark and melancholy tempers. It was for this reaſon that I endeavoured to recommend a chearfulneſs of mind in my two laſt *Saturday*'s papers, and which I would ſtill inculcate, not only from the conſideration of ourſelves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general ſurvey of that univerſe in which we are placed

placed at preſent, but from reflections on the particular ſeaſon in which this paper is written. The creation is a perpetual feaſt to the mind of a good man, every thing he ſees cheers and delights him; Providence has imprinted ſo many ſmiles on nature, that it is impoſſible for a mind which is not ſunk in more groſs and ſenſual delights, to take a ſurvey of them without ſeveral ſecret ſenſations of pleaſure. The Pſalmiſt has, in ſeveral of his divine poems, celebrated thoſe beautiful and agreeable ſcenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that vernal delight which I have before taken notice of.

Natural philoſophy quickens this taſte of the creation, and renders it not only pleaſing to the imagination, but to the underſtanding. It does not reſt in the murmur of brooks and the melody of birds, in the ſhade of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields and meadows, but conſiders the ſeveral ends of Providence which are ſerved by them, and the wonders of Divine Wiſdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleaſures of the eye, and raiſes ſuch a rational admiration in the ſoul as is little inferior to devotion.

It is not in the power of every one to offer up this kind of worſhip to the great Author of nature, and to indulge thoſe more refined meditations of heart, which are doubtleſs highly acceptable in his ſight; I ſhall therefore conclude this ſhort eſſay on that pleaſure which the mind naturally conceives from the preſent ſeaſon of the year, by the recommending of a practice for which every one has ſufficient abilities.

I would have my readers endeavour to moralize this natural pleaſure of the ſoul, and to improve this vernal delight, as *Milton* calls it, into a chriſtian virtue. When we find ourſelves inſpired with this pleaſing inſtinct, this ſecret ſatisfaction and complacency

placency ariſing from the beauties of the creation, let us conſider to whom we ſtand indebted for all theſe entertainments of ſenſe, and who it is that thus opens his hand and fills the world with good. The Apoſtle inſtructs us to take advantage of our preſent temper of mind, to graft upon it ſuch a religious exerciſe as is particularly conformable to it, by that precept which adviſes thoſe who are ſad to pray, and thoſe who are merry to ſing pſalms. The chearfulneſs of heart which ſprings up in us from the ſurvey of nature's works, is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praiſe and thankſgiving, that is filled with ſuch a ſecret gladneſs. A grateful reflection on the ſupreme cauſe who produces it, ſanctifies it in the ſoul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual diſpoſition of mind conſecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening ſacrifice, and will improve thoſe tranſient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refreſh the ſoul on ſuch occaſions, into an inviolable and perpetual ſtate of bliſs and happineſs. I

MONDAY,

No. 394. MONDAY, JUNE 2.

Bene colligitur hæc pueris et mulierculis, et ſervis, et ſervorum ſimillimis liberis eſſe grata: gravi vero homini, et ea quæ fiunt judicio certo ponderanti, probari poſſe nullo modo.

TULL.

It is rightly inferred, that theſe things are pleaſing to children, women, and ſlaves, and even to ſuch freemen as greatly reſemble ſlaves; but can by no means be approved by a man of figure and character, and who forms a right judgment of things.

I HAVE been conſidering the little and frivolous things which give men acceſſes to one another, and power with each other, not only in the common and indifferent accidents of life, but alſo in matters of greater importance. You ſee in elections for members to ſit in parliament, how far ſaluting rows of old women, drinking with clowns, and being upon a level with the loweſt part of mankind in that wherein they themſelves are loweſt, their diverſions, will carry a candidate. A capacity for proſtituting a man's ſelf in his behaviour, and deſcending to the preſent humour of the vulgar, is perhaps as good an ingredient as any other for making a conſiderable figure in the world; and if a man has nothing elſe, or better, to think of, he could not make his way to wealth and diſtinction by properer methods, than ſtudying the particular bent or inclination of people with whom he converſes, and working from the obſervation of ſuch their bias in all matters wherein he has any intercourſe with them: For his eaſe and comfort he may aſſure himſelf, he need not be at the expence of

of any great talent or virtue to pleaſe even thoſe who are poſſeſſed of the higheſt qualifications. Pride, in ſome particular diſguiſe or other, (often a ſecret to the proud man himſelf) is the moſt ordinary ſpring of action among men. You need no more than to diſcover what a man values himſelf for; then of all things admire that quality, but be ſure to be failing in it yourſelf in compariſon of the man whom you court. I have heard, or read, of a ſecretary of ſtate in *Spain*, who ſerved a prince who was happy in an elegant uſe of the *Latin* tongue, and often writ diſpatches in it with his own hand. The King ſhewed his Secretary a letter he had written to a foreign prince, and, under the colour of aſking his advice, laid a trap for his applauſe. The honeſt man read it as a faithful counſellor, and not only excepted againſt his tying himſelf down too much by ſome expreſſions, but mended the phraſe in others. You may gueſs the diſpatches that evening did not take much longer time. Mr Secretary, as ſoon as he came to his own houſe, ſent for his eldeſt ſon, and communicated to him that the family muſt retire out of *Spain* as ſoon as poſſible; for, ſaid he, the King knows I underſtand *Latin* better than he does.

This egregious fault in a man of the world, ſhould be a leſſion to all who would make their fortunes: But a regard muſt be carefully had to the perſon with whom you have to do; for it is not to be doubted but a great man of common ſenſe muſt look with ſecret indignation, or bridled laughter, on all the ſlaves who ſtand round him with ready faces to approve and ſmile at all he ſays in the groſs. It is good comedy enough to obſerve a ſuperior talking half ſentences, and playing an humble admirer's countenance from one thing to another, with ſuch perplexity, that he knows not what to ſneer in approbation of. But this kind of complaiſance is peculiarly the manner of courts; in all

other places you muſt conſtantly go farther in compliance with the perſons you have to do with, than a mere conformity of looks and geſtures. If you are in a country life, and would be a leading man, a good ſtomach, a loud voice, and ruſtic chearfulneſs, will go a great way, provided you are able to drink, and drink any thing. But I was juſt now going to draw the manner of behaviour I would adviſe people to practice under ſome maxim, and intimated, that every one almoſt was governed by his pride. There was an old fellow about forty years ago ſo peeviſh and fretful, though a man of buſineſs, that no one could come at him: But he frequented a particular little coffee-houſe, where he triumphed over every body at trick-track and backgammon. The way to paſs his office well, was firſt to be inſulted by him at one of thoſe games in his leiſure hours; for his vanity was to ſhew, that he was a man of pleaſure as well as buſineſs. Next to this ſort of inſinuation, which is called in all places (from its taking its birth in the houſeholds of princes) making ones court, the moſt prevailing way is, by what better bred people call a preſent, the vulgar a bribe. I humbly conceive that ſuch a thing is conveyed with more gallantry in a *Billet-doux* that ſhould be underſtood at the *Bank*, than in groſs money: But as to ſtubborn people, who are ſo ſurly as to accept of neither note nor caſh, having formerly dabbled in chymiſtry, I can only ſay, that one part of matter aſks one thing, and another another, to make it fluent; but there is nothing but may be diſſolved by a proper mean: Thus the virtue which is too obdurate for gold or paper, ſhall melt away very kindly in a liquid. The iſland of *Barbadoes* (a ſhrewd people) manage all their appeals to *Great Britain* by a ſkilful diſtribution of citron-water among the whiſperers about men in power. Generous wines do every day prevail, and that in great points where ten thouſand times

times their value would have been rejected with indignation.

But to wave the enumeration of the ſundry ways of applying by preſents, bribes, management of peoples paſſions and affections, in ſuch a manner as it ſhall appear that the virtue of the beſt man is by one method or other corruptible; let us look out for ſome expedient to turn thoſe paſſions and affections on the ſide of truth and honour. When a man has laid it down for a poſition, that parting with his integrity, in the minuteſt circumſtance, is loſing ſo much of his very ſelf, ſelf-love will become a virtue. By this means good and evil will be the only objects of diſlike and approbation; and he that injures any man, has effectually wounded the man of this turn as much as if the harm had been done to himſelf. This ſeems to be the only expedient to arrive at an impartiality; and a man who follows the dictates of truth and right reaſon, may by artifice be led into error, but never can into guilt. T

THE

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